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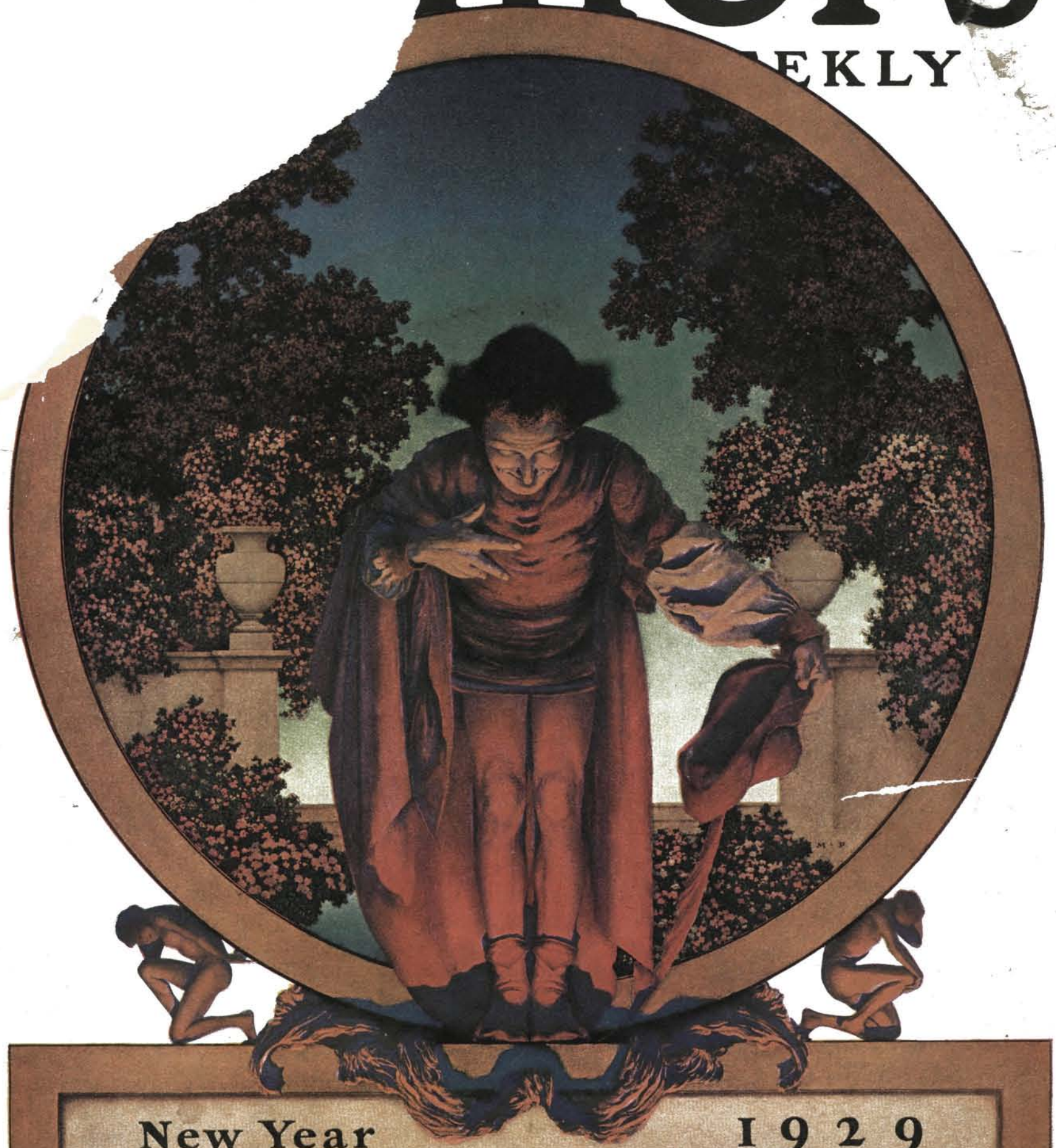

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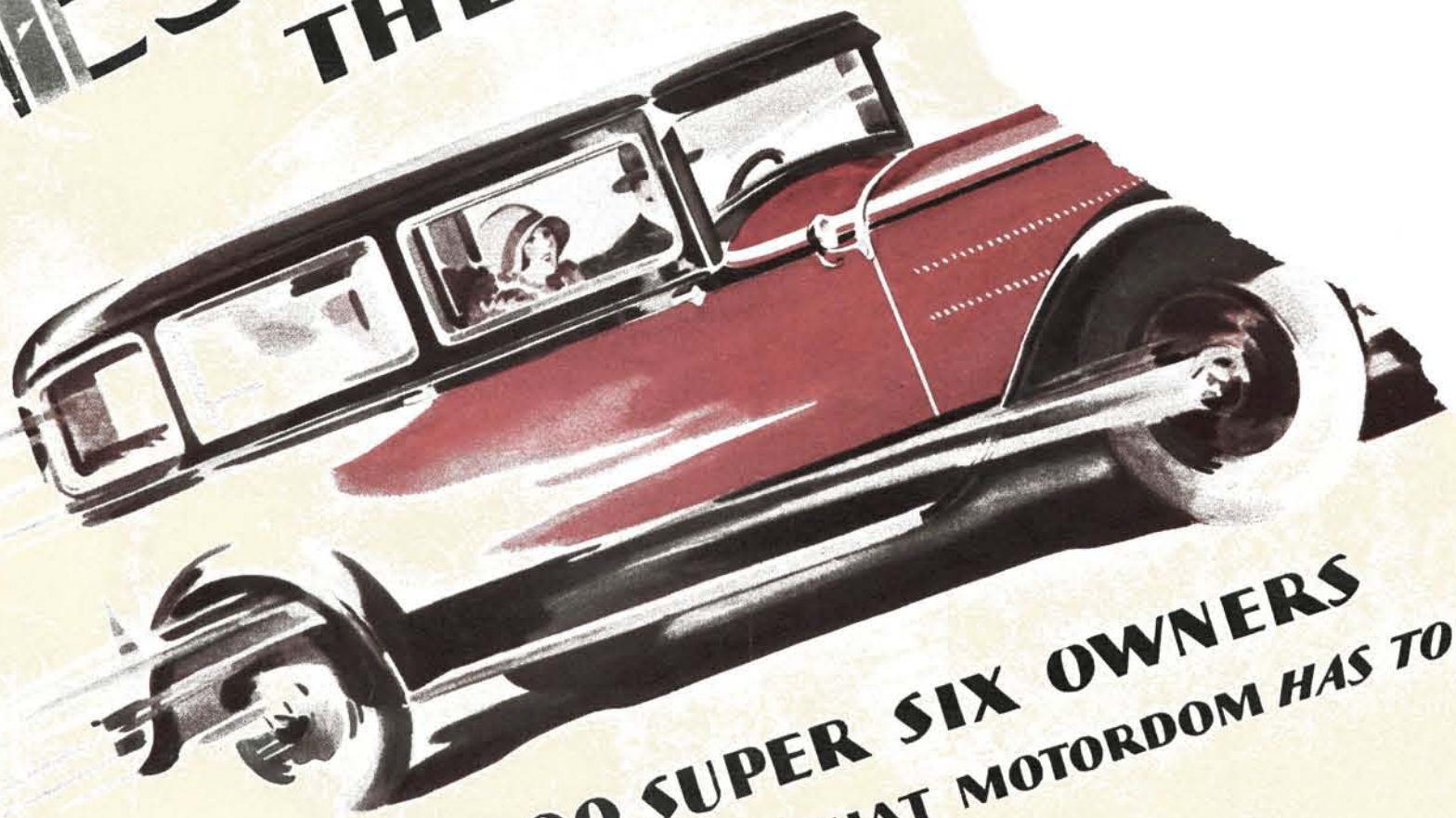

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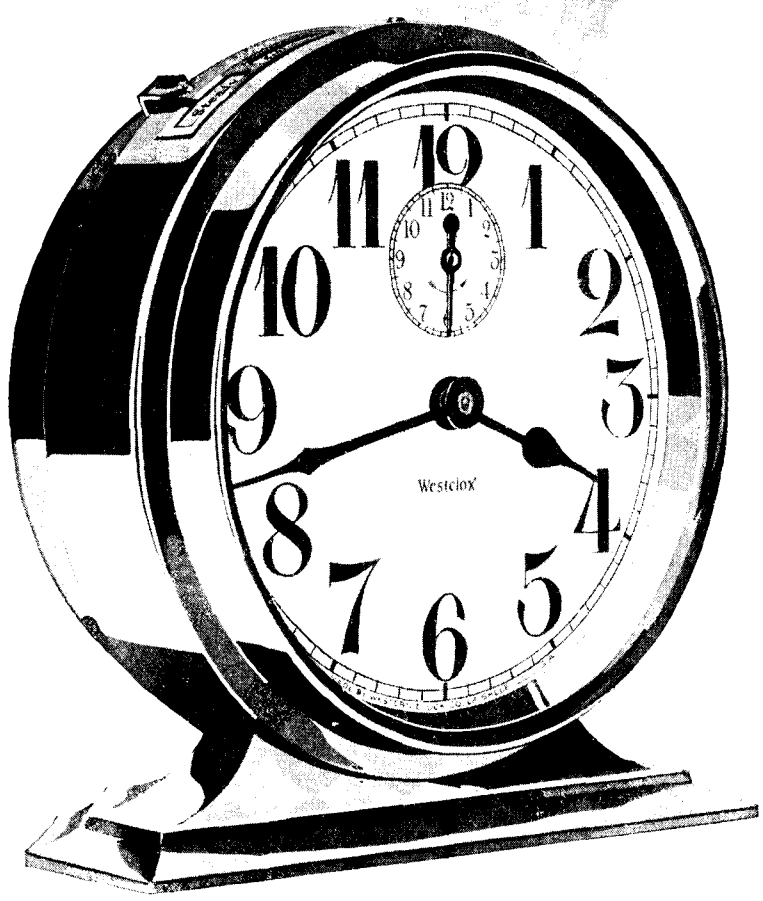

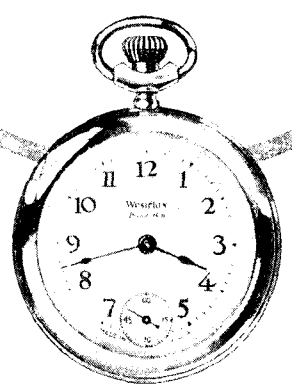

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She obeyed his instructions without question. He noticed her lack of flurry and approved it

At Sea

A mystery with the solution hidden somewhere on a bedeviled ship

By William O'Brien

THERE was a spatter and jingle of glass shattering the peace of the night. Something heavy bounced on the deck. The pelting of running feet could be heard for a few paces. Then the racket ceased as abruptly as it had begun.

Silence—heavy, affrighting! The waves gurgled about the pier piles and slapped at the ship's plates. Then came a few lights and a stirring of people. On the bridge a yellow light widened, narrowed, and went out as the door of the captain's cabin opened and shut. In that second of blaze the skipper's figure was silhouetted sharply as he moved through the door.

A seaman, coming through a passageway, was the first to reach Supercargo Hardy's cabin. The door was open. He could hear Hardy breathing loudly and snuffling in the darkness, but as he was unfamiliar with the cabin he could not locate the light switch. He recoiled as he stepped on Hardy's outstretched hand. Suddenly the affair struck him as a gruesome business and he paused in a moment of panic. It left him, however, and he groped for Hardy's shoulder.

His eyes began to adjust themselves to the darkness and, aided by a radiance from the passageway, he caught hold of Hardy's armpits and shifted him to a berth. He felt a thick, viscous fluid on his hand. It might be blood. He wasn't sure, however. Hardy groaned weakly as he lifted him. The seaman, a deliberate, rather dull fellow named Johnson, paused a minute when he had accomplished this. He was wondering if the "old man" would be wrathy if he awakened him at this time and told him of what had happened.

Once again Hardy moaned. Johnson spoke for the first time. "Are you all right?" he asked. Hardy did not answer.

Quick steps sounded down the deck, then in the passageway. A livid glare spat suddenly in Johnson's eyes as the newcomer clicked on a flashlight. Johnson recoiled. The tunnel of light played from him to Hardy. The latter's face was dead white except for a pinkish trickle of blood down one of his cheeks.

"What's this, Johnson?" the newcomer snapped. He reached toward the wall and clicked on a light switch.

Johnson recognized the skipper.

He answered slowly and with some difficulty. He always had difficulty in explaining an unusual or complex situation. "I—I don't know, sir. He's hurt." And then, stuttering, "I heard a noise. I was just walking down the passageway—"

The skipper interrupted. "Get my first-aid kit!" he said—"and be quick about it. It's in my locker."

"Aye, sir." Johnson understood orders and could obey them. He ran out through the passageway.

The skipper—Captain Bartholomew Andrews of the 4,000-ton cargo carrier Delkirk—bent over Hardy. He was a strongly built man of about forty. A habit of authority made him appear rather older than this except when his face was in repose. His manner was terse, his speech crisp. He gave the impression of always knowing what he wanted to say and of saying it accurately and briefly.

Johnson returned quickly with the first-aid kit. He was followed by a young woman rather sketchily attired. She had heard some alarming noises in the night and had come to see what caused them. Her worried air detracted but little from a very definite charm.

As Johnson handed the kit to the captain, she asked, "What has happened?" The skipper, opening the kit, did not answer. He turned to Johnson.

"Rouse out the mate. Go to the dock watchman and have him phone for an ambulance."

"Aye, sir." Johnson was off immediately.

The skipper turned to the lady. "Will you help me?" he asked and, taking her answer for granted, continued, "Get some clean water from that carafe and put it in that basin. Bring over a clean towel." He was taking out a bottle of iodine as he spoke.

She obeyed his instructions without question. He noticed her lack of flurry or fumbling and approved it mentally.

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He wanted to move Hardy's head so that a direct light would fall on the wound, a long gash from the temple to the back of Hardy's head. This he was unable to accomplish, however, unless he shifted Hardy's head to the foot of the berth. He decided this was too violent a method. He took the flashlight from his pocket.

"Hold this directly on the cut," he said, and handed it to her. She did. Extracting the cork from the bottle, he poured the iodine carefully and liberally on the entire length of the wound. Hardy moaned again and manifested signs of returning consciousness which he did not immediately fulfill. The girl showed no tremulousness at this heroic treatment.

She had cleaned the blood from Hardy's face with the wetted corner of the towel. As Captain Andrews finished she bound it tightly around his head, pinning it with a gold bar pin which she took from the bosom of her dressing gown. Thereafter she held the lapels of her gown together with her left hand.

Some other passengers were crowding in. A tall man in clerical garb was in front, a cadaverous, spare figure. He carried a small Bible in his hand. In the door was a Chinaman, fully dressed—and a young man in trousers and a purple-striped sleeveless undershirt.

"What has happened, Captain?" asked the clergyman. He was concerned and sympathetic. On the bed Hardy grunted and stirred.

"You gentlemen must retire," said the captain uncivilly and turned again to Hardy. The passengers drew back, but only the Chinaman departed.

AS THE skipper was bending again over Hardy, who was conscious now but very weak, the girl examined the room.

The window of frosted glass which opened on the deck had been smashed. Only some fragments adhered to the casing. The floor was in disorder, with papers spilled carelessly about. She saw a ring that had rolled against the berth post, but forbore picking it up. In the wall was a small safe, and she noticed that the door of it was slightly ajar, propped open by a document which half protruded into the room. She turned to find the skipper watching her. She flushed slightly. Hardy was now regarding the ceiling with puzzled and vacuous eyes.

"Feel better?" the skipper asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied weakly.

Andrews noticed that the clergyman was still in the door and that the young man in the garish underwear was peering over his shoulder.

"I must ask you gentlemen to retire for the present," he said. Under his urging they reluctantly left.

The skipper asked Hardy, "How do you feel now?"

"I'll be all right in a few minutes, sir. A little dizzy yet."

"What happened?"

"I hardly know what it's all about, sir. I was sitting there"—and he feebly indicated a table set before a barred grille opening on the passageway which served as the supercargo's cage—"working on the books when I heard a noise. I turned to look and I think I heard someone in back of me. The lights went out, and I was struck. Something hit me." He broke off. "Oh, my head hurts."

After a bit he resumed, "I was out for a bit, sir. Unconscious—sort of—blank." Suddenly a thought struck him. He shifted his head a little, and he saw the papers on the floor. "Heavens! Was the safe touched? Is anything missing?"

The captain leaned meditatively on the rail. A bad day and a hard night with no sleep had apparently left no mark on him. Another hard day lay ahead. It was 4 A. M. now—just a little before dawn—and the ship was to sail at nine o'clock that morning.

The Delkirk, with accommodations for only five passengers, had been scheduled to sail at three the foregoing afternoon. Shortly before this, however, two spokesmen, representing the firemen and oilers, had come to him and complained about the quality of their food and the scantiness of their wage. The captain's reception of the deputation was discourteous and impolitic. He refused them abruptly. Shortly thereafter his black gang had gone over the side and genially headed down South Street. It had taken him all day to replace them.

Then there had been the minor changes necessary in his clearance papers. A long, hard day—and then a robbery and an assault to top it off. He did not yet know how badly Hardy was injured. The ambulance surgeon had said laconically that he couldn't tell. He had taken him away, and he wouldn't hear until he reached Southampton whether Hardy was dead or alive. He was sorry. He liked Hardy, who had served faithfully for the past three years.

UNDOUBTEDLY robbery had been the motive of Hardy's assailant. Andrews had gone over the purser's records and found them in good order. He was able to check what was missing from the safe, and even now in his pocket, scratched in his own rugged handwriting, was the list. Thus:

Illustrated by R. G. Sisley

"She was rather lightly clad. She had a large cage in her hand and it was empty"

LIST OF MISSING ARTICLES

Owner	*Articles*	*Declared Valuation*
Mrs. W. Duval	1 ring	$ 350
Rev. H. G. Hornsby	1 gem-studded crucifix	2,000
W. Duval	1 diamond stickpin	750
S. W. Foo	4 unset diamonds	1,500
Ship's cash	10 $1,000 bills	10,000
		$14,600

A light step broke in on his bitter reflections. The young lady who had so slightly but ably helped him in dressing Hardy's wound came down the deck toward him. She was fully dressed now. A lovely lady, he reflected, though she was hardly more than a graceful shadow in the dim light. He watched her, interested.

She asked, "Do you think he will be all right?"

He understood that she referred to Hardy. "I hope so. The doctor couldn't say definitely."

"What happened, Captain? I have just come from the dining saloon, and the men are making all sorts of wild guesses."

He did not answer her directly.

"Who's in the dining saloon, and what are they saying?" he asked.

"WHY, there is a clerical gentleman whose name I do not know. Then there is Mr. Foo, a Chinaman, and a Mr. Duval. He introduced himself. He said he was The Duval of The Dancing Duvals. He also presented me to Mr. Foo. 'Shake hands with a friend of mine,' he said, and I did. He continually called the minister 'Rev.' He said that he and his wife—*the* wife, he calls her—had left some rings and a stickpin with the purser and that they were worth $5,000. He may have been exaggerating. However, he did have a receipt which he waved at me but which I was unable to read, so I did not get the real valuation. He said that he would certainly hold the steamship company responsible."

The captain broke in. "Was the Chinaman upset or talkative?"

She answered positively: "No. He had no chance to be talkative. Duval did nearly all of that. He kept turning to Mr. Foo, evidently anxious to have him corroborate some testimony he was rehearsing. 'You saw me turn in the sparklers, eh, Foo? I told the purser to put the ice in the chest. Didn't I, Foo?'"

"Did the minister say anything?" the captain continued.

"Yes. He said he had a crucifix in the safe that he valued rather highly, the gift of his parishioners. Of course none of them are quite sure that their articles were stolen. Oh, yes,"

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she broke in rapidly, spurred by a sudden recollection, "the Chinaman did say something. He said that he saw a ring on the floor. That's the reason that some think a robbery was committed."

"Wasn't Mrs. Duval down there?"

"She had been, but she'd left before I came in. Mr. Duval said she was very nervous and upset."

The skipper stared down into the river. He was striving to get the whole situation clear in his head. But he was intensely conscious of the woman by his side. His thoughts kept slanting down her slender black-sleeved arm toward the flutter of white which he knew was the competent hand that had bound Hardy's broken head. Her face was in profile for an instant, and he watched it fascinated. It was ivory white in the night lights and utterly lovely.

HE SAID slowly, "We have thieves aboard, madam—and a possible murderer."

She shivered at this.

He asked, "What's your name?" He knew it was Jennifer Green, but he wanted to hear her say it. Jennifer was a pretty name—Cornish, and he liked Cornwall. Nevertheless she was obviously an American from her accent.

"Miss Green."

He was disappointed. She went on as though not relishing his change of subject. A crisper note came into her voice: "Well, what are you going to do about it, Captain?"

He resented her tone. Again he did not answer directly: "From a check-up I made I gather that you had nothing deposited with the purser. Is that so, Miss Green?"

"I left nothing with him."

"If you have lost nothing, why are you cross-examining me?" His voice stiffened. "I'm quite competent to take care of this or any other situation which may arise."

She was unimpressed. "Fiddlesticks! It's of the utmost interest to me whether or not a thief—and a possible murderer—is aboard."

He had not considered this aspect of the matter. The asperity left his voice.

"You're quite right," he acknowledged. He then described the high lights of the affair tersely. She became more excited as she listened.

"Do you think he got off the boat?" she asked.

"He smashed out through the window all right, but it's doubtful that the thief went over the side."

"Why?"

"Well, the dock watchman was standing alongside when he heard the glass crash, and he saw no one come off. No, I don't think the thief got off."

"What makes you sure?" she asked, and it was a conscious effort for her to keep her voice level.

There was a curious deliberation in his speech as he answered: "I'm sure the thief didn't get away. Dead sure." He paused. "He—or she—is still aboard, and I think I know who it is."

At eight-forty-five Costello came aboard. "Windy" Costello, the newspaper boys called him when they talked about him among themselves and "Wolf" Costello when they wrote of him. He was a loud, self-assertive detective with a twenty-year record of thief-taking behind him. The reporters did not like him personally, but as he was always good for a story they were publicly respectful.

His first act on coming aboard was to seek out Andrews, who was as busy as only a steamship captain can become on the point of sailing.

Costello's greeting was characteristic. "Hello, Cap. I'm Costello." He apparently considered the mere mention of his name sufficient introduction.

Andrews looked at him briefly and shook hands. "Glad you came. Want to talk to you as soon as I drop the pilot."

"Surest thing you know, Cap." Costello appreciated busyness. "Where do I bunk?"

"I came out immediately and wandered about the corridor for possibly two minutes before I came on deck"

"Johnson," called the skipper and gave him some directions. Johnson led Costello away.

Only two of the passengers saw Costello come up the gangplank. Duval and his wife were leaning on the rail in earnest conversation when Duval saw him. His terror-stricken exclamation drew his wife's eyes to Costello. She said nothing. They retired from the rail almost at once.

Promptly at nine the Delkirk backed into the river, but it was two in the afternoon before Andrews was able to talk at any length with Costello. They retired to the captain's cabin. For an hour they were closeted. A shrewd canvassing of everyone's whereabouts at the time of the crime brought out some interesting facts. The crew, with the exception of Johnson, were all accounted for and eliminated as possible assailants. On the other hand, any one of several of the passengers might be implicated.

Andrews drew up a list. It read:

Duval
Mrs. Duval
Miss Green
Rev. Mr. Hornsby
Foo
Johnson

Costello examined it.

"Where were you when the job came off, Cap?" he asked. "Was anyone with you?"

Andrews considered a moment. "No," he said. Struck by a sudden thought, he took the list from Costello and added:

Capt. Andrews

Costello grinned. He reached for the list.

"Applesauce!" he said, and lined the entry out. Andrews' brick-red face colored a little, but he said nothing. His jaw hardened. Costello was on dangerous ground, and he knew it.

"Don't get red-headed, Cap. I'm not kidding you. But there's some things I gotta know." He lit a cigar. "Listen, I been in this business twenty years. When I try to find out who did the job, I don't look behind the picture molding or examine the cigar ashes in the cuspidor. I figure out who could 'a' been there—and then I figure out who would do it."

Andrews nodded gravely. He was noncommittal. Costello continued:

"Now, tell me about these passengers. Who are they?"

"I don't know. I never saw or heard of them before. Passengers are booked by the New York office. My supercargo gets a list the day before sailing, with all the stateroom assignments. I never know my passengers until I mess with them. I'll do that at dinner tonight."

COSTELLO was visibly disappointed at this. With no neighbors to interview, no women relatives to pump, no gang gossip to gather, he was off his chosen ground. He considered for a while.

"You might just as well introduce me at dinner tonight as a cop. I was thinking of trying to circulate among them as another passenger, but the guy that did this trick will spot me in a second. I'll get all I can out of everybody and we'll talk it over again tomorrow. I might get something in the meantime."

Andrews had a plan of his own.

"That's all right so far as it goes. But tomorrow I'm going to examine everyone who could possibly be im[illegible] cated. I think I'll get someth[illegible] sweating process."

Costello interru[illegible] bunk, Cap. Now [illegible] fair, and here's th[illegible]

"Costello!" The [illegible] hard as nails. "Yo[illegible] derstand first (*Con[illegible]*

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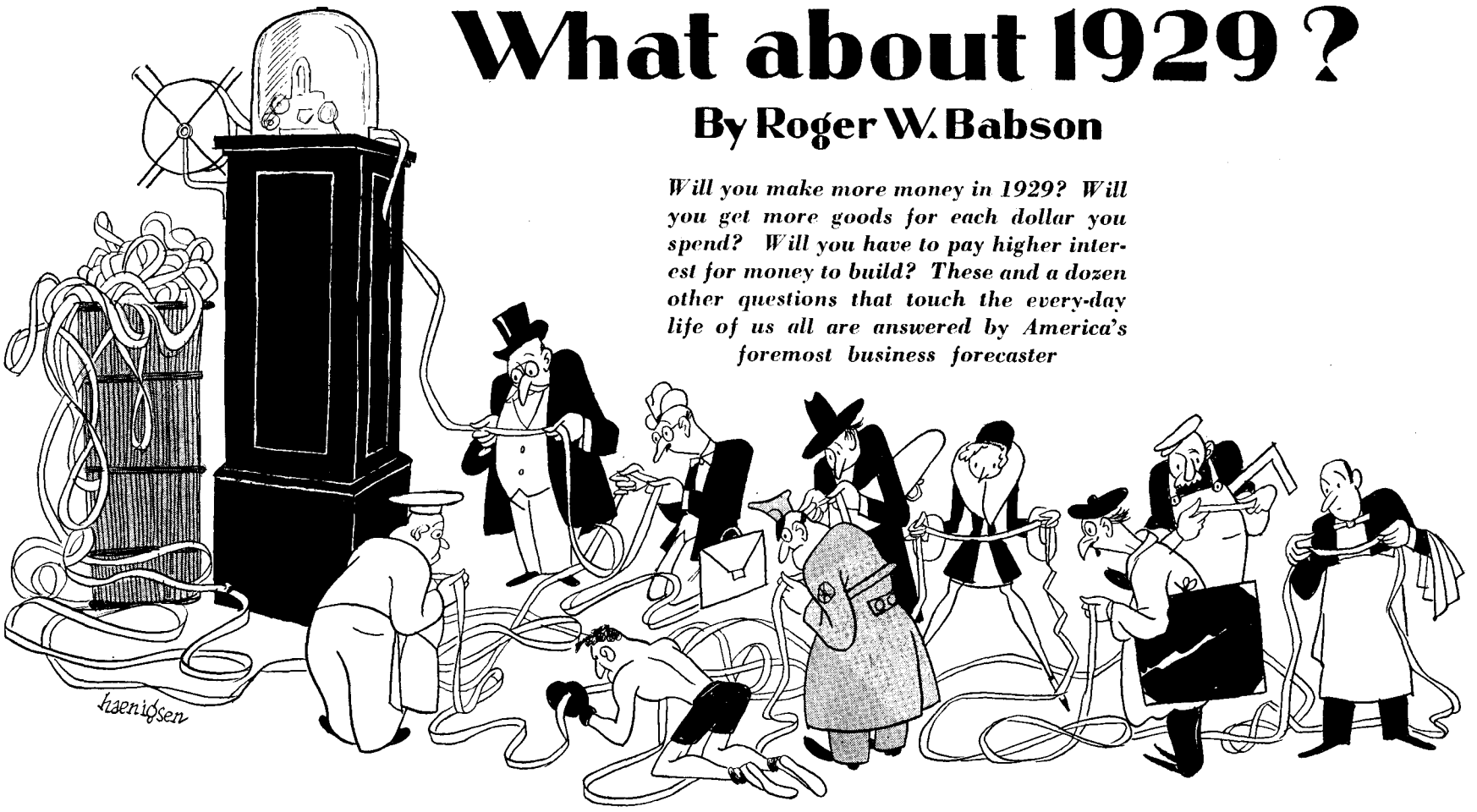
What about 1929?

By Roger W. Babson

Will you make more money in 1929? Will you get more goods for each dollar you spend? Will you have to pay higher interest for money to build? These and a dozen other questions that touch the every-day life of us all are answered by America's foremost business forecaster



The weakest factor in the situation today is the almost general belief that it is easier to make money in the stock market than in one's legitimate occupation

FOR some years a great railroad company had been considering electrifying a part of its system. The plans were completed in the fall of 1927. The engineers were anxious to begin work—but the directors hesitated: "1928 is election year," they said. "We cannot tell what then may happen; wait a year. Surely, copper and other material will then be no higher, and perhaps much cheaper." So they waited.

From that very date the price of copper steadily advanced from 12½ to 16 cents a pound—an increase of over 30 per cent. Finally in October, 1928—a year later—they decided to go ahead with their work. Statistics indicated clearly that Hoover would be elected. They felt that after his election the market would be flooded with orders. Therefore the week before election they made their decision and began to buy.

A well-known department store had a buyer who has been possessed with the idea that election years must be bad years. He not only operated his own business on this idea, but he impressed it upon his fellow members of the National Purchasing Agents' Association. He insisted on doing only a hand-to-mouth business during 1928 and advised all other purchasing agents to do the same. Many of these likewise bought only from hand-to-mouth during 1928 up to election time. As a result many factories were forced to run on part time and certain industries suffered severely.

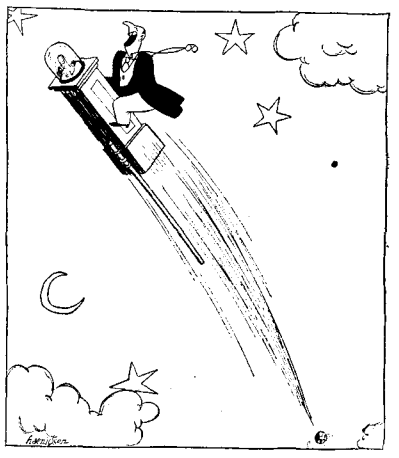
They Waited too Long

The day following election this man called his friends on the telephone and said: "I guess we all had better buy now the merchandise we need for next year. Hoover says he is going to give us four more years of prosperity. He probably won't be able to do this but he ought to at least make 1929 a good year."

Thereupon these men put in their orders for immediate delivery and marked them "rush." The orders were accepted, but with a note stating that deliveries must be delayed. They have been delayed and in fact cannot yet be delivered for some time.

A few weeks ago I was making an address at the Bankers' Club of New York. While there I talked with several of the leading bankers of America. I inquired how each felt about the stock market and each replied in some such words as these:

"Well, owing to the uncertainness of election year and the high prices at which stocks were selling, we sold out last summer, but we are now again buying a few stocks. We believe that the public utilities and oils are good whatever happens and you know a man cannot have too much idle money. In fact I'm a bull for 1929 even though I sold out last summer."



The market cannot continue to go up indefinitely. There must be a break in the popular leaders manipulated to such foolish heights

The above three illustrations show: First, why there has been a universal change in business sentiment since the election. The big bankers and great captains of industry have changed their ideas. The Pennsylvania Railroad started the Hoover Prosperity Boom. It led off the procession and all others fell in line.

Second, why there is a shortage in merchandise today. So many merchants and manufacturers believed that election year would develop a panic or something of the kind that this very belief warded off the disaster. It was like the doctor telling you that you could not live much longer on the assumption that you would continue with the same bad habits. The doctor so scared you that you changed your habits and are now destined to live to a good old age. In fact, it is a common saying amongst physicians that "tuberculosis is the best prescription for long life." We seldom get hurt when warned. Both railroad and business accidents occur when the semaphores are not working. In the case of 1928 business these danger signals were working overtime. This caused a shortage of goods.

Third, why there has been a post-election activity in the stock market. When the rich men sold out in the summer of 1928, what did they do with their money? Did they buy bonds or mortgages? No! They lent their money to Wall Street to enable other people to buy stocks! When manufacturers and merchants refused to carry normal stocks of goods during 1928, what did they do with their surplus money? Did they buy bonds or mortgages? No! They likewise loaned their money to Wall Street which enabled people to buy more stocks! So that when the big fellows got out they made it easy for the little fellows to get in. As there are more little fellows than big fellows stocks went up still higher.

Today when the big fellows want to go back into the market they find they must pay more for the stocks which they sold six months ago than the price at which they sold them.

Ultimately prices of real estate, commodities, stocks and bonds are determined by actual values. But price movements for any one year are determined by supply and demand. Florida this winter is even a better place to live than it was during the boom. The sky is as blue, the sun is as bright and the surf is as wonderful, but find me a man who wants to buy any Florida land! Yet this is the very time to buy producing land in Florida. There may not be another such opportunity for a generation or more.

Rubber is just as good today, when it can be bought for less than 20 cents per pound, as it was in 1916 when it sold for over a dollar per pound—and even more of it is being used—but the supply is greater.

"Give Good Measure"

Refined sugar is just as sweet today at 5 cents per pound as in 1920 when it sold for 22 cents a pound—and more of it is being used today—but the supply is now greater.

Now the reverse of this situation is true in connection with many commodities today. The supply is temporarily low, due to factories being shut down in 1928, while the demand is temporarily heavy due to the present buying which should have been done last year.

The wise reader—whether a manufacturer, merchant or investor—will not allow himself to get discouraged when prices are down and business is bad—or get too enthusiastic when business is booming. Extremes are dangerous.

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Once when that great economist Jesus of Nazareth addressed the business men of Jerusalem, he chose for his text these words: "Give good measure, pressed down and running over."

It seems to me, a statistician, that this would be an ideal subject to be discussed this month of January, 1929, by every business organization in the United States and Canada. If we all give good measure in 1929, it should be a good year—yes, an emphatically good year.

But when I say "all," I mean all.

Your banker must give you, a local business man, a good measure of his money for productive work in your own city instead of sending it on to Wall Street speculators.

Business Needs The Golden Rule

Manufacturers must give good measure in 1929—especially those making specialties in which there are temporarily large profits. Large profits simply breed disastrous competition. Strive to do a fair business at a fair profit. "Live and let live" is a message which should be hung over the door of every chamber of commerce. Give good measure, pressed down and running over, and educate your trade to pay a fair price for your product. It's the Golden Rule which business needs to heed in 1929.

The retailer especially must watch his step during 1929. While PRODUCING costs have been reduced, the cost of selling goods has largely increased. The only decreases have been made by use of such modern tools as chain stores and national advertising. It is today costing the ordinary merchant, who has

Large profits breed a disastrous competition

not the advantage either of mass buying or mass selling, too much to merchandise goods.

In fact, many articles which today are not sold by chain stores and are not nationally advertised, cost more to sell than to make.

This means that local merchants must give better service during 1929 than ever before. These men should plan to spend more time in their stores, attending personally to their customers.

Not only must employers give better measure, but wage workers must give more for a dollar of pay. I believe in good wages. No community, no industry, no concern, can ultimately become more prosperous by reducing wages. America's great prosperity today is largely the result of high wages. For this reason I hope there will be few attempts at reducing wages in 1929.

On the other hand, wage workers should remember that what wages they get each week WHEN TRANSLATED INTO FOOD, CLOTHING AND SHELTER depend not upon the amount of MONEY which they get BUT UPON THE AMOUNT OF GOODS WHICH THEY AND OTHER WAGE WORKERS PRODUCE. When wage workers slack on the job, the price of the things which they must buy goes up.

During the war I had the honor of serving as an assistant to Secretary of Labor Wilson at Washington. W. B. Wilson is a wonderful man. He taught me much. Before working with him, I had been in contact almost wholly with captains of industry and other employers of labor. I did not know American workmen. Secretary Wilson introduced me to them and I learned to love and respect them. I believe the American workmen will do their part in making 1929 a banner year. It is especially important that wage workers in the building trades get the right point of view. To make 1929 a banner year we must keep up the present rate of building. This can be done only by everyone connected with the industry giving a little more in materials and labor for a dollar.

A few weeks ago I was at a gathering where one brought up the question as to what is the greatest cause of economic waste today. They discussed everything from fashions to whisky. They finally settled down to the little word "worry." Yes, they unanimously agreed that worry is today the most useless and the greatest economic waste.

Then the question arose as to whether poor health is the cause of worry, or whether worry is the cause of poor health; so far as I know they are still discussing it as I left them at midnight just about where they began.

We used to hear much about the stock market being a great barometer of business. This meant that opinions regarding future business conditions determined what the stock market would do; or rather that people "discounted" business by acting first in the stock market. All this, in plain English, says that the stock market is advance REFLECTION of business and an advance revelation of what people think business is going to do. Without doubt this is partly true, as it is true that one's health affects one's inclinations to worry.

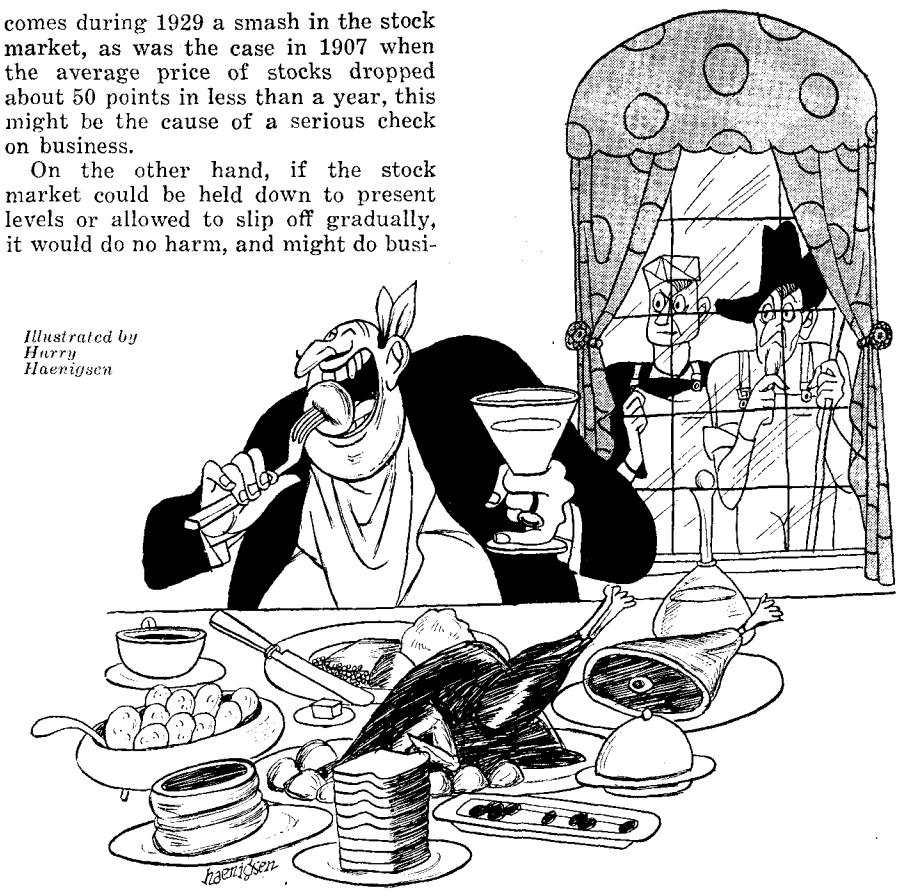
On the other hand, the stock market is a real factor in making business good or bad, the same as worry is a real factor in making one well or sick. This may especially be true in 1929.

Without doubt today many stocks are selling altogether too high and today stock market speculation is far too common. The stock market cannot continue to go up indefinitely. The law of action and reaction still holds good. Sooner or later there must be a break in the popular leaders which have been manipulated to such foolish heights.

The question is whether this decline will be orderly and gradual or whether it will come with a smash. If there comes during 1929 a smash in the stock market, as was the case in 1907 when the average price of stocks dropped about 50 points in less than a year, this might be the cause of a serious check on business.

On the other hand, if the stock market could be held down to present levels or allowed to slip off gradually, it would do no harm, and might do business a lot of good. Such a decline would have the effect of releasing, for general business, funds now tied up in the stock market. Furthermore, a gradual liquidation of the stock market would have the effect of getting men's and also women's minds back to legitimate business.

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen



Prosperity cannot last indefinitely with speculators making most of the money while producers of the necessities of life are barely making ends meet

Prosperity cannot last forever in a country where the speculators are making most of the money while the producers of the necessities of life are barely making both ends meet. I go farther and say that it ought to be much harder to make money speculating and easier to make profits by producing and distributing useful goods.

Our National Delusion

The weakest factor in the situation today is the growing belief that it is easier to make money in the stock market than at one's legitimate job. As a result, bankers are neglecting their customers to use funds in the stock market; merchants are spending time in brokers' offices which they should spend in their stores; while clerks, stenographers and other wage workers are being distracted from their work by small stock market speculations.

To have people come to the conclusion that their regular jobs pay best in the end would be a healthy cure for a bad situation. A gradually declining stock market over a long period would accomplish this wholesome and needed remedy without really hurting many.

The outstanding event of 1928 was the remarkable and sudden change in money rates. During the early part of the year money was very cheap and bankers were unable safely to lend all their funds. As a result banks were buying bonds. This had the effect of so raising the price of bonds that bonds which sold on a 6 per cent basis in 1920 sold to yield less than 4½ per cent in January, 1928. During this time bond dealers did a fine business while bankers wondered what they were finally to do with the deposits which were piling up.

Suddenly in the spring of 1928 rates began to stiffen and by summer time bankers were getting 6 per cent again on loans which a few months before looked good at 4 per cent. Rates continued to climb and before the year was over bankers received 8 per cent for loans in Wall Street secured by the best collateral!

Moreover, the funny part of it all was that this change came upon them as a total surprise. Personally I am very glad it did because it will teach them to give more study to statistics and depend less on their own hunches. When men reach a height of power in banking, manufacturing or even labor or political circles they unconsciously feel that they are "it." They feel that what they think will come to pass, must come to pass. I suppose this is what is meant by the Bible proverb: "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." Certainly both borrowers and lenders of money who were not studying statistics got a good jolt last year.

There were many causes at work to bring about this great change in money rates—but I'll mention only one. Under our present credit system it is necessary for banks to carry a reserve of only about 20 per cent. In fact the real gold reserve of a country need not be as much as this and yet the country will be on a gold basis. The United States is on a gold basis, which means that any reader can now take any bills to the bank and get gold therefor. But if more than 20 per cent of the bills were all turned in at once for gold, the game would be up. Of course these figures are very rough as sometimes our gold reserve is much more than at others but we will use 20 per cent as a rough illustration of the principle.

Assuming a 20 per cent reserve requirement, this means that when a dollar's worth of gold is shipped into the United States from abroad, our bankers can *increase* their loans to the amount of five dollars. When a dollar's w
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Listen, Lester

By Samuel Merwin

When the villain kissed the heroine, the drama backstage began. It was a thriller while it lasted!

Illustrated by Charles Lassell

LESTER FORREST was one of those high-strung, attractive-looking youths who worm their way, somehow or other, into Broadway theatrical productions. A familiar type. You see them sitting by the hour in the outer offices of producers and directors. He'd done this and that of course—bits in summer stock, understudying, even chorus work (this last, naturally, under another name). And he'd starved at times. They do.

In due course, however, Lester got his chance at a good juvenile part and hung on. In "The Sword," that Central American melodrama. Remember? A Karber and Andrews production. Ran a long time at the Karber Theater. With Georges Des Prez as the featured player. The picturesque Frenchman who had acted with Bernhardt and starred in the pictures and married rather widely.

At a hundred and a quarter a week, settled in a successful play, Lester should have prospered, even saved money. But it didn't work out that way. He had so much trouble. For example, there was the matter of Pauline Pollard. You may recall her, in the play, as the exotic little beauty who excited the French soldier of fortune and at the same time played havoc with the blundering, appealing American lad who worked for the sugar company.

Well, not unnaturally, something rather like that bit of drama was privately enacted backstage, except that you couldn't be sure Georges Des Prez was really excited. It's so hard to divine what these foreigners are thinking. Pauline certainly knew her way around. A sure-footed little alley-cat, that one.

I don't know that we really need go into the story, though, beyond admitting that Lester spent too much, a good deal too much, on Pauline. And he came out of it, when she left the company to marry that serious drinker from Little Rock, with a somewhat overdramatized heartbreak and a nervous hatred of Des Prez—of the corseted figure, the pomaded hair, the monocle, the golden anklet he wore and the scented handkerchief tucked up his left sleeve.

FOR a week, so deep was Lester's despair, he was only vaguely aware of the girl who succeeded Pauline in the cast. Patricia McKean. Oh, he'd rehearsed with her mechanically (as you do when new people come in during a run) and pretty soon was calling her Pat and being civil enough. But when he took her in his arms he could only see and (to be frank) feel Pauline.

Patricia had none of Pauline's insinuating, provocative ways. She knew her business and attended to it. She had looks, of course—oh, a lissome figure and big dusky eyes and a deep chocolate note in her voice—but you took all that as a matter of course. The part demanded beauty. At least she was an amiable creature; played for the scene; had her ...es soundly and didn't step on yours; ...ually never appeared to care whether or not she got her curtain calls. Indeed, when you came to notice it, her freedom from vanity was out of the common.

For a week. . . . It is only fair to bear in mind that we are dealing here with mercurial folk to whom that brief period might easily represent an emotional eon. After all, aren't our conventional divisions of times pretty arbitrary? An hour or so, you must know, to an elephant, may be a mosquito's whole existence.

He first looked at Patricia with seeing eyes when, one evening, he stepped off the scene to find Des Prez chatting with her, over by the switchboard, and (incidentally) holding her hand. Lester didn't like it. Holding hands was nothing, of course. In a way embracing and kissing were nothing. But that Frog was dangerous. Patricia just then responded to some low-voiced personal remark (it would be personal) with a pleasantly throaty little chuckle. She was pretty. Somebody ought to warn her. This was on a Monday, the beginning of the second week. . . . Tuesday evening Des Prez was with her a lot.

BY NOW Lester was beginning to carry those dusky eyes around with him. And inner pictures of the way her mouth curled up at the corners when she smiled. . . . Once during the Wednesday matinee he saw Des Prez, quite unnecessarily—offstage, mind you—slip his arm around her waist. And in Lester's breast indignation boiled. Somebody'd simply *have* to warn her.

He caught her in the dressing-room corridor and asked if she'd dine with him. She said she'd love to.

When he was dressing, a few moments later, a disturbing thought arose. Moodily he looked through his clothes and found, what with silver and all, a little less than eight dollars.

Perhaps the company manager would cash a check. Hmm! His eyes strayed toward the great heap of unopened mail crowded up at the end of the make-up table. That heap bothered him a good deal at times. He knew, vaguely, that two or three letters from the bank lay on top. They'd been coming in rather insistently the past few days.

Suddenly, with a feverish boldness, he reached for the uppermost and tore it open. Overdrawn, eh? . . . Indignation began to boil. With an accompanying sense of injury. Must be a mistake. If he could only find his check-stubs! He'd half a notion to walk straight into that fool bank in the morning. Tell 'em a thing or two! . . . How about asking the manager for another advance. Hmm! He'd refused the last time. Said they had to draw the line somewhere. Besides, K. & A. had made a rule. Loathsome people, K. & A. Always making dirty little rules. But you had to work with 'em. Big producers. He sighed. Life was cruel to the artist-nature.

Suddenly he thought of Mr. Heppleton. It was an inspiration. A big, two-fisted genial man who adored the play and greatly admired his own work and was around backstage a lot. Quite had the run of the place, in fact. Kept the old doorman in cigars. Good cigars. An out about it was that Mr. Heppleton also admired Des Prez. But it was no time to stand on dignity. You couldn't take an attractive girl to the Ritz with only about eight dollars in your clothes. And no more coming in until Saturday night. Why, it wouldn't keep him in taxicabs for the rest of the week!

Sure enough, Mr. Heppleton was chatting with the stage manager. Lester got him away. . . . "I wonder, Mr. Heppleton, if you'd" (this with an air of muffled importance)—"if you'd do me a great personal favor?"

"Sure, my boy! Delighted! What is it?"

"Well, I—just a small check, twenty-five—if you wouldn't mind not cashing it till Monday."

"Nonsense! Here!" A fifty-dollar note. The first Lester had ever held in his hand. "Take this. Don't give it a thought. Any time at all. Or more, if you . . ."

Really a charming man, Mr. Heppleton. You felt that he had battled with life and found the conflict amusing. Lots of strength and go about him. Something or other downtown. He knew the market intimately. Des Prez, it was said, got tips from him and prospered. . . . Damn Des Prez!

Lester had turned to go; but hesitated. He ached for sympathy. And here, in this sturdy man of affairs, he'd found it. "They don't pay me half what I'm worth to them anyway." That came out in a boyish rush of words. "I'm a drawing card."

"A drawing card? Rather! You bring in more business than Des Prez. The women mother you, you see. Ought to hear 'em talk out in the lobby after the performances. Damn it, you make 'em cry."

"They pay him six times what they pay me."

"Six times? Good God! That's outrageous!"

A SUDDEN, rousing thought came to Lester. Captured him. He hurried back to his dressing-room and carefully penned a note to the Messrs. Karber and Andrews. "Gentlemen," it ran, "I desire to hereby give you notice" . . . but no, that was a split infinitive. . . . "hereby to give you notice that I am leaving the cast of "The Sword" in two weeks' time." . . . That was good! Firm. Final! High time he spoke out from the shoulder! Perhaps a word more. . . . "You will readily understand that I cannot longer continue to remain in your employ" . . . too wordy! . . . "that I cannot continue in your employ at my present absurdly insufficient salary."

That was enough. Right in the nose!

With money in his pocket and a charming girl waiting he was on the top of the world. He'd show 'em! With an air he left the note in the doorman's hands, to be delivered to the company's offices in the top of the building. They were always up there nights, K. and A.

The spacious, richly decorated restau-

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"Sorry. My firm is employed by this gentleman's wife. I've got him now. Fighting a duel over another woman"

rant stirred him to bolder dreams of arrogance. He said, "You ought to have some flowers, Pat." His eyes rested on her pretty mauve dress. "Orchids would go well." He sent a page to buy them, and then tossed him a dollar for a tip. Just as well to impress her, right at the start.

She said, "How awfully sweet of you! I adore orchids." And colored prettily, pinning them on. Then, with some enthusiasm: "It's great to be in such a nice company. I've had rotten luck for a year. Nothing but lemons. Mr. Des Prez's interesting, isn't he."

"You think so?" A tight-lipped remark, that.

"Oh, well—I mean the quaint way he speaks English and all."

Lester frowned. "Remarkable how he keeps up."

"Up?"

"Oh, his figure, and being so active. The man's past fifty, you know."

"Really? I hadn't thought about his age. He fences beautifully. But so do you. It's remarkable. Did he teach you?"

"No." This was a small explosion. "I've had fencing before." He had. Six lessons.

The waiter brought their soup. Her hands fascinated him. She used them so prettily.

"The play's interesting," said she. "I mean it's colorful and dramatic."

"I'm glad you like it, Pat."

"Don't you?"

"Bores me stiff."

"Really? Why?"

He stirred uncomfortably. "I have to be honest in my work."

"I don't think I understand that."

"Good God, the thing is utterly false. Hokum. Trick melodrama. Life isn't like that."

"No, but the theater is, isn't it?"

"Not at its best." He sighed. "Take your own life. Is it melodramatic?"

"Why, no, of course not. But . . ."

"Take mine. By nature I'm a quiet person. I love my books. And nature. I love nature. I don't go round butting into passionate love affairs and fighting to save the honor of a girl and all that rot." He sighed again.

"There's a new Milne piece on the way. I may have a chance to get into that. Leading business."

HIS gloomily intense thoughts wandered at this point. He'd just remembered that Ben Andrews, the comparatively civilized member of K. and A., was in Europe. His note would go to Sam Karber. And Sam was impossible. A fat little guttersnipe, wielding incredible power.

"Oh, Lester, you're not going to leave the company! Just as we're getting acquainted. All of us, I mean."

"I may have to." Darkly. "I've been compelled to take certain steps."

"You sound very mysterious. . . . Doesn't that guinea hen look wonderful! I love food that comes in under glass bells."

"You see, there are situations that a nature like mine simply can't endure. There are limits. If I do stay it'll be for just one reason."

"Really? . . . Oh, there's Jane Cowl!" She waved, enthusiastically.

"Yes, there are certain things I couldn't allow to happen. I'm naturally slow about judging people. 'Judge not lest ye be judged,' you know. I watched this man for months before I'd even permit my opinion to form."

"This man? . . . Oh!"

"He's alien. He isn't one of us. Of course I knew his reputation. That he's a notorious old *roué*. . . . Oh, well!" He looked at the oval face, the prettily modeled mouth, the dusky eyes; then down at his plate.

His hand, on the water goblet, was unsteady. Beneath the table his knees shook. Emotion had caught him in its menacing grip. Just the proximity of the girl. An amiable inaccessibility that he didn't seem to be denting. A lovely, remote person. Talking about Des Prez and Jane Cowl and guinea hens! But remote, apparently, only to him. There was warmth in every curve of her slender body. Passion lurked behind those eyes. Everybody felt it. The audiences, even. . . .

HE HADN'T supposed he'd suddenly go emotional. It didn't occur to him that he'd ever, for one moment in his life, been anything else.

The gloomy note deepened in his voice. "I wouldn't let him pet me, if I were you, Pat."

"You wouldn't let . . . Oh, come, Lester! . . . Could I have some celery? It's always so crispy here."

Celery! . . . "You're wondering why I said that."

"Oh, no. I suppose you said it because you felt it. Whatever it is."

"You can't be as blind as you're trying to make out, Pat. Surely you can see that I'm head over heels in love with you."

His breath caught. He hadn't dreamed he'd say that. He squirmed in his chair. But he had said it. And now he'd have to live it out. A great love. Devotion. The somber beauty of self-sacrifice. Well, he'd be equal to it.

"Well," he went on, desperately, bitterly calm, "aren't you going to say anything? . . . Oh, celery! You were thinking about celery! . . . Here! Waiter! Bring celery!"

"You're rather taking my breath away, Lester."

"Well, these things happen."

"But you hardly know me. Really, you couldn't. . . ."

"Couldn't I? Hmp!"

The conversation scraped pretty heavily after this. In the taxi, seized by a compelling madness, he embraced her. She had to fight him off. And then she was cool and he confusedly silent.

The car passed the theater. . . . He couldn't help glancing at the brilliantly lighted façade. The yellow and red lights twinkled—"The Sword, with Georges Des Prez. . . ." Des Prez! Des Prez! Des Prez! . . . He swallowed convulsively. "I see how it is, Pat. You despise me."

"Now, Lester, please! Don't be difficult. Of course I don't despise you. I'm human, Lester. A girl likes to be admired. Surely you can understand that. But . . . really, I think you're a dear. But you're pretty instantaneous."

"You think I'm a dear, but you won't even let me hold your hands!"

"Oh, Lester, really . . . of course you may hold them. But I don't want you to kiss me." The car stopped by the stage door. "We must go in. There's barely time. We *are* late."

"Listen to me!" He was hoarse and weak, but savagely determined. "Don't let that man touch you. He's vile."

"Lester, don't be silly! I . . ."

"He plays with girls. He's no[t] some. He's . . ."

She gave his hands a de[-] tle pat and (*Continued* [on])

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Old Sniff

By Peter B. Kyne

The story of a dog who deserved as good as he got

ONE always has more or less difficulty naming appropriately an Airedale terrier, unless, of course, one be an Airedale breeder, in which event the dog's pedigree, containing a long list of honorable and fancy family names, readily gives one a clue. But in the case of an Airedale of unknown breeding the difficulty is ever present. There is something about an Airedale, as there is about a bull terrier and a great Dane, that inevitably saves him from such names as Carlo, Prince or Rover. His dignity forbids it.

This difficulty presented itself when the unknown Airedale arrived without invitation at the Bogart ranch and was immediately welcomed and claimed by Little Bill Bogart, aged ten. Big Bill Bogart, Little Bill's father, viewed the dog's arrival with suspicion, wondering if, perchance, he was a sheep-killer, for in a sheep country large bummer dogs always are an object of surveillance. Bogart was tempted to tie a can to the wanderer's tail and haze him out of the country, but upon second thought (induced when his small son so joyously adopted the stranger) he decided to be patient and permit Nature to take her course.

Despite the fact that there is a well-established tradition to the effect that the Airedale is a one-man dog, Bogart knew this to be a fallacy; he knew that the Airedale is more often the victim of wanderlust than any other breed of dog. And, because this dog his son had adopted was unknown in that country, because he wore no collar and was thin, gaunt and hungry, Bogart knew him for a hobo; knew that, as soon as he had rested and eaten, he would be on his way.

Having taken possession of the stranger, Little Bill faced the travail of selecting a name for him. Fortunately, the dog gave not a little aid to this difficult operation. The Airedale, as doggy men know, is a "made" breed, a combination of the hound and a certain breed of rough-haired English terrier formerly found in the valley of the Aire. In the matter of its olfactory nerves the Airedale terrier appears to have inherited none of the keenness of scent of his ancient progenitor, the otter hound. He is, invariably, a "sight runner" and is conceded, because of his size, pugnacity, indomitable courage and fighting ability, to be an excellent varmint dog, although varmint hunters know the fallacy of pursuing unseen game with him minus the company of hounds or, at best, dogs with a dash of fox or bloodhound in them. In rare instances, however, one finds in a litter of Airedales an individual that throws back strongly to the otter hound, and such individuals are generally able to pick up the scent of a varmint and trail it fairly well.

The unannounced visitor to the Bogart ranch was, apparently, such an individual. He had a passion for sniffing at and for things; indeed, every little while he would give a prodigious snort, as if endeavoring to clear his nose or stimulate his olfactory nerves to greater keenness; invariably he proceeded about his doggy affairs with his nose close to the ground.

HE HAD come into Little Bill's possession less than an hour when Big Bill announced there was a skunk in the neighborhood; immediately the hobo corroborated Bogart's statement by rising and sniffing, then racing straight to the barn. Under the barn he went; presently he came out with the skunk's limp body, dropped the dreadful carcass at Big Bill's feet and gazed at the man with an approving and expectant grin.

"Well, you're quite a dog, aren't you," said Big Bill. "Got a nose on you, eh? And you're a sanitary old pup, too, even if you must be banished from human society for a week, now that you've been sprayed with skunk cologne. You didn't leave this skunk where you killed him, under the barn, where he would have decayed and become such a nuisance I'd have had to pry up half the floor of the barn looking for him in order to remove it. Yes, sir, you're the only dog I've ever known that would retrieve a skunk after killing him. I wouldn't be surprised if you're going to be worth your board and lodging, provided you make up your mind to stay. I wonder how old you are."

He examined the dog closely when the latter was released from quarantine a few days later. The animal was not quite full-grown, his teeth denoted youth, while the hair on his back was still a puppy black. Later, it would become grizzled. Nor had his whiskers attained the growth that maturity insures. He was the host of millions of fleas and wood-ticks, so Big Bill gave him a bath in a strong solution of tobacco juice and later rubbed him well with oil of wintergreen, which effectually disposed of the vermin, but induced on the dog's part an unusually heavy attack of sniffing.

"We'll call him Old Sniff," said Little Bill, triumphing over his creative travail, and Old Sniff he was.

When a month had passed Big Bill said to his wife: "Old Sniff is going to stay, and I'm glad of it. I suppose he became a hobo because he had no home ties, but he's found a pal in Little Bill and has resolved to settle down and be a good dog. I hope he doesn't take a fancy to our neighbors' sheep and calves. If he does, I'll have to send him away or kill him—and that would be mighty hard on your son and heir, old lady."

"Why not introduce him to some sheep, Bill," Mrs. Bogart suggested. "Old Sniff is a dog of decided character. He has instantaneous decision and initiative, and if he's ever going to develop into a sheep-killer he'll probably start the first time he sees a sheep. A sharp correction at that first break may impress upon him the error of his way."

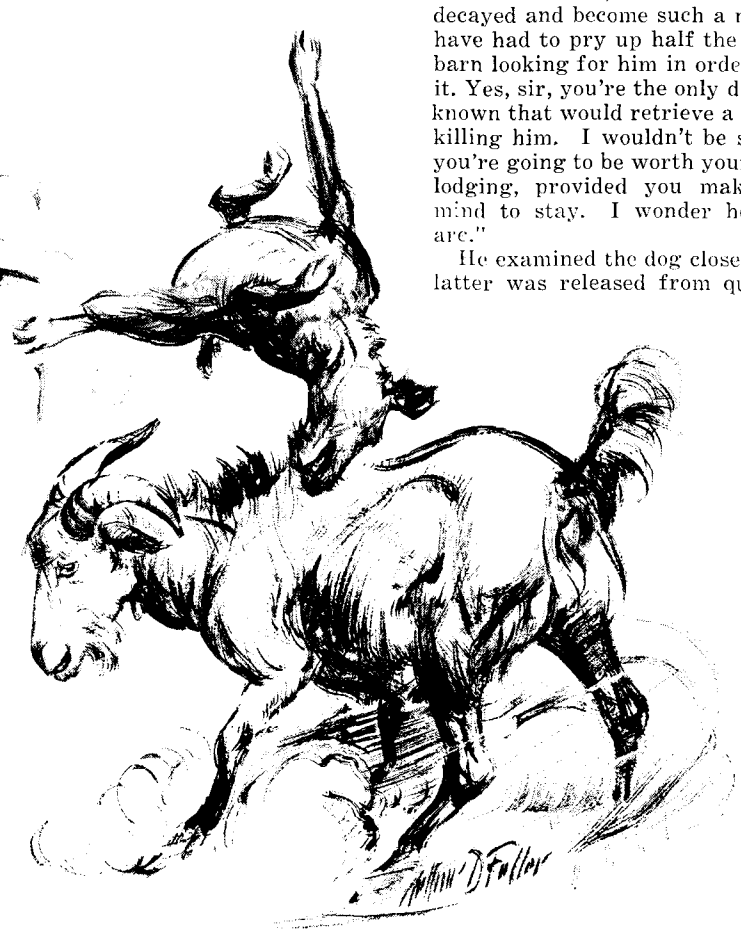
"That isn't a bad idea," her husband agreed. "Sheep are such brainless animals. They flee in terror from trifles, and, of course, it is instinct for a dog to pursue and capture whatever runs from him.

"That's why any real dog cannot resist a cat. Dogs have a certain sporting instinct too; no genuine sportsman cares to go afield for upland game without taking his boon companion with him, and I have never known a sheep-killing dog that did not soon induce a canine pal to go afield with him. Yes, I'm sure a good, upstanding dog must long to tackle something larger and more difficult to kill than a rabbit, a coon or a skunk . . . I'll take your advice, Polly, and try Old Sniff out on a quadruped more worthy of his fangs." And Big Bill went out smiling.

THE quadruped in question proved to be a large, ill-smelling and unusually pugnacious billy-goat, which one of the neighbors maintained to lead his flocks of silly sheep to and from pasture. This animal hated shepherd dogs and would, in fact, charge them at every opportunity. So Bogart borrowed him and placed him and Old Sniff together in a small tightly boarded corral; from the top of the corral, where he sat in instant readiness to save the goat's life in the event Old Sniff should take the visitor seriously, Bogart watched.

For a minute dog and goat surveyed each other with the utmost candor; then Old Sniff pranced in the air and barked. Instantly the billy-goat charged him; with equal promptness Old Sniff launched himself to meet the attack. His first slash at the goat's throat missed, so he contented himself with a mouthful of hair and skin from the goat's shoulder. But only for an instant. The goat swung his head and with one horn caught Old Sniff in the midriff, lifted him and tossed him over his back to the opposite side, breaking the dog's hold.

Before Old Sniff could leap in for a new grip, both the goat's horns were



The goat swung his head and with one horn caught Old Sniff in the midriff, lifted him and tossed him over his back to the opposite side, breaking the dog's hold

Illustrated by Arthur D. Fuller

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under him; again he was lifted and tossed; before he could scramble to his feet the wretched goat had leaped upon him with all four feet, and with a short, savage bark of amazement and indignation Old Sniff bounded up and into a distant corner of the corral, where he faced his enemy again, his hackles on end, his brown eyes ablaze with rage and determination, while he considered for a moment the proper plan for his next attack.

NOW, of all cloven-footed domestic animals, the billy-goat and the bull are the only ones endowed by nature with a strong dash of military genius. Seemingly they know that the defensive never wins, that the offensive generally does; they realize the value of the surprise and the initiative, and in this particular goat a feeling of vast superiority over and contempt for dogs had been bred, due to his petty triumphs over gentle-hearted shepherd dogs with an instinct to protect the ingrate goat, rather than attack him. So with a joyous bleat the billy-goat charged Old Sniff again with the speed of a train, and, because he had not as yet formulated his plan of campaign, Old Sniff now gave ground, although refusing to turn tail on his enemy. As a result he backed into a corner of the corral and before he could extricate himself, the goat's head was under him again, and he was thrown fairly and ignominiously for a long, high, painful toss; at the same moment Big Bill Bogart shot him in the ribs with a handful of No. 6 shot. The charge, hurled from a slingshot, reached him forcibly and painfully, but without sufficient penetrating power to draw blood.

Old Sniff howled—more in pain and amazement than fear, nor did he suspect that this additional attack had come via any other agency than the goat. Again he backed away, cautious now but still unafraid; he knew he could dispose of that goat very effectively, once he had discovered the best means of so doing, and it was evident to Big Bill that Old Sniff had not the slightest intention of abandoning the contest. The dog was merely confronted with a new type of enemy; he must fathom that enemy's mode of attack, find his vulnerable spot, close with him and finish the job promptly.

Presently Old Sniff lowered his head, thrust out his long, powerful jaws and commenced very stealthily to stalk the goat. Round and round him the Airedale circled, the goat turning with him, always presenting the menace of his horns.

Suddenly, it appearing to Old Sniff that the goat was off balance, he darted in for the latter's throat; whereupon the wily goat reared high on his hind legs, came down with a bounding snap and planted two sharp hooves on Old Sniff's head; at the same instant Big Bill planted another charge of shot in the dog's ribs.

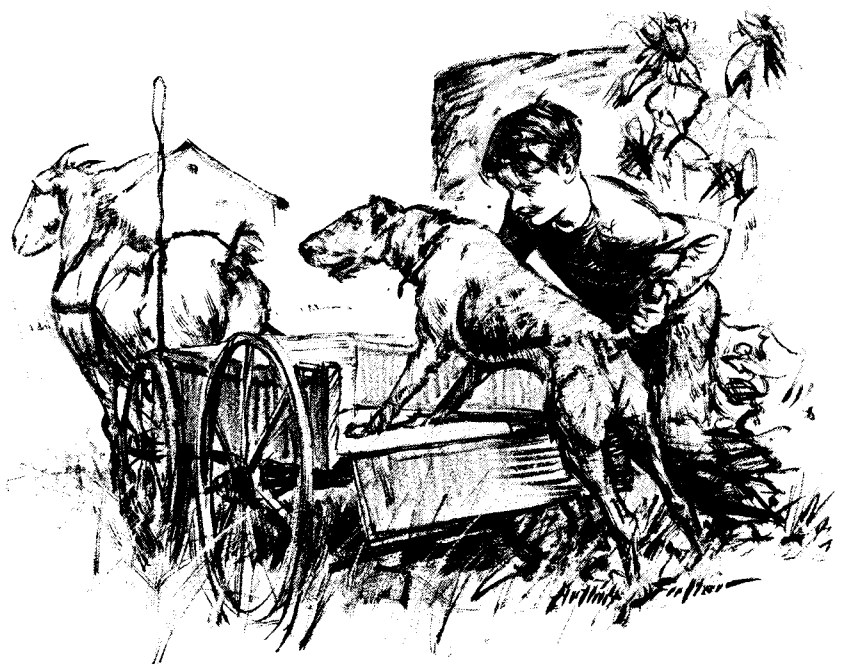
There was no limit to Old Sniff's courage, but there was a limit to his imagination. He could and would fight anything that faced him with bared teeth, but horns, hoofs and bird-shot were weapons with which he was not acquainted, nor did he care to battle that which he could not see coming. With a shrill ki-yi he leaped for the high board fence, striving desperately to clamber over it. For a moment he hung by the tips of his paws to the top rail, striving to get his elbow over, to get a toe-hold with his hind toes; then he fell back—and was promptly butted furiously against the fence by the goat.

This completely knocked the breath out of him; he fell and for a few seconds was unable to get up, so during those few seconds the goat danced a jig on him; then Bogart cautiously opened the corral gate and Old Sniff, with dishonorable howls, fled through it. Had he possessed a tail equal to such an athletic stunt, undoubtedly it would have been between his legs. Behind him came the demon goat. But Old Sniff had no intention of submitting himself to further goat-handling. He ran to Big Bill, got behind the man and from between the latter's long legs growled defiance at the goat.

But billy-goats, unlike dogs, are not respecters of the persons of human beings. As the goat closed in, Bogart leaped to the second rail of the corral—and left Old Sniff defenseless. Again the goat's horns raked the dog's sides, although in this sally a sudden, defensive snap from the dog lacerated the goat's ear, ere Old Sniff fled again for shelter under the barn. For an hour the goat did sentry-go before the spot where Old Sniff had disappeared; then Bogart caught him, washed his lacerated ear with a bichloride solution, sewed it up and delivered him back to his owner.

BIG BILL was still laughing when he returned to his own ranch and related to his wife the details of the education of Old Sniff. "He was bluffed but not beaten," he chortled. "That idiot of a goat had been spoiled by shepherd dogs; he had the worst case of swelled head I have ever seen, Polly; consequently, he was all over Old Sniff like a circus tent. I know, now, that Old Sniff is still a pup; I doubt if he is nine months old. Had he been an aged dog that fool goat wouldn't have lasted two minutes, but, being young and inexperienced, Old Sniff was very cautious; then he got puzzled and finally superstitious; after that, of course, he stampeded. He would have stood up to the goat, I think, but those two mysterious charges of shot, striking him in the ribs simultaneously with the charge of the goat, broke down his morale and decided him to go away from there. For the remainder of his life Old Sniff will be suspicious of billy-goats and give them a wide berth; any sheep chaperoned by a billy-goat (and all flocks of sheep are) will be safe from Old Sniff, I'm sure."

A week after Old Sniff had recovered his poise and healed his wounds, Bill Bogart took him in the ranch car over to another neighbor who owned sheep chaperoned by several billy-goats. Together the two men strolled down into the meadow where the sheep and their leaders browsed. The goats were not in sight, but halfway down the field Old Sniff paused—and sniffed. Then he gazed upon Big Bill apprehensively, almost apologetically, turned and trotted back the way he had come, just as an old ewe at the upper end of the pasture, observing Old Sniff, bleated in terror for her lambs. Instantly the lambs replied to her and, after the fashion of their kind, ran to her at full speed. They passed Old Sniff within *a few yards;* had he never had his experience with the goat those lambs would, undoubtedly, have proved a sore temptation to him. He paid no attention to them, however, but jogged sedately on his way.



Old Sniff was commanded to leap into the cart and play passenger

Suddenly the goat, in the center of the flock, espied him. With a challenging "Mick! Mick!" he ran after the dog, who, sensing the goat's approach through the medium of his strong, otter-hound sense of smell, instantly fled the scene at top speed.

"Whatever faults your dog has," the goat's owner laughed, "he isn't a sheep-killer and I doubt if he ever will be. My goat has his goat."

Old Sniff was home before Bill Bogart, who announced confidentially to his wife that the task of pyscho-analyzing the dog had proved a profound success.

It had one unpleasant reaction, however. In establishing in Old Sniff's mind a fixation on goats, Big Bill had succeeded in inculcating in the dog's mind also the belief that Big Bill was allied with the goat, which, to say the least, was fairly good canine reasoning. He avoided Big Bill thereafter, casting upon the jovial rancher the cold eye of suspicion. He would not ride in the ranch car with him, nor follow him afield when Little Bill was a prisoner in the district school. He avoided Big Bill's caresses and disobeyed his commands; he developed the habit of stalking silently out of the front veranda the instant Big Bill entered it.

However, Old Sniff could not live without giving love and receiving it. Having abandoned his trust in Bogart, senior, he gave it in its entirety to Bogart, junior. Presently, discovering that time hung heavily on his hands while Little Bill was at school, the dog commenced following the boy to school, where he was promptly welcomed by the children, thereafter being known as Old Sniff Bogart, and when the teacher discovered he was washed once a week and, hence, was devoid of fleas, he was given entrée to the school room. Here, before the box stove, he luxuriated in comfort, occasionally snapping at flies but refraining meticulously from disturbing the discipline of the school by paying visits among his friends.

A minute or two before school was due to let out, however, Old Sniff would rise, stretch himself in every muscle, and give three short, rapturous barks; when the bell rang and the monitors went to the anteroom to get the boys' hats and distribute them, Old Sniff accompanied them, and upon being given Willie Bogart's hat would deliver it to his young master.

Like all country district schools, the building was a one-room affair, and, since the pupils had, perforce, to come long distances to attend, many of the boys rode to school on horseback, tethered their horses in the schoolhouse yard and hung up their equipment in the anteroom. Willie Bogart, whose father was a cattleman, rode to and from school on a black-and-white pinto Indian pony Big Bill had given him on his eighth birthday.

Upon being introduced to this pony, as it were, Old Sniff, after the habit of regular dogs, gave every evidence of a desire to be friendly. As the boy jogged to and from school Old Sniff would race at the pony's side, barking occasionally, leaping up from time to time to lick his master's hand.

WHEN Little Bill was putting the bridle on the little mustang and the latter dutifully lowered his head to receive the bit, Old Sniff would often attempt to lick the pony's nose, and once, in a mistaken spirit of play, he nipped the pony's heels, and received a good, forceful kick for his pains. Naturally, this engendered in him a suspicion of the pony's social standing, but this suspicion was not so strong as to prevent him from endeavoring to sleep in the same stall with the ingrate.

When he discovered that only by creeping under the manger could he survive the intimacy, he gave up in sad disgust; when the pony struck at him at every opportunity he was careful to keep distance between him and this other creature Little Bill loved. Eventually he began to bare his teeth and growl deep in his throat whenever the pony aproached him.

"Old Sniff's jealous of Tiny," Big Bill declared, observing this. "Strange dog, Old Sniff. If the boy's attentions to his pony hurt the dog much deeper, I wouldn't be surprised if he left us in sorrow and despair and took to being a hobo again."

However, Old Sniff contemplated no such disloyalty. Some doubt there might be anent his faithfulness as a one-man dog, but as a one-boy dog none could exist. Despite his distrust of Big Bill and his open hatred of the pony, Tiny, he had faith in Mrs. Big Bill and a vast adoration for Little Bill. He had tried the career of a hobo and had not found it good, whereas now he had a boy to play with, to pursue cats with, to hunt rabbits, coons, squirrels and bob-cats with on Saturdays and during vacations, to play hide-and-seek with, to fetch and carry for. In fact, all things considered, he was a cheerful, happy, healthy, contented dog until Little Bill proved himself a normal boy by accepting from a neighbor the gift of a kid. A male kid, in fact, a creature that in time would be—and presently was—a billy-goat!

(*Continued on page 34*)

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"Suppose," said a voice from the doorway, "that I answer that question?" Tracy leaped up in consternation

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

Marriage for Two

IV

The Story Thus Far:

HELEN WILSON breaks her engagement with Larry Tracy in order to marry a very rich, middle-aged man named Burton. Larry in his wounded vanity vows to marry the first woman who will have him and the first woman he meets after this interview turns out to be a starved, poverty-stricken though beautiful young person, Joyce Carroll, whom he sees on a park bench.

He takes her to a restaurant. At first she refuses to eat, protesting that she has no money and will never pay him back in the only way he, being a man, would demand. He finally convinces her that such payment is completely absent from his thoughts.

Luncheon ended, after some argument Larry gives her $500.

She holds out her hand to say good-by, turns from him—and collapses.

Obviously she needs care and because of her pride Larry refuses to have her go to a hospital and so takes her to his own home. He calls in his doctor and a nurse.

A statement from Mrs. Wilson concerning the broken engagement and the new engagement is in the papers next day. Larry's feeling of hurt pride mounts up until his desire for revenge against Helen seems the most important thing in life.

Joyce, thinking the broken engagement her fault, is frightfully upset until he assures her that she had nothing whatever to do with it.

Thinking of his threat to Helen and of how sweet revenge would be, he feels that an immediate marriage would do the trick and asks Joyce to marry him. She is incredulous at first but thinking that this might be a way to repay him for his kindness, she consents and they are married.

After the ceremony they return to Larry's house, Joyce goes immediately to her room and he doesn't see her again till morning.

Joyce has promised to do all she can to make the marriage seem a happy one and Larry has promised to leave Joyce completely alone in private.

But in another part of town Ratty Rogan reads the marriage announcement in the paper, wonders that Joyce Carroll succeeded in "copping a swell like that. And what do I get for keeping me mouth shut about—everything?"

NEWSPAPER editors know what their readers want, and they knew that the marriage of Larry Tracy, following so closely upon his receiving his *congé* from Helen Wilson, was the biggest news feature of the day. The afternoon editions bulletined the news, but the press on the next morning spread it in immense headlines for the world to read.

The family history of Larry Tracy; his disinterest in what was generally known as society; his youth; his travels abroad; his engagement to Helen Wilson; her jilting of him; the rumors that she was to marry a much older man of many millions; the mystery as to the identity of the bride; all these things combined to make a good story.

It was all very well for Larry to tell his butler to get rid of inquisitive newspaper folk, but it was a different thing for Hogan to carry out his master's orders. When Larry looked up at the breakfast tray which Hogan brought in the next morning, the old man asked him to look out of the window.

There, gathered in laughing groups across the street, were groups of easily identifiable newspaper folk. Cameramen were there, also, and Tracy felt a sinking of the heart as he realized, for the first time in his life, what pitiless publicity could mean. It did not occur to him that he had invited this publicity, that he had wished to humiliate Helen, and that when we attempt injury to others we cannot always escape injury ourselves. The bomb-thrower is frequently blown to bits himself, and the reaction of injury against the one who inflicts it is a law of nature.

He looked up at Hogan. That faithful servitor silently handed him the morning papers. There were pictures of Helen, of her mother, of Frank Burton. He would not read the stories, but a glance at them told him that speculation was rife as to the identity of his wife. There was even, in one paper, a headline asking who was Joyce Carroll?

He smiled grimly. Beyond saying that she was now Mrs. Laurence Tracy, he could not answer that question himself.

"It looks as though they're going to hang around a long time," he said to Hogan.

The old man nodded. "If I might suggest, Mr. Laurence—"

"Go ahead," said Tracy.

"If you left town for a while—maybe went abroad—gave the newspapers time to find another sensation—"

"My marriage is a sensation, then," commented Tracy.

Hogan permitted himself a shrug.

"There's fifty telegrams, sir," the butler said.

"Keep them—I'll read them some other time," said Tracy.

Hogan nodded. Tracy climbed out of bed, sniffed the aroma of the bacon and coffee, and grinned at his butler.

"Well, no crime has been committed, Hogan," he laughed, "so I guess I can enjoy breakfast."

"The young lady enjoyed hers, Nora tells me," said Hogan softly.

Tracy's face hardened slightly. "Tell Mrs. Tracy that I'll be in to see her shortly," he said.

AS HOGAN left the room he could have struck himself. Why had he felt it necessary to say that to Hogan? And why had the stiffly uttered words rung so falsely? Good Lord, had he let himself in for months, possibly years of embarrassment? Was dear old Hogan, who would gladly die for his master, looking at that master with pitying contempt.

Somehow he read in the butler's manner an appreciation of Joyce and a condemnation of himself. This was supersensitiveness; this was silly. Even if true, what did it matter?

He dressed and knocked upon the door of that bedroom which had once been his, but which had been Joyce's since her strange entrance into his home.

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She sat up suddenly; the negligee fell away from her shoulders and throat

By Arthur Somers Roche

Nora opened the door. Her rosy-cheeked face was aglow with greeting. Women, Tracy mused, were not concerned with minor ethics. Results suited them. It might not be a nice thing for him to marry a strange girl as the result of a vengeful whim, and men might be condemnatory. But the average woman would only see the romance in the matter, and romance satisfied them.

"May I come in?" he asked,

From beyond the half-opened door a gay voice greeted him.

"Do," it called.

Nora, trying to keep meaning from her smile, made way for him. Although Tracy's back was to the maid, he felt her glance upon him, and was relieved when the door closed behind her.

HE LOOKED at his wife. He didn't know what he had expected, but he had certainly not anticipated gayety. She was lying in bed. Just when she had acquired the bright-colored negligee which covered her shoulders he did not know. He remembered, with resentment at himself, that during the days that had elapsed between proposal and marriage he had said nothing about money, had not ordered the stores to send selections of garments. . . . Now he remembered that yesterday she had worn a dress and hat which were different from the poor garments she had worn when they had first met. And during the week of her residence here she had appeared in garments which had not been taken from her wardrobe, because she had had no wardrobe.

That five hundred dollars which he had given her. . . .

She answered the question of his eyes. She touched the soft folds of the negligee.

"Yours," she said. Was there a touch of mockery in her voice?

"Mine?" He stared at her.

"The money you gave a starving girl for food has gone for clothing," she told him. "And you never thought about it?"

He shook his head. "A woman's ideal," she laughed. "A husband who doesn't question what his wife does with his money."

"That question will never be raised between us," he said.

"How do you know but that my extravagance will ruin you?" she asked

THERE was color in her cheeks now, sparkle in her lustrous eyes; even her hair seemed to have caught a sheen. Perhaps those mysterious women whom he had encountered in the house recently, those hair-dressers and manicurists, might account for part of all this, but he didn't think their ministrations made for all the changes in her appearance.

Certainly, beautifying processes could not have brought her gayety, and gay she assuredly was.

"I'll chance it," he answered her.

"A man who takes the chances you've taken wouldn't mind one more."

"I've taken no chance without considering it in advance," he replied.

She smiled at him, and he thought he caught a hint of tenderness in that smile. But he dismissed the thought.

"You were very cautious, were filled with practicality, when you brought a strange woman to your house, weren't you?" she laughed. "And you have shown yourself to be the kind that weighs every move by your marriage yesterday."

"I do not regret it," he said stiffly.

She pointed at a pile of newspapers on the foot of the bed.

"Not even after reading those?" she asked.

"I haven't read them," he told her.

"Not read them?" Her eyes were incredulous. "Don't you look in the mirror ever to see if your tie is properly knotted? And here is a mirror—you know those things at Coney Island? Mirrors that make you thin or short, or tall, or fat, that distort you? But those caricatures, unflattering though they may be, nevertheless show you as you *might* look to others. And these newspapers, with their innuendo, their gossip, their speculation, their wonderment—they present the picture of you—and of me—that will be our real identities to the public until—well, until the public decides we are different. I don't see how—haven't you natural curiosity?"

"I never want to hear bad report of myself," he answered.

Why couldn't he speak naturally to her? Why must he phrase his thoughts in clumsy words that sounded schoolboyish?

"But I do," she cried. "Bad or good—whatever people say, or print—it's interesting. The most malicious lies about ourselves may contain an element of truth. And don't forget—we are never what we think we are—we're only what other people imagine we are."

He tried to laugh. "Philosophical reflection doesn't interest me this morning," he said.

"Then I shall try to be less dull," she told him.

"But you aren't dull," he protested. "I—was afraid that this morning—you'd be upset—"

"I, too," she interrupted dryly, "weigh an action in advance."

"Still," he said, "the publicity—"

"A few days ago," she said, "I was starving. I was as destitute as it is possible for a person to be—and still survive. You're looking at it from my angle. I think that yesterday—and before yesterday—I was looking at it from the wrong angle. We might as well be frank, mightn't we?"

"Please," he said.

"It—it seemed to me a rather contemptible thing that, in order to get even for a slight—oh, being jilted may be more than a slight, but you know what I mean! Well, it seemed to me that you were—rather petty. And I—who accepted charity that had been most generously offered, dared to think critically of you. And you, knowing how I felt—please—I owe you gratitude. I owe you everything. I could have refused to marry you, could have left your house. I didn't leave. I married you. I owe you—"

"Nothing," he said. "But—that you don't despise me—"

"You didn't despise me for being a failure, did you?"

He caught her implication.

"Then I'm a failure?"

"You haven't made a successful marriage," she said. "You—did something that you'll regret, but—I shall try—"

HER lips trembled, and he swiftly intervened against the threatened onrush of tears.

"I'm sure of that," he said.

Then his jaw dropped and his eyes widened. For the trembling lips parted and from her throat came gay laughter. For a moment he thought she was hysterical, but hysteria holds no note of amusement, and she was genuinely mirthful.

"I don't understand—what are you laughing at?" he demanded.

"*I* think it's funny," she said.

"What's funny?"

"Our marriage—oh, everything. Isn't it? It's either a comedy or a tragedy, and I refuse to believe it's that. So, it must be funny. Two people, who don't know each other, who haven't fallen in love at first sight, deliberately get married—one to satisfy pique and the other for an even less exalted reason—well, isn't it funny?"

"It may be," he said slowly. "Perhaps it's better that we look at it that way."

(*Continued on page 28*)

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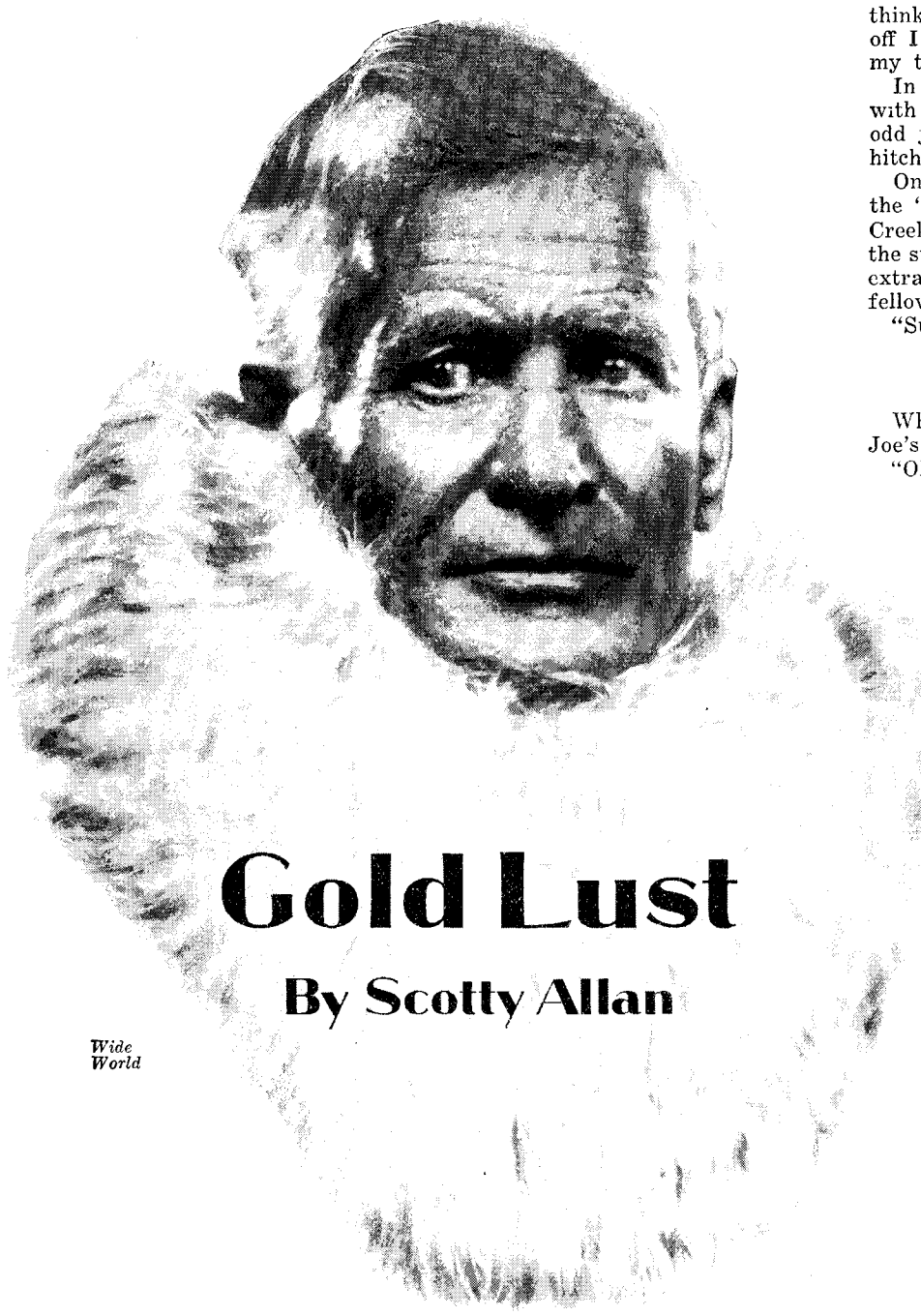


Wide World

Gold Lust

By Scotty Allan

Scotty Allan is now one of Commander Byrd's associates, but in the old days he was a sourdough in the Klondike. Here he tells of his adventures under the Northern Lights when the "hard liquor" of wealth was corroding the souls of its addicts.

IN APRIL, 1898, I landed in Dawson with much hope and little cash. The town was a muddle of shacks and tents, bearded men and free women, all surrounded by a sub-arctic wilderness as ruthlessly cruel as the Siberian steppes.

At Lousetown, a smaller settlement downriver, I had sold the raft that had brought me thither for five ounces of dust ($80) and the use of a cabin. I bought a plate of beans for $1 and set out to grubstake myself for another visit to the gold fields, the last one having failed.

As I walked down the rutted road that did for a street I came upon a team of horses stuck in a mudhole. Teaming had been my profession. I stopped to see if Alaska knew how to handle horses. The driver, a big Swede, was panting, having beaten his animals and sworn at them without results.

One man suggested building a fire under the team; another said, "Try turpentine."

The gang was kidding the Swede into a fury. "Let me try," I asked him. "You go to the stable. I'll bring them up." It was either that or a free-for-all. He gave one look of murder at the crowd, and left. I talked to the horses for a bit; got their confidence; drove them out. When I reached the stable I got a job driving the horses at $25 a day.

A few days later, with the help of a friend who had struck pay dirt, I bought the team for $1,250 in gold dust.

Big Money Without Mining

I went right to work for myself. General transfer was my business; my price $10 per hour or fraction thereof. The following Monday I met Captain Healey of the North American Transportation and Trading Company. I made a deal with him to do all his teamwork for $100 a day of 10 hours. Every Saturday afternoon I went to the company's office and received about 3½ pounds of gold dust, or $700.

Remember, Dawson was roughly 1,500 miles up the Yukon and at the threshold of the famous Klondike diggings. I think if the transfer business had fallen off I might have got a good price for my team simply as fresh meat.

In the evening after I was through with the company's work I did a few odd jobs on my own. But I wouldn't hitch up for less than $20.

One day I had a load of freight for the "Forks," a divide on the Bonanza Creek. Just as I was going to pull out the storekeeper asked if I could take an extra 150 pounds of merchandise for a fellow named Joe Irving.

"Sure, throw it on," said I.

Making and Losing Fortunes

When I unloaded the shipment at Joe's he asked how much he owed me.

"Oh, a couple of ounces," I told him.

Well, Joe had a couple of little sure-enough gold diggers, Broadway style, staying with him just then. They'd dropped over from the Dawson dance halls and had gently cleaned him out of the ready dust that every citizen kept on hand for routine business.

"Will you take a gamble?" he asked me. "There's no more chance of finding dust in this cabin than of finding hair on a salmon."

"Sure," said I.

"Very well, one pan is your pay."

Before I could dicker, Ed, his foreman, gave me the wink.

"If I get $200, it's mine," I reminded him.

"Or twenty cents," he retorted.

Ed steered me down in the dark by a candle and sort of saw to it that I got over to the left side of the face of the drift. Even in the dim light I could see the pay streak and the raw gold running through it like a layer of sawdust.

I shoveled out my panful and carried it back to the cabin. There I panned it out in a tubful of water that stood near the stove to keep it from freezing. My luck was $176. And I must add that big-hearted Joe was as delighted as I.

I made more than $9,000 that summer, a good deal more than some of those who staked out claims.

Things went even better in the fall for a while. Also I had some outside interests by this time. I secured a wood concession from the government. It cost $11 to cut and drag wood to the banks of the Yukon. There it sold for $50 a cord. As there were plenty of "drifters," I had enough labor to make a good thing out of my wood business.

In all I accumulated $72,000.

Then I bought into the Willie Irving. She was a shad-bellied river steamer that ran from Dawson to White Horse. Despite the high cost of the wood we used for fuel, it was easy to figure out a fortune in profits for the season—that is, so long as you didn't figure luck.

I had a warning early that I should have heeded. In some of our crazy navigation we managed to drift into a bog near the river bank. One passenger was very nervous because he had $60,000 in gold dust in his hand bag. He thought we were lost. He jumped overboard with the bag. Of course its weight dragged him down into the quicksand, and he was soon up to his waist. He lost his head and let go of the bag. That was the end of his fortune. We pulled him out, but all I got for saving his life was a suit against me because of the injuries he had sustained.

A little later the big disaster came. I had a load mostly of women. Some of the Dawson dance halls were opening up for the winter, and the "ladies" thought it would be sociable to travel together. We ran aground, then got caught in the fall ice. It was dark and very cold. I might have saved the boat if I had got her off but it meant a bad risk for my passengers. So I turned my attention to getting the ladies ashore.

It was a sweet mess, I tell you; too sweet to print in spots. But we didn't lose a single life. When I had my tribe of females in camp I went back to see what I could do with the Willie Irving. But she was done for. The ice took the bottom out of her. I saved $535 out of my $72,000 investment.

A bad summer followed. Gold had not yet been struck in the Bluestone country where I was prospecting. Dawson was still so inaccessible that it was a hard go to get there.

Food Worth More than Gold

Food was short. This took me north up into Kuguruk, above Nome. Gold had been found, but the important thing was food. Men cannot eat gold, though some seemed to think so, judging from their equipment. Many were hungry in those years.

It was during this period that I started the town of Teller, my tent being the first to grace the beach. Teller was where Amundsen landed after his flight across the North Pole in 1926 in the dirigible Norge.

Now gold had been found at Nome. The town became a riot. Its population doubled almost overnight. We elected Tex Rickard mayor. He got up in the saloon after the election and thanked us.

"But I can't take it, boys," he said. "What would people think of your city if they heard that a gambler was mayor?"

Finally we accepted his refusal. But the funny thing was that Tex Rickard was elected because he was one of the squarest and most popular men in the country.

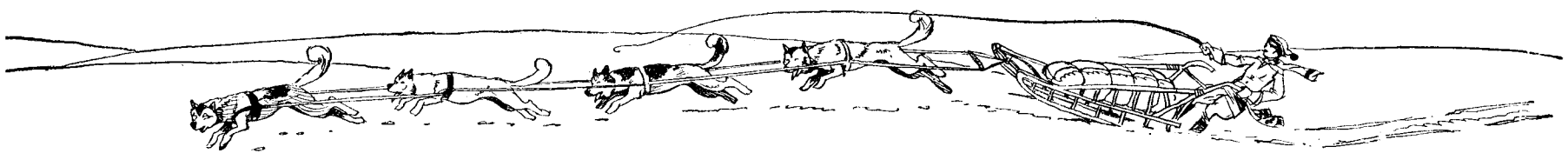
There was still very little money, and prices were wild. Business was carried on largely in dust, as it had been in Dawson. This brought on a number of interesting and amusing incidents.

I remember a fellow named Porky, who was "swamper" in the Dominion saloon. That is, his job was to sweep out the sawdust after each night's festivities and spread clean dry sawdust over the floor ready for the next afternoon to begin. For this he was paid $200.

Some weeks later I was in town and found that Porky had left his job. The fellow who had taken his place was doing the work without pay. Porky had retired!

The catch was this! All drinks were paid for in gold dust. Customers carried their dust in "pokes" or buckskin bags. After a round the host "shot his poke"—slid it down the bar to the cashier, who weighed out the amount due. Incidentally, it was the custom to give the benefit of the doubt to the house. As a result the cashier was usually many ounces to the good when the end of the day came.

And Porky (*Continued on page 33*)



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Short

By Maxwell Smith

An honest confession is good for the soul. It may, however, cause trouble

Illustrated by R. E. Johnston

The examiner looked up from his task with a tight-lipped ironic smile which sent chills down the manager's spine

COLTON glanced furtively at the bank examiner. For five hours he had been regarding the saturnine little man covertly, nervously, with more than that inescapable degree of nervousness which pervades a bank when an examiner appears.

The examiner looked up from his task of checking loan collateral. He looked at Colton with that tight-lipped ironic smile which already had sent chills down the branch manager's spine.

Colton's eyes dropped quickly, confusedly. He fumbled some papers on his desk; swore. His fingers stroked moist palms; he was clammy all over, afraid.

Colton strove to bring his mind to the routine affairs requiring his attention. His thoughts kept jumping back to the fifteen minutes preceding nine-thirty that morning when the examiner was finishing with the cash on hand.

One hundred and forty-seven thousand three hundred and eighty-three dollars and fifty-six cents; so said the statement covering the close of the previous day.

Colton quaked as he lived through it once more.

The paying teller's cage, with the currency piled in front of the examiner. The teller handling the usual line of early customers with cash counted by the examiner before the opening hour. The examiner tossing the bundles of bills, as he got through with each, to the teller. The teller tossing them on the counter at the other side of his cage, casually, carelessly, out of his way. Colton himself standing by during the last fifteen minutes of this counting, a prickly mass of nerves as he waited for the examiner to pass the final bundle and strike his total.

Colton still could hear the brittle voice:

"One-forty-six-five-twenty-nine. The difference will be in the silver—yes? Let's check it."

"Sure,"—the teller speaking lightly without turning from his window—"the chicken-feed makes it right."

THE undermining of Colton's confidence began there as the little man's eyes held his. A sudden heightening of the tension was marked by the teller's avoidance of any apparent concern in the examiner's figures; in Colton's nervous restraint as he nodded and led the way to the vault.

Through the hours, increasingly, he had been harassedly conscious of the examiner; of the derisive quirk at the ends of the thin lips and the ironic glint in the eyes close-set to the long nose. When on several occasions he had tried to engage the little man in conversation he had received only short answers—significant.

Colton's nerve was breaking. He fought to control himself to face the day out.

The examiner, at his elbow, startled him.

"I'm through with your collateral. Let's have your unsecured loans and odds and ends."

Colton's head snapped up. He stared, rolled his tongue in his dry mouth, nodded.

The examiner grinned; a satanic twist, as Colton saw it.

"Then," he said in his crackling way, "we'll be all through. What's the matter? Don't you feel good?"

Colton shot him a malevolent glance.

"Great," he said grittily, getting up. He laughed unintentionally: "Yes, I feel great! Uh. I'll get you the unsecured paper; there isn't much."

"Where," asked the examiner, "can I find a phone booth?"

"A phone booth?" echoed Colton stupidly, then caught himself: "We haven't any but there's a phone in the alcove."

"It's a personal call," said the examiner with his sardonic grin; "long-distance. I'd rather have a booth."

Colton's eyes sneered—a frightened defiance. A personal call! It would be to the main office of the bank—and for a police officer!

"You can use that phone all right"—he wanted to listen in on his own crucifixion.

"I'd rather not, thanks." The little man's voice seemed still more dry, his expression more mocking. "They might charge it to you—the call, I mean."

Colton looked past him, fighting a growing desire to laugh.

"Next door," he said challengingly; "in the cigar store next door there's a booth. Go ahead. Next door."

The examiner squinted at him contemplatively, curiously, nodded briskly and went out.

COLTON'S laughter broke loose. He smothered it with an oath, changed it to a fit of coughing as people turned to look.

Habit came to his aid. He busied himself laying out the unsecured paper and the few remaining items with which the examination of the bank would be completed: acceptances, exchanges, drafts, cashier's checks.

Then with sudden decision he put on his hat and walked out. His nerve had cracked.

The paying teller, occupied with the closing hour line of customers, tried to attract his attention; called after him.

The uniformed guard at the door told him the teller was calling.

Without looking round, Colton nodded and passed on.

Outside he quickened his pace. A block away he hesitated, asking himself where to go—what to do?

Rage took hold of him; hysterical rage. Out of it came the idea to throw the blame on his accomplice, the paying teller, whom he had drawn into the peculations.

The initial shortage had been his alone. The teller, discovering it, had agreed to keep quiet and give him a chance to make good. Later on, the teller had been persuaded to share when Colton took more money in efforts to recoup.

Two blocks from the bank Colton went into a drug store. There was a phone booth away in the rear. Nobody could overhear in there.

He called the main office of the bank and asked for the president.

"We're short forty thousand dollars," he began without preliminary—and through his fear came a creeping glow born of his own smartness. "Forty thousand cash," he emphasized, "and I want to tell you about it before I go. I guess it looks bad for me and so—I'm on my way."

The president wrote an order to his secretary: "Trace this call."

He spoke soothingly as Colton paused: "You can't (*Continued on page 43*)

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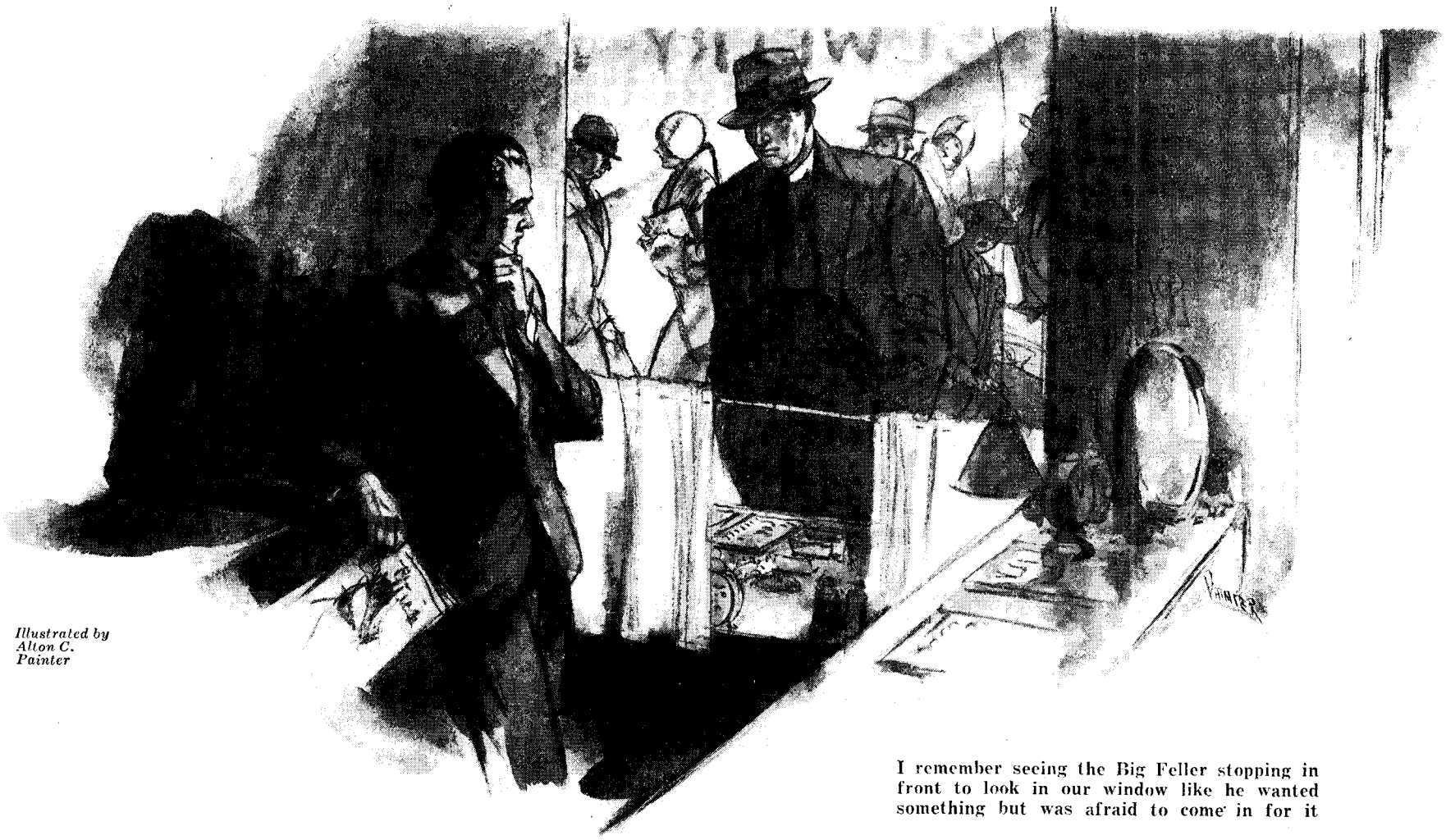

Illustrated by Alton C. Painter

I remember seeing the Big Feller stopping in front to look in our window like he wanted something but was afraid to come in for it

White Gold

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ME, I ain't nothing but a clerk in a pawnshop, but I guess in a job like mine a feller can see a heap of queer things. Usually it's folks in trouble and pretty bad trouble, at that; because it takes a lot of hard luck to make some people come into a pawnshop to borrow on something that they think a heap of.

But we also do a business that ain't lending money. We're a kind of jewelry store, too. We sell jewelry of the cheaper sort just like a regular store; you know, stuff that we buy to sell and not just unredeemed pledges.

Clerk in a store like mine and you get so you can size people up before they say six words. I remember seeing the Big Feller (I don't yet know what his name was, but I got in the habit of thinking of him as the Big Feller) walking up and down in front of our place and stopping to look in the window like he wanted something but was scared to come in.

He was a man right, that guy; about six feet two and broad as a ship. He had a chest like a wrestler and a pair of arms that I bet could have twisted iron bars. His face was tough, yet there was something so durned soft and gentle about it that I guess you couldn't be scared of him. Just the kind of a bird a girl could make a monkey of if she had a mind to.

Anyway, about the fourth time he passed the store he took a look inside and a few seconds later the door opened and he came in.

The boss was out. He sort of had a good deal of confidence in me. I wasn't allowed to make loans, but he let me handle the selling end of the store pretty often.

Well, the Big Feller come up to the retail counter and I saw he was blushing all over. He was nervous and embarrassed and I tried to make it easy for him. He pointed to a tray of fancy cigar lighters, some of 'em priced as high as thirty-five dollars (gold, you know); but I realized from the jump that he wasn't interested in that sort of a gadget although they did seem to fascinate him. Finally, it came out what he was after. He wanted to know if we had any wedding rings.

I said sure we did and showed him some plain gold ones. He selected one at twelve dollars and it seemed like all he was thinking about was getting out of the store.

THE boss says I've got good sales ability, and a guy buying a wedding ring is usually fresh meat. Besides, I had a hunch that he was just nuts to talk things over, and so I asked him why didn't he get one of the white gold things with an orange-blossom design.

"Now this," I says, showing him a classy $50 ring—"this is the kind of ring I'd give a girl I was gonna marry."

"Is that the best?" asks the Big Feller.

"Well," I says, "we got platinum ones and some that has got real fancy diamonds, but they ain't in as good taste." (Of course they are, but I saw he wasn't a solid-platinum customer and the boss has taught me that it's bad salesmanship to get a guy all excited over something he can't afford.) At that, the ring I showed him was a dandy: white gold and set with a few diamond chips. We had it priced to sell from $50 to $75, but I gave him our best price to start with because I sort of liked him.

"You reckon she'd like all that engravin'?" he wanted to know.

"Show me the dame that wouldn't," I says. Then, seeing that he was warming up, I took a chance: "Gettin' married soon?"

"Tomorrow," he says, blushing again.

"Gee, that's great! This is the luckiest month for marriages and those are the luckiest kind of rings." I grinned. "I guess you're crazy about her, ain't you?"

His answer kind of floored me. It came almost like he was sayin' a prayer.

"God! Yes!" he says.

"And she's nuts about you, huh?"

He looked away. "I guess, buddy, a man that's crazy about a girl never can quite make himself believe that she's foolish about him, too."

"Not unless she's willin' to marry him. But when a girl gives all other fellers the go-by, why, it seems like she must know who she wants."

"I guess so," he says, like he was trying to convince himself. "This girl—she was engaged to another feller. But she had a scrap with him and broke it off. This morning she said that I and her could get married right away."

"I'll bet he was no good," I says. "A dame always falls for big broad shoulders like yours. I bet this other bird was a salted peanut."

"Well, he ain't so much; but he's got class. You know—dancing and all such as that."

"Yeh," I says. "I know. Fine kind to play around with, but not the sort a sensible girl wants to marry. This girl of yours has most likely forgot him already."

"I hope so," he sighs. "She's a wonderful girl."

Well, he buys the fifty-dollar ring.

But all the next day I kept thinking about the Big Feller. He was getting married, and I found myself wishing him happiness. I sort of had a picture of the girl, too. Younger than him, I was sure—and the dancing, joy-riding kind. But sometimes that sort make darn good wives for guys like the Big Feller. I hoped she would, because he stuck in my mind. Seemed like the sort of a chap that was entitled to a break.

BUT a funny thing happened. The morning after his wedding day, I was arranging some scarf pins in a tray when the door opened and the Big Feller walked in. One look, and I knew that something was mighty wrong. It wasn't that he looked mad. Not a bit. But he had an expression like a feller that has been hit hard and unexpected; like there was something hurting so that he almost couldn't stand it.

He didn't look at me. Just moved over to the counter with his eyes on the floor. I didn't know just what to say, because I had a hunch that I better not congratulate him. So I just stood there and waited for him to speak. I wondered what he was gonna say.

When he did speak you could of knocked me off my feet with a feather, because I never could have thought of anything more unexpected. He pointed to the tray of fancy cigar lighters.

"How much did you say that gold one was?" he asked.

"Thirty-five dollars," I says.

He hesitated for a minute, then fishes in his pocket and pulls out the very same white-gold wedding ring I had sold him two days before.

"How about swapping me that lighter for this ring?" he asks slowly.

"Sure, I will," I says. "But it ain't a very good trade for you."

He looks me straight in the eye, and, although he spoke mighty quietly, it seemed as though his words came from way down near the heart.

"It is a good trade for me," he says, "because at least I've got some use for the lighter."

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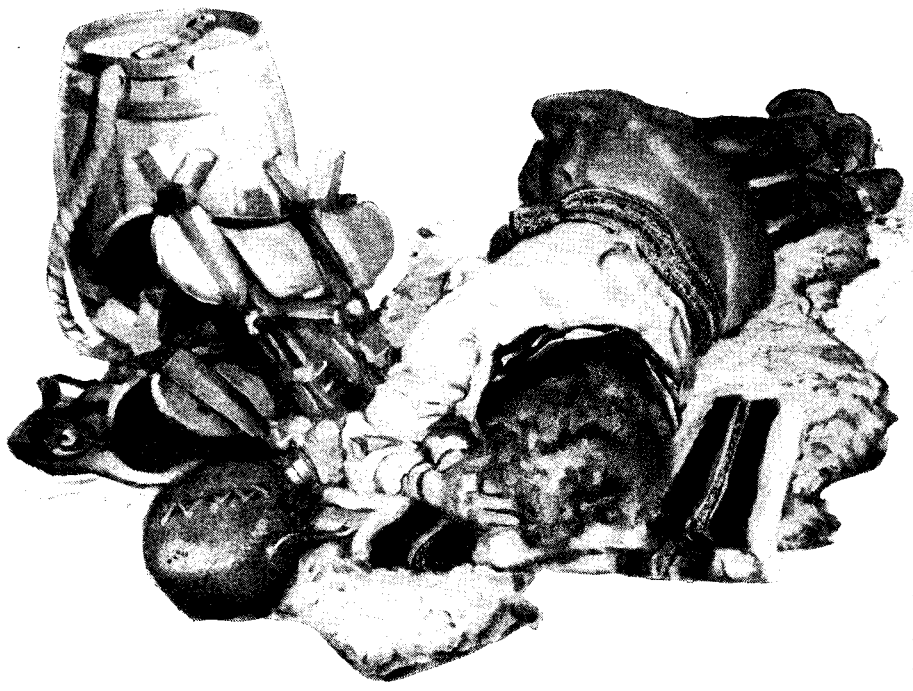
The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

By Zane Grey



"Santa Maria!" he exclaimed, aghast. Virginia lay with her face to the wall of the tent and she dared not breathe

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

The Story Thus Far:

THE Forrests and Lundeens have always been enemies. Mr. Lundeen and a half-breed, Malpass, have by various crooked means acquired the Forrest wealth and home, Cottonwoods.

Young Clifton Forrest, back ill from the war, and Virginia Lundeen are fast falling in love though they do not admit it to each other.

Virginia's father is determined that she marry Malpass. Malpass threatens to ruin her father if she refuses. Virginia decides that the only way out is to marry Cliff and he readily agrees, feeling that he will not live long and therefore will not be a burden to Virginia. However, they separate immediately after the secret ceremony though the news comes out when Cliff gets into a fight with Malpass.

Whereupon both young people are turned out of their homes because of the marriage. Cliff gets a job as a shepherd to Don Lopez and takes his sheep south to Guadaloupe Springs where he greatly improves in health and spirit and decides to remain a shepherd.

Virginia visits Ethel in Colorado and when she returns she sends for a mining engineer, Jarvis, to investigate the so-called silver mine from which Lundeen and Malpass are supposed to have made so much money. Jarvis finds the mine a fake. However, while they are at the mine, Malpass arrives, shoots Jarvis, who almost dies, and makes a grab for Virginia.

After a terrific fight during which they are both torn and hurt, she eludes him just as her father arrives. When he learns the truth he goes for Malpass. After a long fight, they both end up on the trestle outside the cabin—and both are killed.

In settling up the estate Virginia gives back Cottonwoods to Mr. Forrest and goes to live in her old home, where Ethel comes to visit her.

XI

A LITTLE while later, after donning comfortable clothes, in fact the same in which they had run and romped and climbed in Colorado, Virginia and Ethel went outdoors.

"I'm from Missouri," said Ethel, slangily. "You gotta show me. How big is this jungle?"

"About ten acres of grove, some valley meadowland, and 50 acres running up over the range."

"Not so poor, for Bertha, the Sewing-machine Girl."

Eventually they wound up tired and hot and happy on a shady knoll under a giant cottonwood that spread its wide branches on the valley. The view was open and the mountains stood out splendidly and close. But Cottonwoods could not be seen for trees. The irrigation ditch flowed down here and, by reason of the little slope, made swift gurgling sound. There were innumerable bees humming over the stream, among the blossoms of a flowery vine.

Ethel gazed out over the meadow at the graceful, glistening horses. "Oh, what horses! You must take me riding every day. I miss riding so much at home in Denver. Sure, we're Western, but a horse is rare these days. . . . There's Calliope and Moses and Calamity. . . . Oh, I see your great black Sirius. Some horse! If only I could straddle that stallion! . . . And there's Dumpy—the little pinto that threw me. Darn his dusty hide! . . . Virginia, you can't be so awful poor, or you couldn't take care of those horses."

"I'M NOT so *very* poor that I can't give you a ride occasionally—and a wedding present in June," returned Virginia.

"You darling! Now if you go blow yourself on me I'll never forgive you. But it seems strange for you to be poor at all."

Ethel fell back with a sigh, her head in Virginia's lap. "Tell me your story backward."

"You mean from present to past?"

"Yes."

"Well, to begin with—Clifton is back," rejoined Virginia, averting her face.

"Back. Where'd he go?"

"When his father turned him out he became a sheep herder."

"What! Cliff Forrest a sheep herder? You mean a shepherd?"

"Yes," replied Virginia, dreamily.

"But isn't that a poor job for a white man—a college man—a soldier?"

"Poor, yes, in a matter of wages. But Cliff had no choice, and, besides, I think he went for his health."

"Say, Angel-face, turn round here and look at me," said Ethel.

Virginia complied.

"Oh," cried Ethel, "then all is not well between you and Cliff?"

"It is—for my part. But I've never seen him since that time—nor heard from him. He drove the sheep south. . . . Upon my return from visiting you, I heard that Malpass was dickering with Don Lopez to buy the flock Clifton was driving. Malpass' motive was not solely a business one. He wanted to acquire possession of Lopez' flock so he could send a herder out to Guadaloupe and throw Cliff out of his job. Leave him all that distance to come back alone and without supplies."

Ethel swore. "I'm sure going to get a kick out of your story of how your dad killed that hombre."

"It was horrible," said Virginia, her flesh creeping, and tears coming into her eyes. "Malpass shot Father I don't recall how many times. Five bullet holes, I think, the inquest reported. . . . But Father broke Malpass' arm—nearly tore it off—and then cracked his neck. . . . Dropped him off the high trestle."

"Served him right," replied Ethel, fiercely. "But never mind that now. Tell me more about Cliff."

"There's very little more. I borrowed money and bought the sheep from Lopez. And Cliff drove on to Guadaloupe, never knowing."

"You amazing girl! All the time then—for it was early last fall when you left me—Cliff has been working for you."

"Yes. It's funny."

"Funny! It's great. Shepherd of his wife's flock! And never knowing. Say, darling, sure you raised his wages?"

"Don't giggle," entreated Virginia. "I'm scared to death. . . . You see, Clifton has just come back. He must know now that all the winter—seven months—he has worked for me. . . . Sheep herders are poor. He'll need his wages. And if he doesn't come for them, what on earth shall I do?"

"Goose! Take them to him."

"ETHEL, I absolutely couldn't do that," expostulated Virginia. Then she felt a tender hand stealing up her arm, along her neck to her cheek.

"Look down at me, dearest," said Ethel, softly.

Virginia surrendered then and betrayed herself to the wild, shrewd, loving eyes of her friend.

"You love Cliff still?"

"Still! What do you think I am?"

"I think you're an angel. . . . Then you love him more?"

"I don't know how much it *was*, but it's killing me now."

"Virginia! Why, for heaven's sake? You ought to be tickled pink. It's something to be able to love a man these modern days. Ask *me*. . . . Dear, are you concealing more from me?"

"I don't think so. Anyway, if I am it'll come out soon. You'd get blood out of a stone. . . . I'm just scared, Ethel. . . . It has been a long agony for me, since last fall. I'm all right now, except—I—he—oh, well, I want him, I *want* him—and if he doesn't want *me*—I—I'll drown myself in the ditch here."

"It's a cinch," yelped Ethel, ecstatically.

VIRGINIA wiped the dimness from her eyes and stared down at this galvanizing scion of modern feminism.

"Cinch?" she echoed, stupidly.

"That's what I said, Desdemona. You're so modest you make me sick. Good heavens, girl, I'll bet he went off on that sheep herder job just to think and dream about you. Of course you never had the nerve to give him a hint you loved him."

"I was so afraid I would it—it made me queer, cold. . . . But I led him on. And he asked me to marry him because he thought I wanted to use him as a convenience. To save me from Father's machinations with Malpass. . . . No, poor fellow, he never dreamed I was crazy to be his wife."

Ethel let out a peal of silvery, happy laughter. "Oh, it's rich. I'd love to be in your boots. Think of how glorious it'll be to *tell* him. I'd have had it done by now."

"Oh, you—you callous girl! How can I tell him?" cried Virginia.

"You've got eyes, arms, hands and lips all about as perfect as nature ever bestows upon a woman."

"That's nonsense. But suppose I have?"

"Use them. You darned fool. Didn't you fight Malpass? Well, fight Cliff in another way. It's a woman's prerogative. We're no longer vassals of men. We don't have (*Continued on page 46*)

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The Kid's Clever

By Gus Edwards

Lillian Walker, Lew Brice, Bert Wheeler, Herman Timberg, Louise Groody—discovering potential stars has been a hobby with Gus Edwards

V

THE "School Days" show was the first real revue of its kind in the history of the American stage. It was the pioneer of the "Scandals" and the "Follies" and shows of the sort. The success of that type of play, starring kids, caused me to ask myself:

"Why couldn't a show like this with adult performers be just as big a success?"

The idea for such a revue persisted. I had a fair-sized bank roll and was ready to risk that in the experiment. But my funds weren't sufficient. So along in 1908 I began looking around for financial backing and, having secured it, I neglected everything else and concentrated on the building of such a play.

I called it "The Merry-Go-Round" and put it in rehearsal in what then was called "Gus Edwards' Music Hall" in New York, a show house which later was renamed the Circle Theater.

I had visions of achieving the mightiest success in stage annals. But the show was a flop in New York. It flopped on the road. The gross loss was close to $100,000.

I had concrete ideas as to how that show should be staged. But generally they were opposed by my partners—one of them a politician, another little more than a novice in the show business. They issued orders as to who should be hired—and who shouldn't. Because they put up the money, they wanted this done and that done, whether it was consistent or not. And when those orders were accompanied by threats of "otherwise we will withdraw," I went ahead and did their bidding.

When the show finally went on, it was a hodgepodge of things and for every bit of strength it had in certain spots, it had visible weaknesses in others.

Dorothy Jardon, then comparatively an unknown, got her first real singing chance in that show. She made good in such a way that soon she became the toast of Broadway. "The Merry-Go-Round" also served as the vehicle which introduced James Morton, Johnny Cantwell, George McKay and Fay Tincher to the public.

After it had absorbed all the loose cash and was $27,000 in debt, my partners were disgusted. Still having faith in the show, I decided to buy out those fellows, take the show on the road and try to retrieve my losses. I paid $5,000 down in cash for their interests, and gave them a series of notes, the total sum, if I remember correctly, being $40,000. Then I took "The Merry-Go-Round" on tour.

Forerunner of the "Follies"

But it failed there, too—cost me all I had, all I could borrow and plenty besides. I altered the show, had it conform with my own ideas, but the effort was useless. Folks outside New York had read about the new idea in theatricals, had read of its failure, and they very firmly decided that they weren't going to pay out good money to see a touring flop.

So I finally abandoned it.

But Flo Ziegfeld had seen that show. He pierced through the failure of it with his keen brain, found its faults and decided the idea was good. The very next year he came along with the first of his "Follies," a replica of my "Merry-Go-Round" idea and his annual "Follies" since then have grossed into millions—and more millions.

If Ziegfeld hadn't come out with his "Follies" when he did, I would have tried for new backing and put on a new show. But when he beat me to it, at a time when the whole revue thing was more of an experiment than anything else, and when New York at best wouldn't support more than one show of that kind, I knew I couldn't get the needed $50,000 or $75,000 backing.

Wide World

Johnny Hines, First National movie star, made his first public appearance in Edwards' "School Days" revues

So I left the field to Ziegfeld and a few years later I assisted him to a point where I wrote all the music for one of his "Follies"—music which embraced many songs that became popular hits.

It was along through those years that I put on a vaudeville act with grown-up girls—ages from 16 to 19—and called it "The Blond Typewriters."

Six girls made up the act. I combed New York to find the most beautiful blondes in the town. Having found them, I exhibited them to the eyes of the audiences. They packed every house where they played and forced theater owners to dust off the "S. R. O." sign and display it conspicuously.

Lillian Walker was one of the original "Blond Typewriters"—the same Lillian who afterward climbed to dizzy heights as a moving picture star. Ruby Norton also was an original. Afterward she went into pictures.

My difficulty with the act was to keep the sextette filled because of the raids made by love-lorn youths. Almost every week one or another of the girls would be serving notice and the next week she was off on a honeymoon. Lillian married Charlie Hansen. Eleanor Kershaw became the bride of Tom Ince, of moving picture fame, and Helen Barrett, seen one night by Harry Harrington, a millionaire automobile executive, became his bride a few weeks later.

The substitutes I got for those girls were quickly "stolen," either by men in love with them, by rival producers or by moving picture folks.

Although that act with grown-up girls went over spectacularly, my pet idea was kid shows. So when "The Blond Typewriters" had played its full run, with some encores, I went back to the kid shows. I found a real happiness in picking up little tots, tutoring them, and watching them as they developed month after month, year after year, until they became starry stars.

So having put over "School Boys and Girls" and "School Days" and realizing that the public liked such shows, I created more of them through the years, with "Gus Edwards' Song Revue," along in 1910, as the outstanding success.

But the "Messenger Boys" act, the "Kid Kabaret," the "Country Kids," the "Bingville Cabaret" all went over well and, after proving "hits" in New York, were sent on tour and continued their triumphs.

Ruby Norton, Sammy Lee, Bobby Watson and Louise Groody. Gus

A High-Priced Youngster

Most of the kids I hired for their first chance on the stage accepted the wages I offered. But there were exceptions. For instance:

Eighteen years ago a youngster walked into my office—a tall boy, with the skinniest arms and the skinniest legs I've ever seen outside a museum, and with a nose that has since then become almost as famous as his eccentric comedy and whirlwind dancing.

"I want a job," he said.

"What can you do?"

"You ask that of a great ekter?" countered the youth, with a great show of indignation.

"Oh, you are an actor?" I apologized.

"Sure—and great, too."

"Who said so?"

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White

Edwards considered Louise Groody one of his greatest "finds"

"I'm saying it; try me out and see."

So I tried him out and found that he could sing, that he danced splendidly and that his contortions of face, arms and legs were unique and laugh-provoking.

"I guess I can use you," I said. "How much salary do you want?"

"One thousand dollars a week," he replied without the flicker of an eyelash.

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen."

"Ever do any professional stage work?"

"Not yet."

"And you want $1,000 a week?"

"Sure—why not—I'm worth it."

"Why didn't you ask for a million?"

"Say, could a fellow ask for a million?" asked the kid, all eagerness now.

"Sure he could ask for a million."

"Well, then, listen here, mister," and the kid poked a finger at me. "I ain't working for you for no cheap thousand a week. I'm asking for a million—that's my price, $1,000,000, and I ain't working for less."

"I'll hire you and give you $30 to start," I said.

"Could you make it $40?"

"No, $30 is the price."

"In cash?"

"Yes."

"And you couldn't pay $35?"

"Not at the start."

"Then," said the kid with a sigh, "I guess we've hired each other at $30—but you got a swell bargain, mister."

It seems that I did, for this kid was Lew Brice, who long since has grown to manhood, and, by his inimitable drolleries, has achieved fame almost as great as his famous sister, Fanny Brice.

It was along about that same time that a chubby little Irish boy came to my office in New York.

"Say," he confided, "I hear you're looking for actors and I think maybe you're looking for me."

A "wise-cracking" kid in his first spoken words to me—that was Bert Wheeler, 14 years old then, 32 or so now, and through many years a star of Broadway, one of the sweetest characters in the profession, one of the best loved.

At the time I gave Bert his job, I was making up a boys' sextette. I put Bert into it and the sextette then was composed of Bert, the Irish youngster, and five Jewish boys, including Georgie Jessel.

Tough But Talented

Wheeler was raised in the "Dublin section" of Paterson where kids survived only by the power of their fists. Bert was the district champion at 14. Somewhere along through his kid years, Bert had picked up the idea that a Jew was the natural enemy of an Irishman and must be beaten up on sight, which was something I didn't know when I put Bert in that sextette.

Soon after that sextette was created, I began to note that four of my five Jewish boys usually reported for work looking as if they had tried conclusions with the Twentieth Century. Maybe one was limping, another had a suspicion of a "shiner"; there were cuts on their faces and hands, black and blue marks here and there—and the whole thing mystified and alarmed me.

I made repeated efforts to learn from the boys what was happening to them—but never an explanation could I get.

All of which was due to the fact that Bert, after handing out a shellacking, threatened those kids with nine kinds of death if they "squealed" to me.

"Why didn't you beat up Jessel, too?" I asked Bert the day I had let him go to save my other kids from annihilation.

"Aw, he was too small—I was waiting for him to grow up," answered Bert.

When I let Bert out, I pleaded with the kid to forget his "pug" ways. But after that he quit trying to exterminate the Jewish actors, soon came along with cyclonic stride, and now is one of the shining stars in "Rio Rita."

Those who delve in theatrical statistics say that only one show of five tried out on the legitimate stage is successful. Yet the fact is established that Louise Groody never has been identified with a failure.

Bound for Stardom

Some persons attribute that to the fact that she is "lucky." But my views are different. I gave Louise Groody her first real chance in a little act that I called "The Sassy Stenographers." She was with me in other revues. Then, and in all the other years, I liked to watch her, study her—and I know that nothing could keep her from stardom.

Louise is one of the sweetest and most wonderful girls I have known in my lifetime. She was just a shy, sweet-mannered kid when I first saw her. And today she is the same—shy, sweet-mannered, thoughtful, kind and considerate.

I never knew her to be late for rehearsal in the days when she was getting her start with me. In the years since, her record has remained unsmudged.

If Louise Groody was given a bad play I think she still could make it a triumph. For she would play her own part in a superlative way, rally her supporters to their greatest endeavors and all that great acting in itself would overcome the lack of plot and make the play a success.

After Louise played in "The Sassy Stenographers" I put her in a revue at Henderson's in Coney Island. She did a dance in that show, appearing with Ruby Norton, Bobby Watson, Sammy Lee and others. After that she was with me at the Martinique Hotel Revue, but was forced to leave that show because of illness and was in a hospital for a long time.

When she recovered, she came to me and said:

"I have been offered a chance at $250 a week to play in a musical comedy in New York. I have always wanted to do that. But if you need me I will stay with you, and pass up the other job."

I had started Louise at $35 a week and was paying her $125 at the time she was taken ill. And here she was, a loyal, wonderful girl, willing to pass up a glorious opportunity at double the salary if I needed her!

Is it any wonder, when a girl shows a spirit like that, that I never hesitated a moment in releasing her from her contract with me and that each year since then, as she has climbed higher and higher up the ladder of Fame, I feel a great gladness because success, so richly deserved by that beautiful little thoroughbred, is hers in great volume?

In the early days when I put on kid shows, it was necessary for me to scout around to recruit my cast. But as time went on, and it became known that I was really looking for child talent and that every gifted kid would get a chance, things became easier for me.

While I was putting on the Hotel Martinique Revue more than a dozen years ago, two sisters came looking for a job—each seeking her first stage chance. They had ability but I explained that I could not hire them without the written consent of their parents. They promised to bring them around on the morrow.

The next day they came with their parents. Both were deaf and dumb. Our negotiations were carried on partially in sign language, partially with notes written back and forth and the rest of it was done by the little girls, who translated the sign language to me.

Humble Beginnings

One of these girls was Grace Menken and the other was Helen Menken, who started then as a singer and dancer in a cabaret and soon became one of the most gifted stars in drama.

Betty Pierce, who rose to real fame when she got her chance in "White Cargo," was just a slip of a girl when she went to work for me in my "Song Revue."

Jessica Brown, who later married into the English nobility, got her theatrical start in the same show, and so did Irene Martin, afterward married to "Skeets" Gallagher. Joan Sawyer, later a dancer of international (*Continued on page 40*)

White

Edwards' famous Blond Typewriters were considered the cream of Broadway pulchritude and the best-dressed girls of their day

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Twinkle, Twinkle

A few little stars, some of whom you'll recognize, all of whom you know. If they'd been photographed when they were any smaller they wouldn't have shown in the picture at all

Above: Any movie fan who can get a passing mark ought to be able to spot Bebe Daniels, reduced in size and swathed in petticoats. Even at that age there was something of the born comedienne about her

Harold Lloyd before a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles was an essential part of his make-up

Albert Davis Collection

Right: Here's an easy one. This solemn-faced youngster has grown considerably since the picture was taken but his expression hasn't changed. It's Buster Keaton

Her first animal picture—the star of "Ramona" and other successes, aged three. Dolores Del Rio

Well, the hair-cut is familiar. This is what you might term an early Colleen Moore

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Right: Altogether too alert for a sandman pose was Gertrude Olmstead when this picture was made

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The superior-looking Adolphe Menjou was ever a natty dresser. He was eighteen months old when he posed with his dad

Three famous screen sisters when they and the flickers were in their infancy: left to right, Natalie, Constance and Norma Talmadge

Below: Louise Fazenda, not at all camera-shy even at eight months. The toes on the left foot were registering comedy even then

Below: This flirtatious youngster grew up to be recognized at sight as Marie Prevost. When this was made, however, she was by way of being a short short movie star

Gunther

A plump little partridge, as the phrase goes, was the winsome Irene Rich ere ever she graced the silver screen

Right: Norma Shearer at three years of age all dressed up for the visit to the studio —and with what an overpowering headpiece

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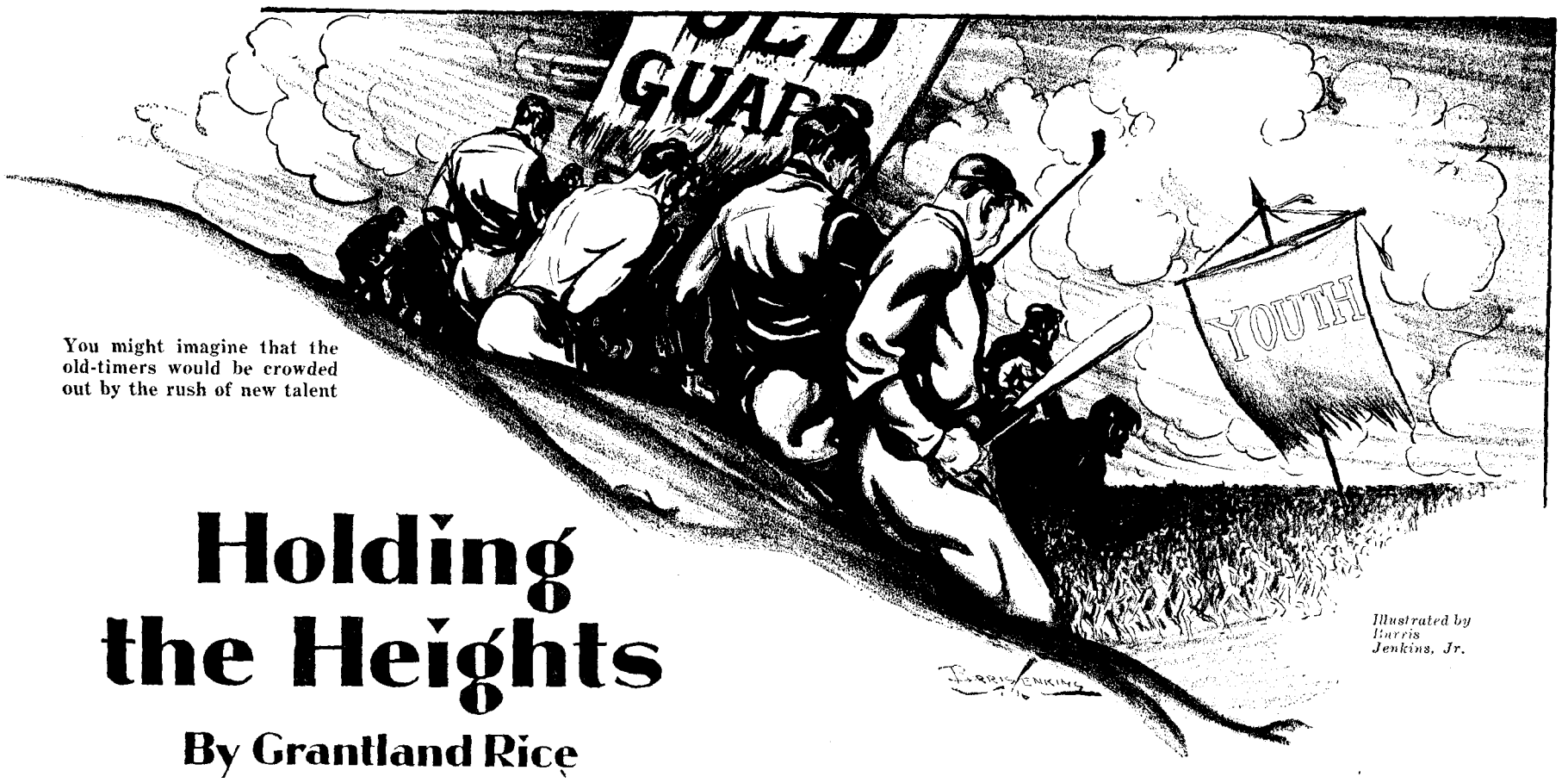

You might imagine that the old-timers would be crowded out by the rush of new talent

Holding the Heights

By Grantland Rice

Illustrated by Harris Jenkins, Jr.

Competition has been fiercer in 1928 than ever before. But the old, familiar names still head the lists

IN ALL this vast turmoil of sport which has given 1928 a greater number of competitors than any past year ever knew you would imagine that most of the old-timers would be crowded out by new talent.

There have been several millions playing one game or another, many of them under the best instruction, all keyed up to go somewhere, but they have found the job of displacing many of the veterans well beyond anything they had to offer.

Twelve years ago, for example, any number of golf writers were grinding out a large number of words about a kid golfer by the name of Bobby Jones.

There have been thousands of young amateurs and professionals making desperate efforts to reach the top in the last few years but when the returns were in there was Bobby Jones again trying for first place in the Open, and there was Bobby Jones wrecking another field in the U. S. Amateur. Johnny Farrell was among the new faces that crowded into the championship picture, but Johnny's face is not exactly new as it has been featured for several years as one of the pictorial entries that ought to arrive.

Bobby Jones has been dominating some part of golf, medal or match or both, for about six years and at the age of 26, even though technically he should be called a veteran now, it might be suggested that he still has a year or so to go before he becomes a decrepit old gentleman no longer able to walk around a golf course.

While Jones, with 12 years of competition, was stirring up his usual amount of dust, who was it that won the British Open?

As far back as 1913, which is 15 years ago, they were writing about the promising golf of a Walter Hagen of Rochester, who made good just a year later in the U. S. Open at Chicago. That same golfer happens to be the American invader who won the British title for the third time, in spite of all the talent thrown against him.

It also happens that Glenna Collett, who won the women's championship of the U. S. A., was winning championships several years ago, so she also is to be placed among the veterans, although she is even younger than Bobby.

What about tennis? Who was occupying most of the headlines this last spring and summer? Was it one of our younger stars or a long, lank individual by the name of Bill Tilden who was tennis champion eight years ago? Tilden was still good enough to beat René Lacoste in the Davis Cup matches and when he was barred later on what outstanding young tennis stars were on hand to pick up his job? There were several who gave all they had, but they were not Bill Tildens, not even the Bill Tilden now at tennis middle age.

His Full Share of Headlines

Helen Wills is another one of those youthful veterans who have refused to let any of the competitive débutantes crash through. She was winning championships five or six years ago and she was even more dominating on the court this season than ever before.

Fourteen years ago in baseball a number of writers were turning out copy that carried the name Babe Ruth. Fourteen years make up quite a spell in this hectic age of struggle and strife. But when the last world series was fought what name caught its full share of the headlines? Was it some youngster just breaking in or a fellow by the name of George Herman Ruth?

Yes, there was Lou Gehrig, but Lou has been around several years now and he was no sudden surprise as far back as two years ago. And there was Waite Hoyt, who was pitching a lot of baseball about ten years back, using his right arm for this purpose.

The world series picture carried few changes. The Yankees and the Cardinals were battling in 1926, and they were battling again in 1928. The Yankees won their third world series in succession in spite of mid-season injuries and a mid-season slump that came near crowding them out. But being part of the old guard they had enough left to push their way through with Hoyt, Ruth and Gehrig holding on.

Cobb and Speaker came to the finish of their big-league careers, but it took about everything Time had to bowl them out of the parade. And old man Alexander was still out there winning a lot of ball games after his 17 years of big-league servitude. There were new names that crowded in, but they failed to crowd in far enough to displace the old-timers still pegging along.

Where were all the new heavyweights who were to stir up the boxing game? Jack Dempsey was the heavyweight champion nine years ago. Two years later Gene Tunney was making steady progress on the way up. When the time arrived for Rickard to name Tunney's opponent, who was his first choice? Heeney or Risko or Sharkey or one of the newer entries? He would have traded the entire flock for one part of Dempsey and more than doubled his returns.

It was evident two years ago that Dempsey was not the old Dempsey and that Gene Tunney had no intention of growing old in this game. It was pretty well understood this time last year that Dempsey would not come back and that Tunney would retire after his next big fight.

So the younger guard redoubled their efforts to be ready for the vacated throne. Yet when the roll call of spring sounded and when this roll call was repeated in autumn there were no outstanding figures wearing the toga of youth ready to rush for the gap. With Tunney and Dempsey missing, the gossip swung back to Sharkey and Stribling; to Paulino and Hansen—not to another rearing, tearing young Dempsey bowling them over on his way up.

Will He Change His Mind?

It was expected that the lure of a million dollars would unearth at least one star prospect who could hit and take it, who could box and make some headway. But young Dempseys or young Tunneys don't pop out in a year or two. It takes a world of seasoning up a slow, winding path to land. There was no new heavyweight face in sight as Tex Rickard finally left his office and started with his golf clubs for Miami, still hoping that Dempsey would change his mind and make the game safe for another million-dollar collection.

So, boxing, like golf, tennis and baseball, had few new faces to offer when headline pictures were being painted for the year. It was a sad case, with all this money waiting for any young man who could hit and take it, but there was nothing to be done about it.

Football is always a different story as there has to be a clean sweep at the end of three years. And no one season has seen as many star sophomore players. Carnegie Tech, Georgia Tech and Tennessee were all cluttered up with sophomores, which makes something of a story to relate concerning 1929.

Experience Shows

But even in the flurry and flutter of these younger stars there were still Cagle of the Army, Scull of Pennsylvania, French of Harvard, Howe of Princeton, Pund of Georgia Tech, Howell of Nebraska, Niemiec of Notre Dame, Harpster of Carnegie Tech, Strong and Lassman of New York University, Armistead of Vanderbilt, Hoffman of Stanford and others who were playing good football two years ago.

Once again the returns of 1928 show the value of experience under fire in most sports. The experienced athletes are the shock troops who can carry their stuff on through where perhaps more brilliant youngsters might falter.

Near the end of the year I suggested to Bobby Jones that he was playing just about as good golf back in 1916 when he was 14 years old as he is playing now. "I was playing better golf then, counting every club in the bag," he said, "but it took seven years' seasoning to know what to do with what I had."

Experienced competitors who have been at the top more than a year or two controlled the bulk of competitive sport last year and they will be just as hard to dislodge this coming season. Who would you pick to beat Bobby Jones, Helen Wills, Glenna Collett? What ball player to lead Babe Ruth in home runs? What young tennis player to take Tilden's place as champion, among the best talent in the U. S. A? What young fighter to be another Dempsey or Tunney?

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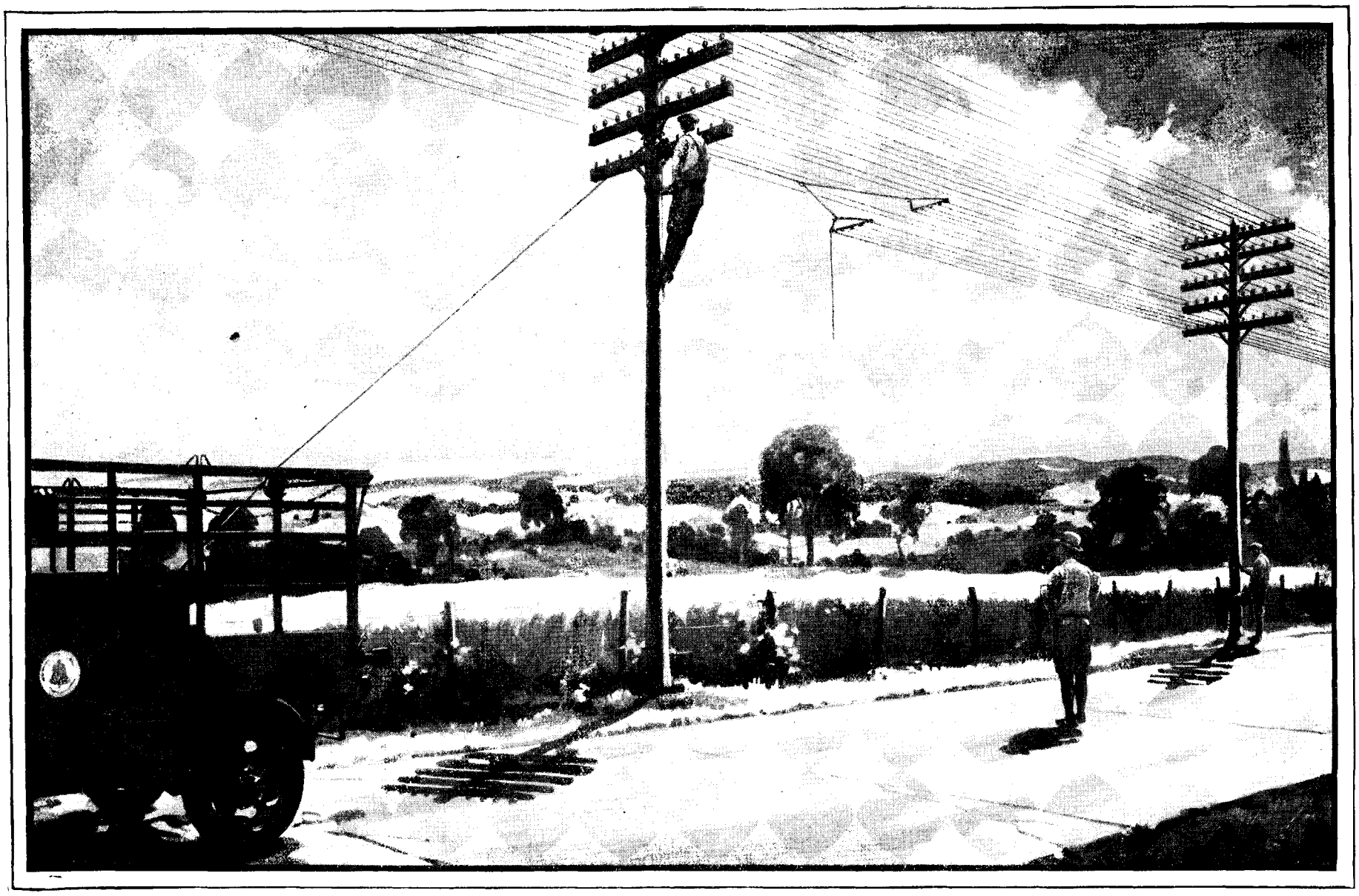

The U. S. A. is only a few minutes wide

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

In the gold rush year of '49 a stage-coach succeeded in crossing the continent in about three months. Two decades later, for the first time, an unbroken stretch of railroad lay from New York Harbor to San Francisco Bay, and America was seven days wide. Today, by telephone, that entire width is only a matter of minutes. And these few minutes represent a round trip, taken in the ease of office or home.

The Bell System is ever busy reducing the width of America and the distance between cities. For example, during 1929 it will add to its lines nearly 2,000,000 of the new permalloy loading coils for correcting and maintaining the speeding voice currents.

Seven thousand miles of new inter-city cable, $40,000,000 worth, will be added to the System to protect against storms and other slowing up influences.

In the last five years 350 major improvements, as well as thousands of others whose aggregate importance mounts high, have been made in telephone central office equipment.

Improved operating practices have eliminated the necessity of your "hanging up" and being called back in 95 per cent of toll and long distance calls, adding new speed and ease to out of town calling. You hold the wire and the operator does the rest. Since New Year's Day, 1927, the average time for completing all out of town calls has been cut 35 per cent and at the same time the per cent of error has been further materially reduced.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the future's greater service.

"The Telephone Books are the Directory of the Nation"

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Chester

MILD *enough for anybo*

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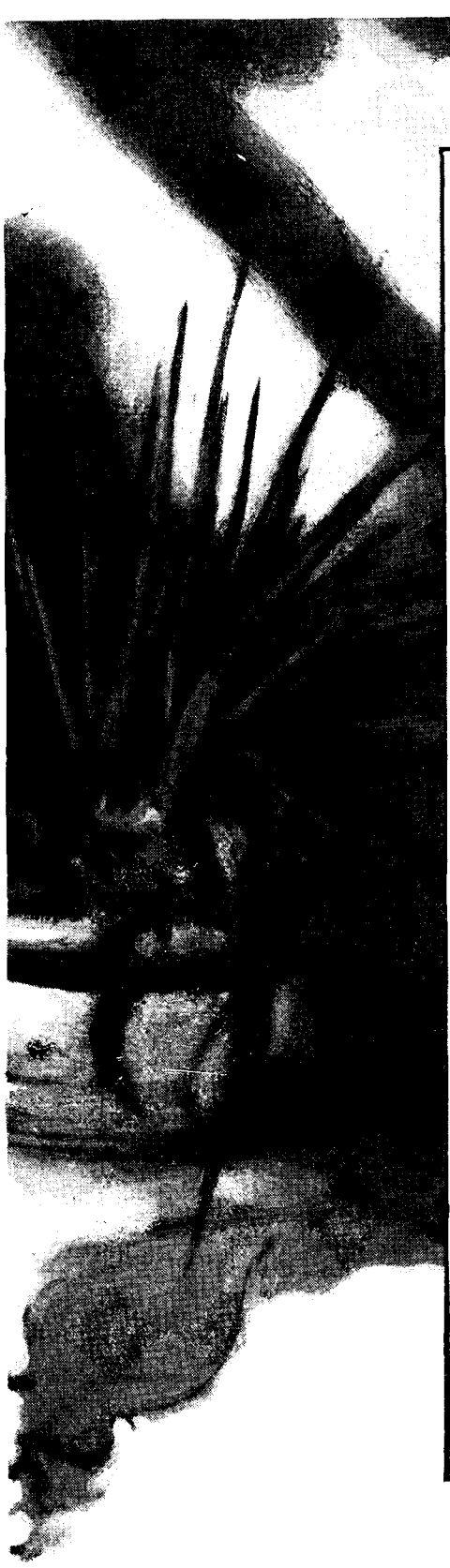


What a cigarette meant there

It took a lot of courage, for he was no "ladies' man," and she was the belle of the town.

That awkward, stammering proposal . . . interrupted . . . what a mess he had made of it! And now . . . would she never come back? And what then? The zero hour, for a fact . . . the longest minutes of a lifetime.

Like most men, he lived through it, sustained by that little friend in need . . . his cigarette. In after years he always said it was the most important cigarette he ever smoked.

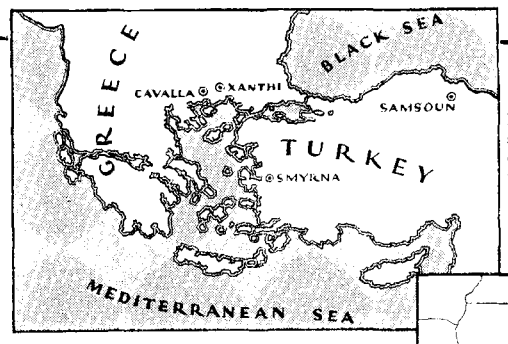
What a cigarette means *here*

It took a lot of courage, likewise, to propose and go through with the idea behind Chesterfield.

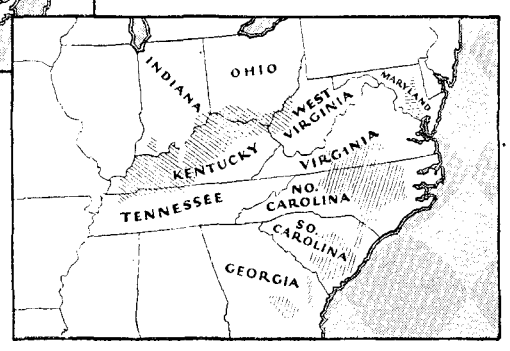
It took courage, for it meant less profit per package than is made on most other cigarettes. Into Chesterfield we blended the finest qualities of tobacco ever offered in a cigarette at popular prices—tobacco selected regardless of cost, from all the leaf markets of the world.

And when Chesterfield jumped to big volume and continued steadily to grow . . . we knew that this cigarette which so surely bespeaks tobacco quality to us had come equally to mean it to you.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Xanthi and Cavalla, Smyrna and Samsoun — from here come the fragile tender Turkish tobaccos for Chesterfield's famous blend.



. . . and from Virginia and Carolina come the famous "bright" or "yellow" tobaccos; from Kentucky the rich mellow Burley which completes this mild yet satisfying blend.

field

. . . *and yet* THEY SATISFY

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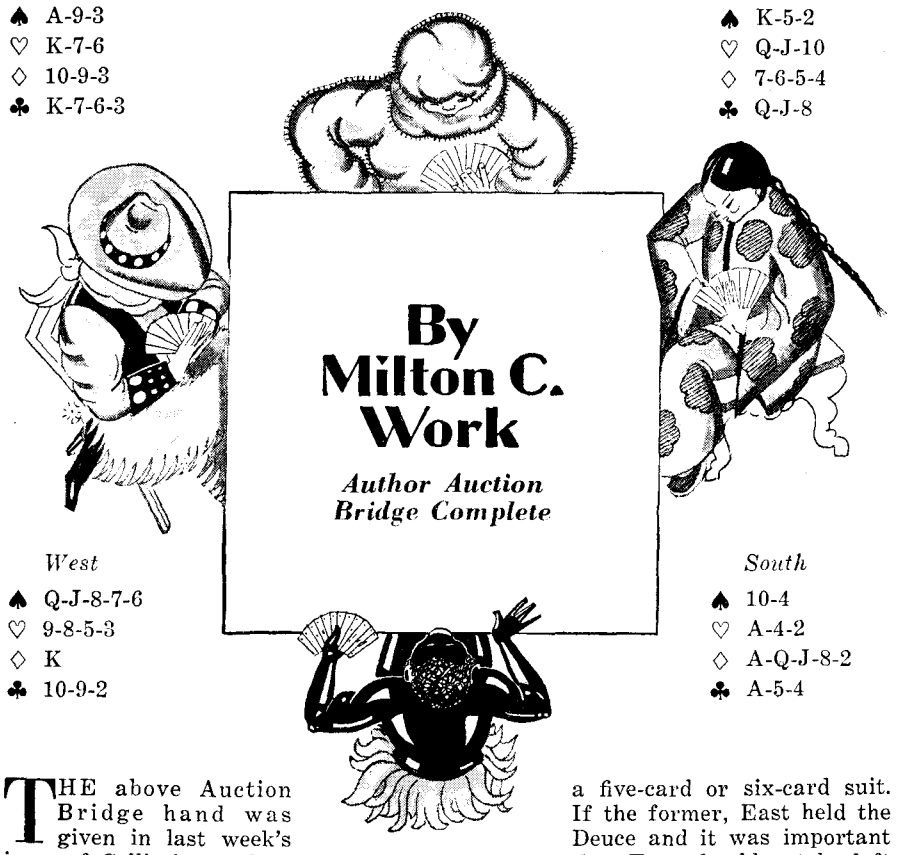
How would You play it?



North
♠ A-9-3
♡ K-7-6
◇ 10-9-3
♣ K-7-6-3

East
♠ K-5-2
♡ Q-J-10
◇ 7-6-5-4
♣ Q-J-8

West
♠ Q-J-8-7-6
♡ 9-8-5-3
◇ K
♣ 10-9-2

South
♠ 10-4
♡ A-4-2
◇ A-Q-J-8-2
♣ A-5-4

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's issue of Collier's; a play-by-play description of the game follows:

The Auction

The Dealer (South) could bid either one No Trump or one Diamond. At one time the idea prevailed that an initial bid of one Diamond or one Club should force the partner to bid. This scheme of bidding proved to be a losing plan and is now generally discarded by experts. South has three suits stopped and a count of 15, much stronger than a No Trump minimum; and as a Diamond bid would not show North his full strength, South decided on one No Trump. West, of course, passed, and North was faced with a problem. North bid two No Trumps, which went unchallenged. This jump bid is not made with sufficient frequency in Auction.

At Contract, while there are many players who do not believe in bidding initial No Trumps unless the hand has strength in every suit, that sentiment is disappearing because it is found that, even more than in Auction Bridge, bidding a No Trump when the hand contains the adequate strength is apt to produce the best result. At Contract, therefore, South would bid one No Trump and, after West's pass, North, with a count of 10, would bid two No Trumps. East would pass; and South, with a count of 15, would bid three No Trumps over North's two. With a count of less than 15 South would pass North's two No Trumps.

The Play

In both Auction and Contract Bridge the play would be exactly the same. West would open with the Seven of his long suit (Spades); from Queen-Jack-Ten or Queen-Jack-Nine the Queen would be the opening. Dummy would play the Trey, East the King and South the Four. To trick 2, East would lead the Five of Spades, South would play the Ten, West the Jack and Dummy the Nine. When playing to the second trick the Dealer could not tell which adverse hand held the Deuce of Spades. When East returned the Five, Declarer could mark the Six in the West hand and knew that West had led from either a five-card or six-card suit. If the former, East held the Deuce and it was important that East should not be left with a card of that suit in case he obtain the lead.

To trick 3, West led another Spade, which Dummy took with the Ace; East playing the Deuce and Closed Hand discarding a small Heart.

Declarer could now see that in addition to one Spade he was sure of two Hearts, two Clubs and one Diamond—three tricks short of game. He could make four additional Diamond tricks by finessing if the King of Diamonds were held by East.

Declarer held eight Diamonds in his two hands. He had no clue as to the location of the adverse King. Generally with a holding of less than eleven cards of the suit in the two hands a finesse is advisable; but in this case a somewhat unusual situation presented itself. Declarer could lose one Diamond trick and still make game provided that Diamond trick were lost to the East hand. It was not at all likely that the five adverse Diamonds were divided, four in the East hand and the singleton King in the West hand, but it was a possibility and there was no need of risking that distribution because Declarer could refuse the Diamond finesse and still make game if East held the King. Of course in that event refusing the finesse would cost one trick, but it would be the trick immaterial. So as an insurance play against the holding by West of the Singleton King of Diamonds, Declarer, to trick 4, led the Ten of Diamonds from Dummy and, when East played small, played the Ace of Diamonds from Closed Hand. As it happened the King dropped and Declarer consequently made four-odd.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. A-8-6	S. 9-3-2
H. A-9-4	H. 7-6-3
D. K-Q-J-8	D. 10-5-3
C. A-10-6	C. 9-7-4-3
West	*South*
S. 4	S. K-Q-J-10-7-5
H. K-Q-J-10-5	H. 8-2
D. 9-7-2	D. A-6-4
C. K-Q-J-2	C. 8-5

Marriage for Two

Continued from page 15

"I'm sure it is," she said. "I wish," she suddenly added, "that I could see Miss Wilson now."

He stared at her. "Why?"

"Oh, you wouldn't understand," she evaded.

He frowned. This was the first touch of vulgarity she had shown. But—it was better that he didn't choose an interpretation that was not the sole possible construction of her words.

"I want to go abroad," he said abruptly.

"Very well," she agreed.

"But last night, you didn't want—"

"Last night was last night and now we've arrived at this morning," she said.

"The Gigantic sails tonight," he told her. "Shall we get away from this?"

He glanced at the pile of newspapers upon the foot of her bed.

"Why not?" she acquiesced.

HE PICKED up the telephone near the head of her bed. He called his office and got his managing clerk.

"I want every case postponed for a couple of months," he abruptly stated.

Into the clerk's voice came dismay:

"But, Mr. Tracy—"

"You'll have to do it," he said.

He could almost see the clerk shrug. "Very well, sir. I'll do my best."

"I want a suite on the Gigantic tonight," went on Tracy. "Two bedrooms—" he colored faintly and tried to make his voice matter-of-fact—"and a sitting-room. And my passport—I want my wife's name added—"

"I'll have to have a photograph, sir," said the clerk.

"Get a photographer up here immediately. Can it be arranged so quickly?"

The clerk laughed. "Ten dollars here and five dollars there—"

"Make it twenty here and ten there," suggested Tracy.

He hung up and faced his wife. There was a bewildered pleasure in her eyes.

"Money can do anything, almost, can't it?" she asked.

"It can always help out a situation," he smiled.

"But I thought that passports—"

"That's the reason for tens and twenties you heard me mention," he laughed. "Consular clerks are not overpaid."

She sat suddenly up in bed, and the flimsy negligee fell away from her shoulders and throat. The revelation hinted at delicious contours and despite himself Tracy felt his blood stir.

"Do you know," she said, in a voice that was almost awed, "that I have never been abroad? I've never been on an ocean liner. I—I've never seen—anything."

There are men who feel a genuine pleasure in giving. Their motives, subjected to the harsh scrutiny of analysis, prove to be selfish, but it is a kind of selfishness which the world needs. Tracy felt that pleasure now. For this girl, whom he had not even known a few days ago, he would unfold the magic of the Old World. He, who liked travel, would find his enjoyment enhanced by her delight. Why, the trip, instead of being a flight from the newspapers, would be a lazily joyous journey.

After all, he caught himself, while they could dissemble momentarily, they could not keep it up. His voice did not reflect the enthusiasm he had felt a second ago as he made answer to her.

"I'll try to show you everything worth-while."

Artificiality crept into his speech. Why couldn't he be as natural as she? Why didn't he have her adaptability to the situation?

"Are you sure you have enough clothes?" he asked. "After all, five hundred dollars—"

"Is what you might lose at bridge in an evening," she cut in. "Five hundred dollars? Miss Evans and Nora shopped for me. And I have over two hundred dollars left."

"Then," and he regained his lightness, "you won't bankrupt me?"

"That," she smiled, "I can't promise."

The telephone rang and he answered it. It was his chief clerk, to announce that a photographer was on his way to the house now, that he had got in touch with the passport officials and that as soon as Mrs. Tracy's photograph was delivered all formalities would be speeded through, and to inform his employer that a suite had been engaged on the Gigantic. Also, the clerk had taken it upon himself to arrange for a letter of credit and a supply of cash. Tracy expressed his appreciation, and hung up.

"Now," sighed the girl, "I really believe we're going."

She said "we," not "I," and Tracy felt an inexplicable gratification at her choice of pronouns.

"I think you'd better dress—the photographer will be here any minute," he told her. "You're sure you feel strong enough to travel?"

She smiled at him, and he departed on that smile, savoring it more than he knew.

Hogan met him in the hall outside her room.

"We're sailing for Europe," Tracy told him. "Pack everything I need and send the things to the Gigantic."

"The house," began Hogan.

"As it is," said Tracy.

"Very well, sir." Hogan hesitated. "If I were you, sir, I'd let the reporters in, Mr. Tracy. Otherwise, they'll hang around, dog you every minute—"

Tracy hesitated. "Maybe you're right, Hogan. I'll see them."

HE WENT downstairs, entered the living-room and tried to gather composure against the visitation of a horde of ogres.

But ogres were not ushered to his presence by his butler. Instead, a quite attractive group of young men and women gathered around him a few minutes later. One of them—who introduced himself as Stanway of the Chronicle—seemed to have been delegated as spokesman.

"Mr. Tracy, we don't want to annoy you. But you mustn't forget that you're news."

"I won't debate the point," said Tracy, amiably.

"And it's our job to get the news," went on young Stanway. "And the easier you make it for us, why—the easier we'll make it for you."

"That," said Tracy quietly, "is decent of you."

Stanway eyed him. He couldn't be sure whether this quiet-voiced man was being sardonic or not.

"We, as individuals, have no wish to pry into your personal affairs, Mr. Tracy. But as newspaper men—"

"What do you want to know?" interrupted Tracy.

"How long have you known Mrs. Tracy?" asked the reporter.

"Suppose," said a voice from the doorway, "that I answer the question?"

Tracy leaped to his feet. He had the same sensation that he had felt when, as a child, he had read of Christians being tossed to the lions in the Roman

(*Continued on page 30*)

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After exposure—avoid

Sore Throat

LISTERINE

Checks it quickly because powerful against germs

Sore throat is a danger signal of oncoming trouble—a cold or worse.

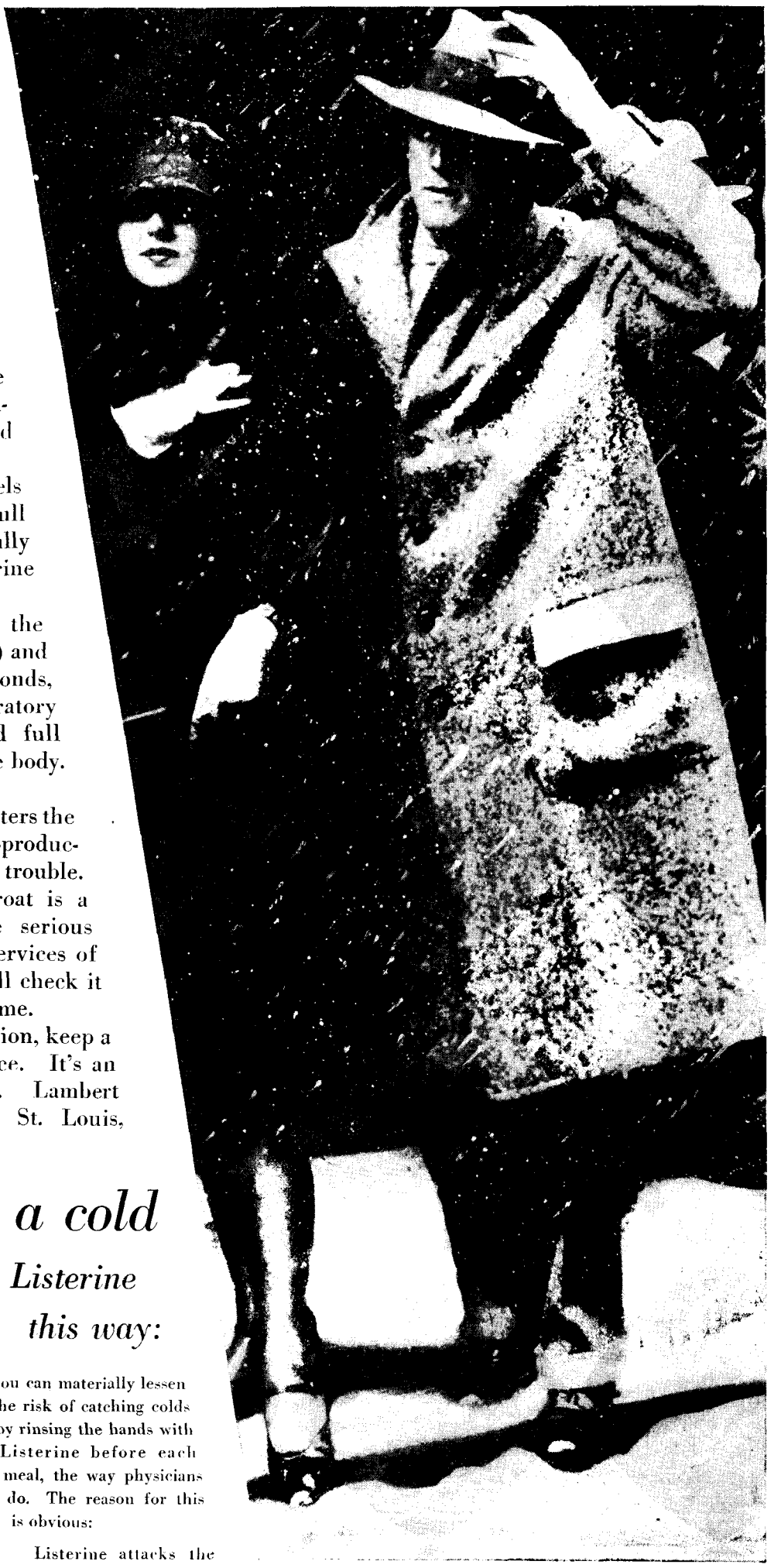
It usually develops after sudden changes in temperature or exposure to others in overheated offices, germ-ridden railway trains, street cars and buses. Wet feet also encourage it.

The moment your throat feels irritated, gargle with Listerine full strength. Sore throat is usually caused by germs and Listerine full strength kills germs.

For example, it kills even the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds, as shown by repeated laboratory tests. Yet it may be used full strength in any cavity of the body. Indeed, the safe antiseptic.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it attacks the disease-producing bacteria that cause you trouble. And unless your sore throat is a symptom of some more serious disease, calling for the services of a physician, Listerine will check it in an amazingly short time.

For your own protection, keep a bottle in home and office. It's an investment in health. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



To *escape a cold*

use Listerine this way:

You can materially lessen the risk of catching colds by rinsing the hands with Listerine before each meal, the way physicians do. The reason for this is obvious:

Listerine attacks the germs of cold on the hands, thus rendering them harmless when they enter the mouth on food which hands have carried. Isn't this quick precaution worth taking?

"GREAT!"

men say. They're enthusiastic about Listerine Shaving Cream. You will be also when you try it. So cool! So soothing!

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We hope the inauguration will be so simple that we won't have to buy a new plug hat.

The skeleton who used to be in the closet is now making money working overtime as a press agent.

Parents can now insure the morals of their children. The next step will be to have the children insure the morals of their parents.

Late income tax returns reveal that 283 are making over a million a year. Now don't blush.

Progress. 1900: She owns her own home. 1910: She owns her own car. 1920: She owns her own business.

The new $10,000 bill issued by the government is to carry the portrait of Samuel Chase. If you don't believe me, take a look.

Even the traffic is troubled with too much static.

A working majority: wife who does her own cooking.

Marriage for Two

Continued from page 28

arena. He, for reason politic, had met these reporters, hoping that wit would carry him through. But for his wife—long afterward he realized that he had considered her his wife definitely, with finality, for the first time upon this entrance into his library—to meet the battery of questions was unthinkable.

But his protective movement came too late. Not only had the reporters turned to her and surrounded her, but she was moving, with an easy grace, into the middle of the room.

"Please do," begged Stanway.

"For months, ever since I came to New York," she said.

Tracy gasped. Her voice was as assured, as confident, as though it were exact truth she uttered, instead of a brazen falsehood. Lies were distasteful to him, but he could not withhold admiration for the easy artistry with which she uttered hers.

And he noted, with pride, that the masculine reporters eyed her with patent admiration, and there was approval in the glances of the women.

"You were aware of his engagement to Miss Wilson?" asked Stanway.

"Of course," she replied.

"Then you didn't expect to marry him?" persisted the reporter.

SHE smiled upon the newspaper man. It was a smile calculated to win the young man's heart.

"Of course I didn't," she said.

"But when the engagement was broken—"

"Why, that made it different, didn't it?" she said.

"Would you tell us where you came from? You're not a New Yorker, are you?" inquired Stanway.

She shook her head. "I'm from Maine—Belfast, Maine. And that, don't you think, about covers it all. Mr. Tracy and I are married—that's all."

Tracy did not know how it was done. But it was accomplished. It was not her speech, it was not her manner—it was nothing that he could define. But she got rid of them. Got rid of them amiably, cheerfully, and with congratulatory words upon their lips.

After they'd gone he stared at her.

"I was afraid, when Hogan told me that you'd let them in, you'd say too much," she said. "Or that you might get angry—"

Later he was to understand that she had charm, and also a great gift of enlisting quick sympathy. But now he could not comprehend how men and women, avid for many words, had been content with so few.

"You might," he laughed, "sometime help me with a jury."

She looked at him. "Even that is conceivable," she answered quietly. "I—hope you didn't mind."

"Mind? I'm so grateful—"

"To earn your gratitude, even in a small matter, helps," she said.

She wore a simple little frock of plainest blue serge, relieved at the throat with a touch of white. Her feet were shod with ridiculously fragile slippers, and her legs were clad in smooth silk. He began, in advance of complete comprehension, to understand why the reporters had been so easily handled.

"You're a very beautiful thing," he said impulsively.

"There is no higher flattery than praise from a husband," she smiled.

"Bridegrooms are usually amenable to a bride's beauty," he rejoined.

She shrugged slightly. "Only—that rule doesn't—apply here."

He reddened at the implication. "You needn't remind me," he said.

"I wasn't," she said, "reminding you of anything. I—but let's not misunderstand each other. We've managed to reach a—a note of—well, an arrangement on which we can get along, and—I'll never misunderstand you, if you'll never misunderstand me."

"At least," he said, "I'll pretend that I don't. Will that do?"

"Superbly," she laughed.

Either she was the greatest actress in the world, the greatest that had ever lived, or—and Tracy's pulse leaped—she didn't mind being married to him. Quite unconscious of what he was doing, he took a step toward her. Whether or not he might have translated that forward movement into an embrace, he never knew. For Hogan entered the room.

"The photographer is here, sir," he said. "And I wish you'd look at certain suits, Mr. Tracy."

Tracy turned to his wife: "You won't need me?"

"Of course not."

He colored again. He had heard that newly wedded husbands adopted a protective attitude toward their wives, believed them incapable of crossing a street without grave danger, but the attitude of a bridegroom—as she had just reminded him—hardly was applicable to him.

He left her in the library, accosted the photographer, saw that he was accompanied by a lesser clerk from his law office, who would attend to all formalities of having his wife's name and picture added to the passport, accepted the clerk's felicitations on the marriage, and went upstairs with the butler.

Hogan kept him longer than he had anticipated, and when he reached the ground floor again, the clerk and photographer had departed, and his wife was not in the library.

He started upstairs again. He had nothing to say to her; why should he intrude upon her? If she'd wanted to see him, if she'd wanted to say anything to him, she'd have waited downstairs for him, wouldn't she? Or she would have entered the room, where Hogan and he debated garments, in search of him, wouldn't she?

He sat down in a chair. She was utterly charming, utterly beautiful, and was more completely mistress of herself than any woman he had ever known. She had encountered a bizarre situation with bravery; she had handled a more bizarre climax with superb tact. She was, when you came right down to it, an extraordinary woman.

NOW Tracy was given, occasionally, to introspection, to self-analysis. He surrendered to such a mood now.

Tomorrow morning—perhaps this afternoon—the newspaper reading public would know as much about his wife as he knew. It would know that she came from Maine, and that was all that he knew. She might even not have told the truth about that detail. Certainly she had not told the truth about their acquaintance. She had lied deliberately when she had told the reporters that they had been acquainted for several months.

Of course, it was a justifiable lie. Nevertheless, the ease with which she had uttered it had shown her capable of misrepresentation on a small scale. Why couldn't she be capable of it on a large scale? Here was a woman, who, by the strangest set of circumstances imaginable, had been lifted from direst poverty to affluence. A week ago she had been near death from starvation; today she was the wife of a comparatively wealthy man.

Dr. Jimmy Blanchard had warned him that hearts were often caught on the rebound. Tracy had never considered himself impressionable. He had liked girls, had fancied himself mildly in love on more than one occasion before Helen Wilson had captured his heart. But all that had been natural. But it was not natural that he should feel something warmer than admiration for a girl about whom he knew nothing and who had married him solely to escape from poverty.

She had charm; she had will; she had everything needful toward the subjugation of a man. In addition, there would be propinquity, that intimacy inseparable from any marriage, even such a marriage as theirs.

Would she, having tasted luxury, be content to give it up? Would she willingly assent to a divorce when the time seemed ripe for that step? Would she not prefer to be Mrs. Laurence Tracy, mistress of his home, and in attaining that preference would she not deliberately make herself mistress of his heart?

He had found out that one woman had been able to win his heart without giving the tiniest bit of herself in return. Helen had taught him that a man in love can be blind to the fact that his love is not returned. Suppose this woman, this wife of his, chose to—well, vamp him? Coolly, deliberately, she might set out to win him, and then—Helen had shattered his heart, but this woman might be able to destroy his pride.

THEN he laughed at himself. He knew himself pretty well. He could never love a woman again. And what a funny thing that a husband should warn himself against the danger of falling in love with his wife. Joyce—he liked the name—had been right. This was not a tragedy; it was a comedy, and he would maintain it upon the latter level.

The bell at the front door rang. Hogan was upstairs and Nora was doubtless busy with Joyce. As for Kinjo, it was beneath his dignity to answer bells. He walked into the hall and opened the door. On the stoop stood a shabby, furtive-eyed individual.

"I wanna see Mrs. Tracy," said the man.

"I'm Mr. Tracy," said Larry.

Ratty Rogan looked up at him.

"Is that so?" he said. "Is th-a-at so? Well, listen, Mr. Tracy, I know your wife."

"Yes?" said Tracy.

"Better let me come in and have a little talk with you," suggested Ratty. "My name is Rogan."

Instinctively Tracy felt menace, not open menace, not honorable threat, but furtive, sneaking, unclean premonition of evil.

"And what do you want with Mrs. Tracy?" he asked.

"She's an old friend of mine," said Rogan.

"That," said Tracy, "I am unwilling to believe."

"And her being a friend of mine, Mr. Tracy, and me not wanting to do her no harm—well, I thought maybe, if I told you a few things about her—"

Rogan was not aware of his own inconsistency. He was, in fact, aware of nothing. The blow that Tracy hit him robbed him of any awareness on any subject whatsoever.

(*To be continued next week*)

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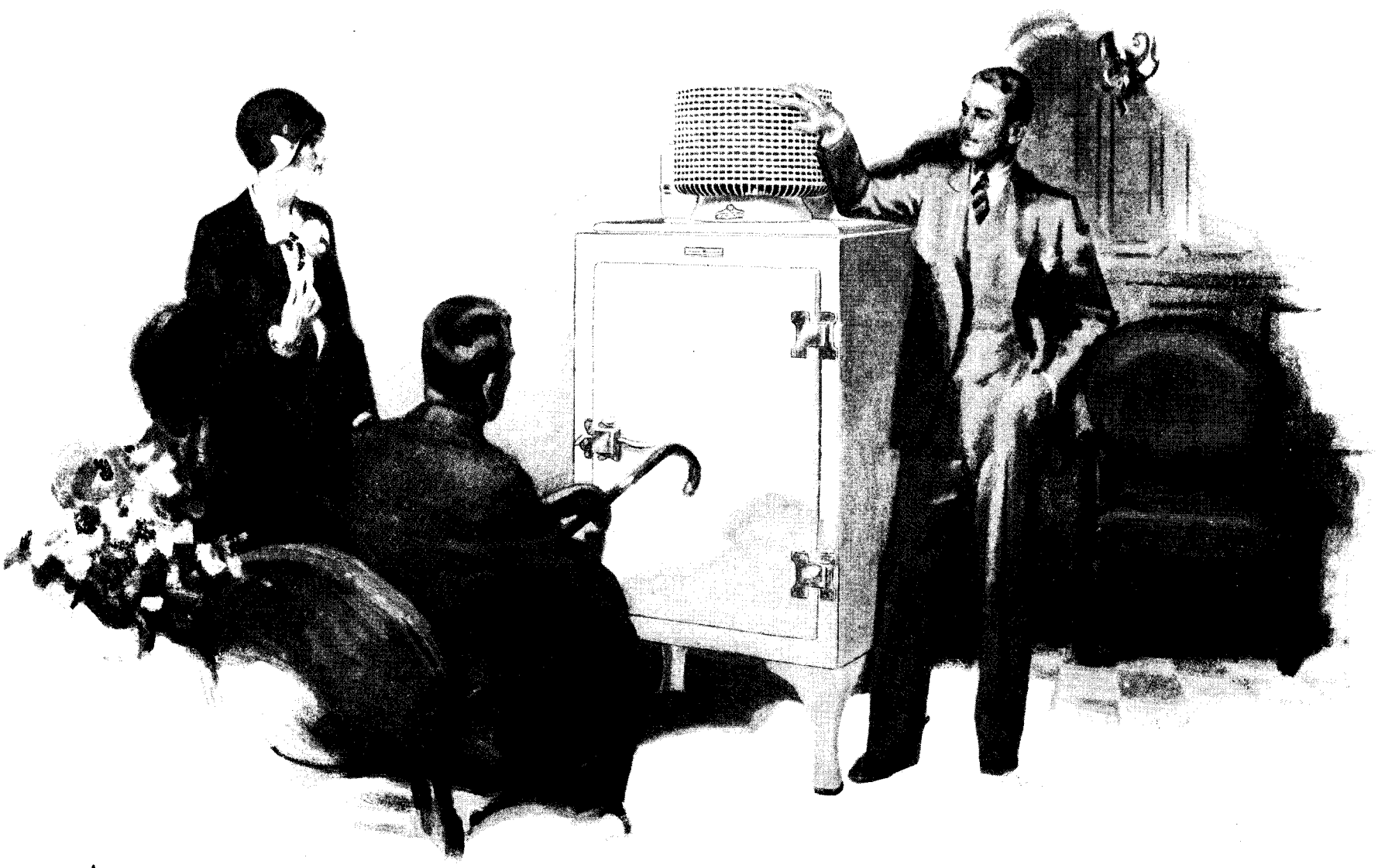
All the machinery is on top

-you never see it.. never oil it..barely hear it!



ALL the machinery is on top . . . do you realize the importance of this simple statement? Do you know that this radically different design was chosen only after fifteen years of painstaking research in the laboratories of General Electric to guarantee the quietest, simplest, most efficient, and the most worry-proof arrangement?

The General Electric Refrigerator is one of the outstanding engineering achievements of recent years. All its mechanism is contained in an hermetically sealed steel casing, mounted on top of the refrigerator. There it is safe from dust and difficulties. It never needs oiling. And it operates so quietly that you can scarcely hear it.

As for its installation—that is a matter of minutes. There is no soldering, plumbing or wiring. You simply attach the cord—just as you would with an electric iron—to any convenience outlet, and turn on the switch.

Automatically, economically, this machinery which you never see gives you the perfect refrigeration that safeguards health. It keeps your food always within the safety zone—well below the fifty degree danger point. It makes plenty of ice cubes for you . . . and uses surprisingly little current.

You will want complete specifications of all the models. You can get them by merely dropping us a card asking for our descriptive Booklet C-1.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY HANNA BUILDING CLEVELAND, OHIO

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DON'T "SUN-STARVE" YOUR CHILDREN

JANUARY, February, March—rickets, colds, measles—chicken-pox, diphtheria, influenza—bronchitis, whooping cough—and worst of all—pneumonia. Ask your public health department for last year's graph of infectious children's diseases. Note the sharp upward curve starting at this time a year ago, when winter came, and sun starvation began to take its toll of the youngsters' health.

Then write for similar statistics concerning the communities of Greater Miami. Note the rarity and mildness of children's ailments; the practical absence of rickets and pneumonia—most dreaded enemies of childhood.

The reason for this striking contrast can be explained in one word—"Sunshine".

Sunshine performs three indispensable functions in the protection of children.

It takes the place of Vitamine "D" in building healthy bones, teeth, muscles, nerves and other tissue requiring lime, thus providing protection against rickets, a general systemic disorder associated with changes in the blood chemistry and changes in the bone structure which produce improper development in the length and strength of the bones, often culminating in curvature.

It increases the red corpuscles in the blood, the function of which is to carry to the tissues the oxygen necessary in the energy-producing process; thus working to prevent and cure anemia—a condition of dangerously-lowered vitality and reduced resistance to the bacteria of various infectious diseases.

It protects the child against contagion by permitting the proper amount of fresh air, both at outdoor play and exercise and by virtue of open windows in homes and school rooms. Hot, dry, artificially-heated school rooms are the greatest source of children's diseases, not only because the close, dry air imprisons bacteria of contagious maladies, especially diphtheria, but because it dries the upper respiratory tracts of the child, rendering him more susceptible to colds and other common illnesses which so often go into pneumonia.

Investigations show that child health records vary in different localities in direct proportion to the number of sunless days which each district experiences.

In Miami, "Sunshrine of America", the sun shines on an average of 360 days each year. The average winter temperature is 72 degrees. That is why the Miami vicinity with its clean, clear atmosphere, which permits the constant penetration and direct focus of the sun's healing rays, is the healthiest place in the United States for children.

MIAMI

MIAMI CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, MIAMI, FLORIDA

Send me Greater Miami Literature—also information concerning accommodations for .....Adults; .....Children, at approximately $.....per week. Prefer *(check)*: Cottage, Apartment, Hotel. Arriving..... 192..... intend staying until..... 192.....

Name.....

Address.....

Above: Fresh, sun-warmed air for school children
Below: Getting their winter tan—note the sun suits

Naturally-ventilated, open school rooms; sunny, supervised playgrounds; daily dips in the iodized Atlantic surf, the average temperature of which is 65 to 70 degrees; romping on the clean, sanded beaches; acquiring deep, healthy tans; all work their magic on young bodies.

Arrangements can be made to enter your children in Miami's splendid public or private schools at any time during the year. You'll find them getting ahead faster with their work, too, under the ideal conditions of a winter in the sub-tropics.

There is little reason, now, for endeavoring to withstand the ravages of the more severe climates. Accommodations are ample. Living costs in Miami are extremely reasonable. Thousands of winter visitors are proving to their own satisfaction that they can live here in winter as economically as at home.

Parents—especially those whose children show a tendency toward lowered vitality, rickets or anemia—should plan to spend this winter in Miami. Give the children their birthright: start them off toward healthy manhood and womanhood. Give them SUNSHINE, summer *and* winter.

For full information, literature and reservations, wire, or mail the coupon to the Chamber of Commerce, Miami, Florida.

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Gold Lust

Continued from page 16

was to the good also. For Porky found that with pokes shooting up and down the bar all day and most of the night a good deal of the dust sifted off into the sawdust. As a result it became pay dirt, and in later years the swamper actually had to pay for his job. One is said to have cleared over $60,000 in two winters this way.

One day a fellow came into town with a newspaper about two months old. Nobody had seen a paper for eight or ten months. There was a bright young man on hand who happens now to be one of the richest automobile men in the United States and who was associated for years with Henry Ford. This man, with an eye to business, bought the newspaper for a few nuggets. The newcomer was tickled pink with his bargain, and for a few hours boasted of his business acumen.

An Enterprising Youngster

Then suddenly there appeared some hand-printed posters around town reading to this effect:

"A Late Paper Will Be Read in ——'s Cabin at Eight This Evening. Admission, 50 Cents."

The place was jammed long before the hour. All chairs had been removed in order to accommodate a larger crowd. The young man rapidly read the whole paper from front to back. Then, with the aid of a pair of sturdy helpers, he cleared the hall and filled it again. Before the evening was over he had made quite a stake. The fellow who had sold him the paper complained bitterly that he had been done, but only got unmercifully kidded for his pains. At least, the sourdoughs were sports.

One of the best was a rich claim owner whom I shall call Jim because he and the girl in this story are alive today. The girl I shall call Dora. She was one of the first dance-hall girls to get to Dawson, the cutest little gold digger the boys had ever set their eyes on. She had a mother and several younger sisters and brothers. Her father was dead.

Everybody liked Dora. She was a great dancer. Her poor little toes used to twinkle in the Northern Lights Saloon from ten to twelve hours every night except Sunday. The more she danced the more money she made, as all the girls were paid a percentage on their chips.

Dora could have married almost any man on the Klondike. But she felt this wouldn't be fair to her mother, for whom she was trying to save a stake.

Now, this rich claim owner I mentioned was crazy to marry Dora. He was absolutely mad just at the sight of her. But right out before the boys she told him the truth:

"You drink too much, Jim. In a few years all your money will be gone. And then where do I get off?"

"Give him hell, sister!" yelled the crowd.

This sort of got Jim hot, and he stood up with his face so red it was purple and shouted:

"All right, honey, if that's what you think, I'll give you your share now!"

"Take him up!" yelled the crowd.

Dora smiled the same little smile that made Jim and the others so wild about her. "How much?" she asked.

"Your weight in dust!" boasted Jim.

The minute the words were out of his mouth you could see he was disturbed. He tried to think in a hurry how much of a bill he had let himself in for.

But the boys didn't wait. They made him send right over to the company store and get his gold out of the safe. As he had been blowing it in all winter, there was some doubt whether he could make good or not.

Others got a long plank and balanced it over the back of a good strong chair. When the dust came in, buckskin bags of it, Jim stood up and rolled his sleeves clear of his wrists.

As Dora mounted the lower end of the plank someone yelled: "You're in luck, Jim. She's trained down by dancing all winter. Suppose it was the 'Oregon Queen' at two hundred pounds, she'd cost you twice as much!"

One by one the buckskin pokes went on. Jim's face was a study as he lifted his wealth away. But he was game. Only he was still bothered whether he'd have enough to win his girl with or not. Suddenly the plank began to teeter and Dora started ceilingward. Such was Jim's excitement that he threw the whole caboodle aboard, nearly shooting Dora through the roof. He was right there to grab her in his arms when she came sliding down from the high end.

Expensive but Worth It

There were drinks around immediately, and the gang whooped it up until late the next morning. Jim and Dora were married shortly afterward. She cost him about $25,000 (which she later gave to her mother), but from what I heard she was worth it, as she saved Jim from an early grave.

I recall another "marriage" incident with an even more original plot.

"Soapy" Smith was the chief character. He got his name from a skin game he played back in Colorado before he came to the Klondike. He was a slick-fingered gent who could wrap a bar of soap in a $20 bill, put on an outside wrapping of brown paper right before the eyes of the crowd, and sell it for $1! The trick was that he could palm the bill cleverly enough to fool the buyer. But to keep up trade he'd leave a bill in now and then, so that someone would actually get $20, plus a cake of soap, for $1. (Of course it was Soapy's confederate who usually got the big bill.)

On the White Pass and up around Skagway Soapy ran various kinds of "sure win" games. But out on the trail he had no paraphernalia, so there he stuck to the old-fashioned shell game. He had a whole flock of decoys dressed up in whiskers and dummy packs, the packs usually being stuffed with hay.

As the shell game would start one after another of the decoys would come puffing up the hill toward Soapy's stand, swearing at the condition of the trail. Spotting a fellow with empty pack straps, he would ask him how the going was ahead, meanwhile showing surprised interest in the shell game that he pretended he had just discovered. He'd take a whirl at it and win. The fellow to whom he was talking would get warmed up and soon dip down into his money belt—and lose.

One night a woman came crying into our tent. "My man has lost every cent he has!" she wailed.

We soon learned that her husband had fallen in with Soapy Smith. As there were very few women on the trail, fewer still who were respectable wives, our blood began to boil.

"Sure, we'll help her, Scotty!" burst out an excitable young friend of mine. "Wait until I get my lash rope" (i. e., the rope with which he bound his load on his sledge).

We reached Soapy's stand fifty or sixty strong, armed with anything from a rope to a shotgun. I think the rope did the job, though my pal, wanting me to tell what he'd come for, yelled, "Shoot, Scotty!"—which was taken by Soapy's followers to mean "Open fire!"

I'm jiggered if the whole crowd didn't throw up their hands. Just shows what a guilty conscience will do.

"We've come after the $760 you took away from a lady's husband last night," I said.

Three men dropped their hands and started dishing out the money. In plain sight of them all I gave it back to the woman.

Imagine my surprise when the same wife showed up at our tent next morning sobbing her heart out again.

"For heaven's sake! Has that scoundrel been at your husband again?" I asked her.

"No. It's—it's me this time. I—I—" She certainly was in a terrible state. Finally she got out that she had "played the game—just a little bit, sir, last evening, and I lost it all over again! You see, I won $1,300 in a hurry, and then things went bad against me."

Would you believe it: she wanted me to go down and take the fellow's winnings away from the proprietor of the shell game again!

While we were talking, who should come along but Soapy himself. There was a moment of coolness when he saw who we were. But Soapy was a man of the world. Very quickly he regained his poise. I told him frankly what the lady was after. He nearly laughed his head off.

A "Gentleman" Crook

The lady was so angry at his uncalled-for mirth that she forgot her tears long enough to turn around and give him a good piece of her mind. Whereupon Soapy, to my dumfoundment, yanked out his roll and peeled off $1,000 and handed it over to the female he had both insulted and robbed.

To make the story short, I must add that at this the lady was so overcome that she asked us both up to her tent for coffee and doughnuts. The grub was great.

A little later I met the husband wandering around Dawson alone.

"Wife ill?" I asked him.

"No," said he. "Gone. Soapy Smith took her."

With so much gold dust and money being taken out of the ground, you'd wonder how it could be kept safe. Of course there were a good many dishonest men in the camps, and they weren't all as chivalrous or as easily handled as Soapy Smith.

At first we used to turn our dust over to the local mercantile company for safekeeping. But sometimes, especially after the spring cleanups, their safes would get so jammed there wasn't room for any more.

We then kept our dust in all kinds of places, in old tin cans, trunks, boxes, almost any sort of container buried or hidden, as best we could. I used to chuck my pokes under the timbers, into the manger of my stable, or under the bottom logs. I never had any stolen.

Any sort of robbery was scarce. I can remember only one instance where a fellow tried to run off with gold dust. He actually got out of the Klondike in Canada, down the Yukon into Alaska with about 500 pounds of it—about $100,000 worth. He was caught at Eagle, a town just over the Canadian border.

The capture spoke well for the alertness of the Americans, but their achievement was somewhat lessened by the fact that the dust somehow disappeared and never got back into Canada!

Wings of Destiny

The epic story of an American airman on secret service in the Great War—full of the thunder of engines, the clash of keen blades and keener wits, the thrill of peril, and the magic of love

By GEORGE WESTON

BEGINNING IN COLLIER'S FOR JANUARY 19th

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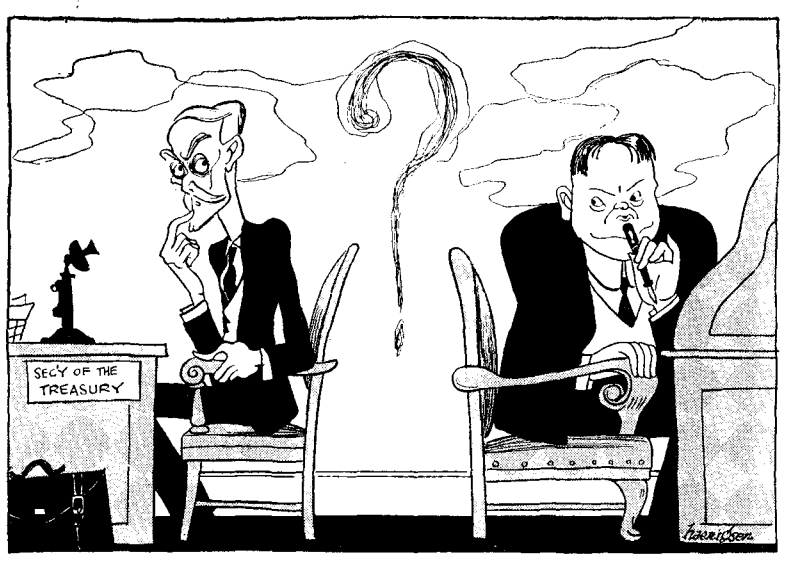

Hoover's Heritage

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

IT WOULD take all of President-elect Hoover's engineering skill to get Secretary Mellon out of the Treasury Department. I do not know whether Mr. Hoover would like to have him his own Secretary of the Treasury or not. Persons who profess to know the President-elect's mind say that he and the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton have never been in such happy agreement as were Mr. Coolidge and the chief ornament of his cabinet.

Mr. Mellon's sympathies lie with the bankers and Mr. Hoover's do not. Mr. Mellon is himself a banker and Mr. Hoover is, or rather was, a business man, a developer of mining properties. And the banker and the industrial developer sustain somewhat the same relation to each other as the spider and the fly.

Mr. Hoover is somewhat of a sentimentalist in politics with an inclination toward progressivism, an inclination partly thwarted by his association with Republican administrations.

Mr. Mellon long ago found that sentiment and banking did not go together.

Here's a nice puzzle: According to Senator Borah, he and Mr. Hoover see eye-to-eye. It would be interesting to know then how the President-elect can at the same time see eye-to-eye with Mr. Borah and with Mr. Mellon. Mr. Mellon, moreover, is not much liked by Mr. Hoover's dry friends.

But Mr. Mellon is in this instance something more than a Secretary of the Treasury who would like to remain Secretary of the Treasury—for he makes no secret of his desire to retain his post in the Cabinet. He is a symbol of prosperity. On him the hopes of the conservative big business interests of the country converge.

Hoover Demands Loyalty

These business interests do not know quite what to make of Mr. Hoover and were reluctant to have him nominated for the Presidency. They do know exactly what to make of Mr. Mellon and eagerly desire to have him remain in the Cabinet.

Never before, so far as I can remember, has it been a matter of importance to the country whether or not a Cabinet officer were retained by a new President. But business clings to Mr. Mellon as it clung to Mr. Coolidge up until the time the balloting began at Kansas City. To start his Administration right, Mr. Hoover is almost compelled to retain Mr. Mellon.

Mellon stands for the pressure of the outside world of politics and business upon the President-elect. He is part of the environment of the new Administration.

Left to himself Mr. Hoover would probably give the country a peculiarly personal Administration. His Cabinet, if he followed his inclination, would be an extension of himself. It would be made up of Hoover men. He demands first of all loyalty to himself in those who surround him. And he is by nature intensely loyal to his friends and supporters.

Every one of his subordinates always calls him "the Chief."

Mr. Hoover would be happiest with a Cabinet who would at least think of him affectionately as "the Chief."

The Head of the Table

Now one can't conceive of Mr. Mellon's calling Hoover "the Chief." Mr. Mellon is a chief in his own right. People have regarded him for the past few years as of equal importance with Mr. Coolidge.

The Secretary of the Treasury originally shared the coolness of big business toward Mr. Hoover's candidacy for the Republican nomination. Not until Mr. Hoover's success at Kansas City was assured did Mr. Mellon come out for him. Mr. Hoover remembers things like that.

On the other hand, once Mr. Hoover was nominated nobody could have been more thoroughgoing in his support of the candidate than Mr. Mellon. The Secretary of the Treasury is a faithful Republican. His state was the banner Republican state. In a peculiar way he is the Republican party, or at least the most influential section of it.

And the President-elect has to recognize not only the loyalty of those whose relations to him have been or have become in this campaign personal but also the loyalty of the Republican party.

So Washington bets that the Secretary of the Treasury will retain his job under the new President.

One may doubt, however, whether Mr. Mellon, if retained, will be so big a figure in this Administration as he has been in Mr. Coolidge's. He grows old. The day of tax reductions is past. Mr. Hoover has not that odd habit of looking up to men of great wealth that Mr. Coolidge had. Where Mr. Hoover sits, there unmistakably will be the head of the table.

Mr. Mellon likes Washington and likes official life. So for the sake of his own pleasure he should stay in the Treasury. But leaving personal satisfaction aside, it is always well to retire in the day of one's greatness.

Old Sniff

Continued from page 13

Old Sniff viewed the advent of this embryo billy-goat with mixed emotions of jealousy and apprehension. Fortunately for the latter he had not as yet arrived at the odoriferous period in a billy-goat's life, else would Old Sniff have recognized him instantly for a potential enemy. As matters stood, he was forced to stand by in grim silence and watch Little Bill feed his rival milk in a pan; to know neglect and loneliness when Little Bill, carrying the kid in his arms, invaded the house where Old Sniff was never permitted.

HE HAD a brief moment of triumph, however, when the kid, now a billy-goat with horns four inches long, but not as yet attained to the musky state of goatdom, was hitched to a little cart with bicycle wheels, and Old Sniff was commanded to leap into the cart and play passenger. Nevertheless, Old Sniff rode in that cart under compulsion. He enjoyed it not and his heart was hot within him at this forced association with a social inferior. He longed with a great longing for a legitimate excuse to chew that young billy-goat's neck, and the fates decreed that one day this great boon should be granted him.

Apparently it was all due to the goat's coming of age, for one day, after standing meekly to be harnessed and hitched, he suddenly charged Little Bill, striking the boy forcefully in the pit of the stomach and knocking him over backward. Old Sniff was already seated in the cart when this attack was launched; as Little Bill's shrieks of pain and terror rent the air, Old Sniff leaped forward onto the goat's spine, seized the traitor by the back of the neck, slid off him to the ground, gave a vigorous twist and threw the goat. For a moment Old Sniff dug in, then let go with the intention of getting a more lethal hold on the enemy's throat—and at that instant occurred the horror that, according to Old Sniff's theology, simply couldn't occur. In defense of his faithless goat Little Bill struck Old Sniff a smart blow with the goatwhip across the nose, then followed the blow with half a dozen others until the dog, surprised, amazed and hurt, fled from the boy's wrath, while the goat, shaken, subdued, bleeding a little from a lacerated neck, rose meekly to his feet and gazed around him as if inquiring what all the ruckus was about.

Old Sniff's heart was broken. The last tie that bound him to the Bogart ranch had been severed, and in his hot heart the wanderlust that lies sleeping but never dead in every Airedale called to him to take the Open Road. He took it—on high, going first to his old retreat under the barn, where he thought it over the remainder of the day, nor would he come forth, at Little Bill's earnest entreaty, to take his evening meal. Some time during the night he made up his mind what to do, and when morning came and Little Bill, having saddled his pony, whistled to Old Sniff to join him, Old Sniff was gone!

"They're all hobos at heart," Big Bill explained to his weeping son, when, three days having passed, Old Sniff was still A. W. O. L. "It's all your dad's fault. I shouldn't have let you accept that goat. I might have known Old Sniff and a billy-goat couldn't dwell together in harmony on this ranch."

"That—that—that wasn't it," Little Bill bellowed. "I—I—hit him. He—he wasn't used to it an' it bu-bu-busted his heart, an' now he's gone—he's gone—"

Big Bill suddenly remembered he had business in a distant portion of his ranch and fled. It was a quarter of a century since he had wept inconsolably over a lost dog, but he could still understand boy grief.

As he was saddling his horse a neighbor drove into the ranch yard. "Bogart," he announced, "I have unpleasant news for you. That Airedale dog of your boy's killed three of my sheep this morning—three nice young ewes I refused fourteen dollars each for only last week. One of the ewes had her neck half eaten away. The other two he killed for sport."

Big Bill gazed down at his neighbor. "How do you know it was the boy's dog?" he queried.

"I saw him. I know that dog. The whole countryside knows him. I hate to kill a neighbor's dog, but, on the other hand, you know a sheep-killin' dog is outlawed wherever he's found. I'm out forty-two dollars' worth of sheep and I think you ought to pay me for them, Bogart, and when Old Sniff comes home and you still want to keep him for the boy, why, tie him up."

"That won't do, friend. A dog that's kept tied up is an unhealthy, unhappy dog and gets ferocious. I'll give you a check for the sheep, and if Old Sniff comes back before the boy gets home from school I'll kill him myself."

That night Old Sniff returned. He went to the schoolhouse first, dropped in casually and stretched himself out in his accustomed place before the box stove. When school let out he delivered Little Bill's shapeless hat, as usual, and ran home barking beside Tiny. Apparently time had healed his bruised spirits and, like the excellent sport that he was, he had forgiven and forgotten. When fed that night he wolfed his rations down in great gulps; seemingly he was extraordinarily hungry, for it required three helpings to satisfy him.

Big Bill, coming in from the barn, found the returned prodigal snoozing on a rug in the veranda, but made no comment. He did, however, scrutinize Old Sniff's chops for telltale shreds of wool, but found none; he seemed gravely pleased when Little Bill came running to tell him how Old Sniff had showed up at the schoolhouse and accompanied him home. "My, but he was hungry," the boy said. "He et three suppers in one. I wonder where the ol' fool's been spendin' his time."

BIG BILL did not wonder. He knew, but forbore to tell Little Bill. Nevertheless, the report on Old Sniff's appetite appeared not to jibe with the facts in the case. The dog that had killed the sheep had eaten heartily of the neck of one of the dead animals, and since the appetite of the sheep-killer appeared difficult to reconcile with the fact that Old Sniff had always been well-fed and was no stranger to fresh meat, plus the fact that he had returned ravenously hungry, although reported to have dined well on mutton only that morning, Big Bill was distressed. The first evidence against Old Sniff had been by an eye-witness and Big Bill had considered it sufficient; now here was circumstantial evidence that appeared to father a faint doubt.

"Well, I'll not kill Old Sniff tomorrow," Big Bill told his wife. "I'll lock him up and see if any more sheep are killed in the neighborhood."

He rose early next morning and, with some difficulty, got his hands on Old Sniff, led him to a distant outbuilding and locked him up in it. After whis-

(*Continued on page 36*)

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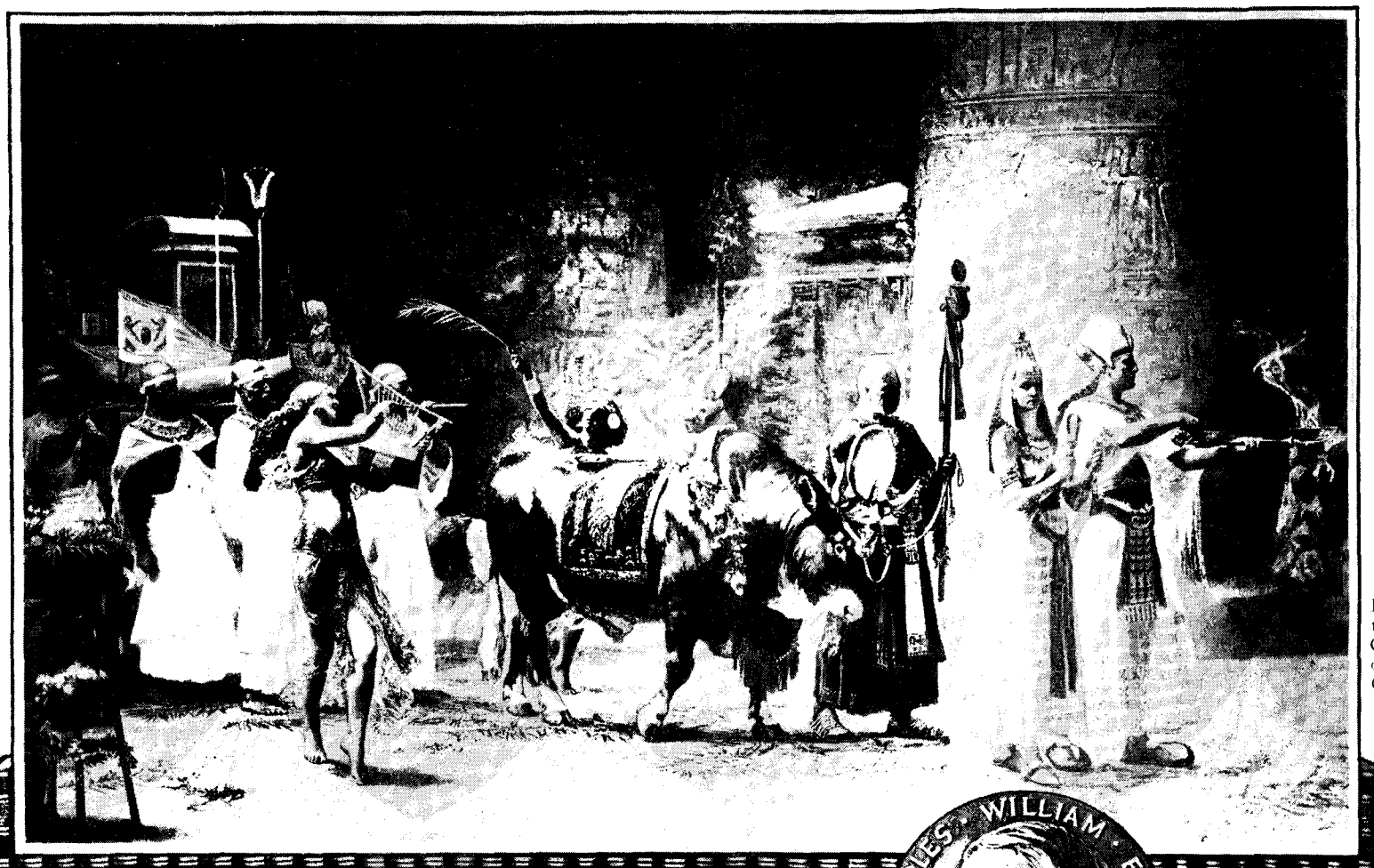

"Procession of the Sacred Bull. Apis-Osiris" by F.A. Bridgman.

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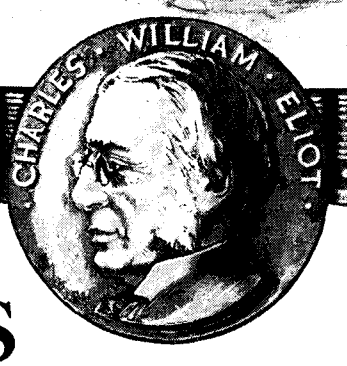

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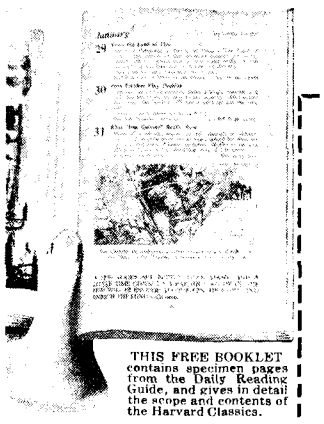

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Old Sniff

Continued from page 34

tling vainly for his dog. Little Bill saddled Tiny and departed for school. But in his prison Old Sniff had heard the call to comradeship and promptly had set about considering ways and means of escape. After prospecting the walls of the barn several times he discovered a large knot-hole where he could grasp the edge of it with his molars. Bite by bite the wood came away; then, to Old Sniff's great joy, he struck dry rot and the wood came away in great mouthfuls. Presently he could get his head through the aperture, but the forward thrust of his powerful body was unequal to bending the stub of a weakened board outward until he had done more gnawing. So he gnawed and thrust with commendable patience until finally the board broke; presently the lower stub began to give where it was nailed to the mud-sill, so Old Sniff backed off, hurled himself at it—and was free.

THERE can be no doubt but that dogs have guilty instincts. Old Sniff knew he had tacitly disobeyed orders in chewing his way out of that barn; he knew that if apprehended he would be immured there again. But he had no intention of being apprehended. So he circled wide around the cluster of farm buildings, avoided, by a two-mile detour, a field where he saw Big Bill and his men working cattle, and then settled into a steady trot en route to the schoolhouse, to affection and protection and understanding. His route led him through a field where a band of sheep grazed, and at his approach they fled in terror.

Old Sniff eyed them hungrily. He wished he might take time out to give the silly things a jolly good run—really give them something to run for. In fact, it would be nice to throttle and throw one, just for fun, because he knew he could do it, but—there was one animal in that field that appeared to be made of sterner stuff than sheep, and this was an old black-and-white billy-goat with a bell around his neck. He trotted toward Old Sniff in such a businesslike way that the dog hastily dodged under the fence and escaped him. He knew billy-goats. He felt he could kill this black-and-white offense in jig time, but an ancient memory told him that game was scarcely worth the candle.

SO, FROM outside the fence, he barked defiance at the goat until something sounded "bang!" behind him and a missile he couldn't see whistled past his head and buried itself in the fence post with a smart and savage "Cr-r-rack!" He glanced around and saw some two hundred yards away on the opposite bank of a creek a man pointing something at him. Then that something cried "Bang!" again and Old Sniff felt a blow on his neck—a blow that burned and momentarily paralyzed him, causing him to fall over on his side and whimper. For a moment he lay there, wondering what had happened to him; then he remembered the object of his journey and scrambled to his feet. By this time, the man had disappeared down into the creek, but Old Sniff knew the fellow was advancing toward him; he could smell him and he could hear him; he was coming closer to examine his handiwork or finish the job with a shot at closer range.

There was a thick growth of willows in that creek bottom and with the instinct of self-preservation handed down to him from prehistoric generations of dogs, Old Sniff staggered toward the creek, reaching it at a point about a hundred yards above the spot where he had seen the man. Into the tall weeds on the bank he crept; as the man clambered up into view again, Old Sniff slid down into the welcome haven of the willows until he reached the water. Here he lay on his belly, rested, had a long drink and got back some of his strength and courage before sneaking silently up the stream for nearly half a mile. Then he emerged into another field, where he found a little grove of oaks. Here in the cool he rested again, licking the blood that ran down his breast and front legs, keeping a wary eye out for pursuit.

But he was weak and in pain and gradually, as the day wore on, he abandoned his intention of joining Little Bill at the schoolhouse. His instinct (the instinct of hurt animals) now was to return to the refuge that had always been his in time of trouble—the somber, silent darkness under the ranch barn, so, when night came, he started back.

Big Bill had been sitting down to his noonday meal when the clatter of galloping hoofs brought him to the door to see who came in such a hurry. It was Little Bill, who flung himself from Tiny's back and into his father's arms. "Where's Old Sniff?" he screamed. "They're goin' to kill Old Sniff. He's my dog, Dad. Don't let them, oh, don't let them, Dad. I can't bear it."

"Old Sniff's all right," Big Bill soothed his boy. "I've got him locked up in the old implement shed."

"Why'd you lock my dog up," Little Bill screamed. "He's my dog. You ain't got no business to lock my dog up. Were you goin' to shoot him for killin' Grigsby's sheep?"

"Where'd you hear this gossip about Grigsby's sheep, son?"

"GRIGSBY came to the schoolhouse lookin' for Old Sniff. He told the teacher he'd seen Old Sniff in his field, runnin' the sheep, but the billy-goat took after the dog and while Old Sniff was barkin' at the billy-goat he shot him—I mean Old Sniff. He thought he'd killed him but when he'd got across the creek Old Sniff was gone. He said he followed the trail of blood into the creek and then he couldn't follow it any more, so he came to the schoolhouse to look for him and I ran out of school and saddled Tiny and came home to tell you about it."

"What a grand old row about nothing, Willie. Grigsby didn't shoot Old Sniff at all, but another Airedale—some hobo that's come into the country and started killing sheep. You come right over to the implement shed with me and I'll show him to you."

Together they went to the old implement shed. Big Bill's eyes were troubled as he noted the hole through which Old Sniff had escaped and Little Bill commenced to weep broken-heartedly again. "Grigsby's shot my dog," he moaned. "When I'm a big boy I'll shoot his dog and then kill Grigsby."

Big Bill was beyond argument anent the propriety of this boyish threat; he could only pick Little Bill up in his arms and carry him to his mother for comfort.

Shortly after dark they heard a scratching at the kitchen door. "That's Old Sniff," Little Bill cried, and fled to open it. On the threshold lay Old Sniff, wet, muddy, gory with encrusted blood. His waning strength had not been quite equal to the last hundred yards necessary to reach his haven under the barn and in his despair he had crept as far as the kitchen door before collapsing.

"Damnation," Big Bill muttered helplessly to his wife. "The old fool's been at it again. Grigsby's the second witness against him and Grigsby's proved his case. Undoubtedly Old Sniff has been shot and undoubtedly Grigsby is the man who shot him. I telephoned all the neighbors yesterday to be on the lookout for the dog—and now he's come home and I'll have to finish him myself if he doesn't die from the wound, which I hope he does but don't believe he will. I don't think the neck vertebra has been hit; he's just all in from loss of blood."

He washed the wound, at Little Bill's pathetic insistence, bandaged it, fed Old Sniff a bowl of warm soup and put him to rest on an old coat behind the stove.

"What are you going to do with him," his wife asked, when they had retired.

"After the little chap goes to school tomorrow I'll knock him on the head," Bogart replied sadly. "Then when the boy comes home I'll tell him Old Sniff died shortly after he left and together we'll bury him. Horrible job but it must be done, Polly. Can't maintain a sheep-killing dog. It's illegal and unneighborly."

HAVING no argument with which to refute this edict Polly wept—for her boy and Old Sniff.

In the morning Old Sniff was gone again but in the afternoon a neighbor three miles distant telephoned to inform Big Bill he had seen Old Sniff in his sheep pasture at dawn, that he had fired his rifle at the dog repeatedly; that Old Sniff had run for the river, after having been hit twice; that the neighbor had followed hard on his heels; that he had seen the dog drifting helplessly downstream and had put a third bullet through the brute's head, whereupon the carcass had sunk immediately.

Six weeks passed and when, to the Bogart ranch, Old Sniff came not again, the evidence of his death was, by Big Bill, deemed to be conclusive. After his first violent outburst of grief following the discovery of his wounded dog, Little Bill appeared resigned to his loss; within twenty-four hours he had, apparently, recovered.

Then one day Big Bill received a surprise. In a canyon about a mile from the headquarters of the ranch there stood an old, tumble-down cabin, formerly the property of a nester. For years it had been abandoned. Riding through this canyon late one afternoon Big Bill was tolerably interested to observe his small son coming up the trail on Tiny. Wondering what errand brought Little Bill to that portion of the ranch after school, Big Bill pulled up in a cluster of oak trees and watched the boy tie his horse and enter the deserted cabin. A moment later he came out with a big Airedale terrier frisking around him, mounted Tiny and prepared to ride off up the canyon.

"The little trickster," Big Bill murmured. "Somebody has given him another Airedale, but he's afraid to bring the dog home and keeps him in this lonely cabin. So that's why he refused the shepherd pup I offered to get him."

He watched the boy and his dog trotting up the trail below him, saw the Indian pony put his head down suddenly and commence to pitch, saw Little Bill slide out of the saddle onto Tiny's neck, cling by the mane an instant and then slide off head first. Instantly Tiny ceased to pitch and started to run, and to his horror Big Bill saw that the boy's right foot had become caught in the stirrup, that he was about to be dragged to his death!

Big Bill was a scant hundred yards from the scene of this heart-breaking tragedy. On the instant he sunk the spurs home in his horse and started to uncoil the riata at his pommel, for there was but one chance, and that a faint one, of saving Little Bill. He must lasso Tiny before he battered the little body into a shapeless, bloody bundle.

"Oh, God," he cried aloud, "save my boy!"

AND as if God had answered, Big Bill saw the Airedale leap at Tiny's nose, saw him get a good sound grip, saw him hang on, twisting savagely, his forty-odd pounds swinging clear as the pony reared, came down and stopped in his tracks. In ten seconds Big Bill was beside the terrified little pinto, and had slipped the latigo and permitted the saddle to slide off onto the body of his son. Almost immediately the dog howled and let go the pinto's nose, whereupon the pony fled, bucking wildly as he ran. Then two burning stabs in Big Bill's neck told him the reason for it all. Little Bill and his pony and dog had disturbed a hornet's nest!

He knelt beside Little Bill and drew the boy to his breast. The lad was white-faced and the side of his face was badly scraped, but he was conscious. "Hurt, son?" Big Bill almost sobbed.

"Not—much," Little Bill piped bravely. "Lemme up. Where's my dog?"

"Rolling in the trail trying to rub a sting out of his nose."

Little Bill got to his feet and, whimpering a little, went to the Airedale to comfort him. He found the sting and withdrew it; a moment later he screamed as a hornet stung him on the lip. "Beat it, Pop," he yelled and fled, with Big Bill and the Airedale at his heels. And when they had traveled a hundred yards on Tiny's trail and halted, Big Bill said huskily:

"Where'd you get that Airedale, son?"

"It's Old Sniff," Little Bill confessed. "The night he came home after Grigsby shot him, me an' Mother hauled him out here in my goat-cart, so you wouldn't give him to Grigsby to shoot or kill him yourself. I don't care if he did kill Grigsby's old sheep. He's my dog and I won't have him shot. Me and Mother just couldn't stand it. So we locked him up here an' fed him an' took care of him until he got well an'—"

"And you've been coming up here after school to play with him, eh?"

"Yes, sir. A dog needs exercise."

"WELL, bring the temperamental old fool home with you, son. He isn't guilty of sheep-killing; he's proved an alibi. Dacey shot the bummer Airedale that was killing sheep in this neighborhood, and after Old Sniff has saved your life, sonny boy, I'd like to see the photograph of the man that would shoot him for an outlaw." He snapped his fingers at Old Sniff and said invitingly: "Hello, Sniff. Come here, old boy. Nice old pup!"

But Old Sniff only bent upon him a reproachful glance, turned his back upon him and took station in front of the pony, which had halted at a little distance and was waiting for them. For a long time Old Sniff had never wholly trusted Tiny and now he knew he could never trust the runt at all for the future. So he bared his teeth and prepared to leap at Tiny's nose should the tricky little wretch again threaten his master; deep in his throat he growled, as if to say:

"You scaly imp! If you want to know who's boss around here, ask me!"

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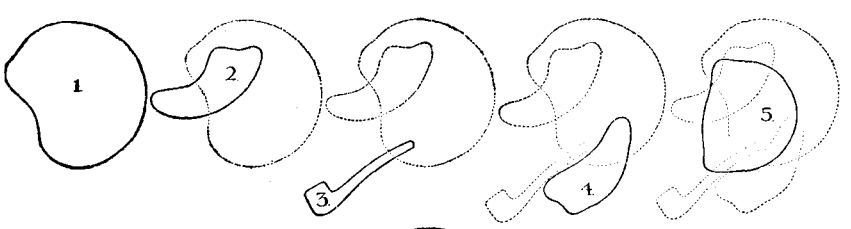

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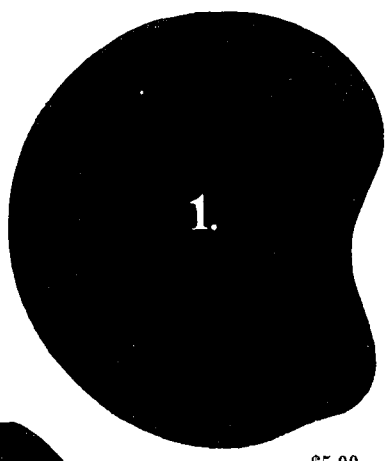

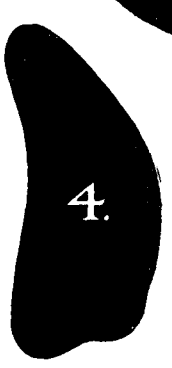

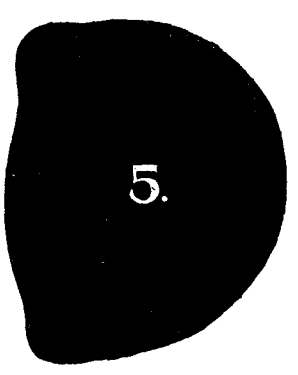

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At Sea

Continued from page 7

as last that you're not running anything. I'm master of this vessel. The minute you start getting in my way, you go in the brig. Now *I'm* telling *you* what I'm going to do tomorrow. I'm going to *examine everyone.* I've got to find out who did this job before we touch England. I'm particularly anxious that you attend these examinations and listen in. You will, won't you?"

Costello's face broke into a smile—all except his eyes. He shrugged his shoulders. "You're the doctor. You're the man that's paying the bills. Anything you say is all right with me."

"AND if there be one among us who walketh in the ways of unrighteousness and whose face is set against Thee, O Lord, let him be delivered up so that the pure in heart may rejoice only in Thy glory." Interminably Dr. Hornsby's rather rasping voice droned on, calling on the Almighty for the deliverance of the culprit. His listeners shifted uncomfortably every so often or cleared their throats rather noisily.

Andrews had assembled everyone in his cabin, telling them that he proposed to examine them all. They all came. Willingly or reluctantly, everyone was there. Costello sat well back in the cabin by the captain's berth, gazing at the telltale. He was behind the others, who sat facing the chart table. Thus he had them all under observation. Andrews, in one chair by the table, alone faced him. An empty chair was on the other side of the table.

Andrews studied Hornsby as his voice toiled drearily on. He saw a tall, spare man with a sallow complexion. His black clothes rather intensified the yellow pastiness of his skin. His features were sharp but not unpleasing. They were at their best in repose, when they had a certain benign geniality. His hands were tapered and white, though when he infrequently gesticulated they seemed curiously ineffectual. Andrews summed him up as a prosy person who was probably a bore conversationally.

The prayer dragged to its close. Andrews spoke up instantly:

"Will you take that chair, Doctor?"

Dr. Hornsby sat down. He shifted a trifle so as to get a more comfortable position. The Bible which he usually carried under his arm he put in his lap. He was at once faintly uneasy and rather pleased to have the center of the stage.

"Dr. Hornsby," said Andrews, "I have already explained that you must not take offense at any questions I ask. This—this crime has been a bad one. Anything I ask is toward the end that it be cleaned up."

"I understand perfectly," the minister replied. "A very regrettable case, and I am as anxious as anyone to get to the bottom of it."

"Thank you. What is your full name?"

"Harrison Griggs Hornsby."

"English?"

"Yes, sir. Sussex—near Tunbridge Wells."

"Your passport says that you are from Clayborne in Canada and that you are on your way to England."

"Yes."

"What for?"

"To visit my brother, a Birmingham merchant—a draper, as we say—and, incidentally, to serve my Lord and carry His light and healing."

There was an unctuous sanctimoniousness about Hornsby's speech, not so much in the words as in the way he said them, that impressed Andrews unpleasantly. He decided he disliked the man.

"What is your denomination?" Andrews continued.

"An Episcopalian."

"Have you a church in Clayborne?"

"Yes. And in six other towns. I am what they call a county divisional minister. I understand that you do not have this type of divisional work in the States."

"How long were you in the United States before you came aboard ship?"

"Only so long as it took my train to come from Buffalo. I reached New York at ten o'clock, and I was aboard by noon."

"Was this crucifix you lost very valuable?"

"Yes. It had been appraised at $2,500 during the war. I should think its value now had shrunk to about $2,000. But more than the value to me was its sentimental attachment. It was given to me by my parishioners."

"Clayborne is in Saskatchewan, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it unusual that a countryside made up of small thrifty farmers who could only afford one minister for seven parishes should present that minister with a $2,000 gift?"

The Rev. Dr. Hornsby paused for a hung moment before replying. The other passengers leaned forward, listening intently. Costello, in the rear of the cabin, watched Duval.

"Why"—he hesitated, then continued: "You see, it wasn't my parishioners in Clayborne. I had a parish, a rather wealthy one, in Montreal. The vestrymen there were kind enough to present me with this crucifix when I was leaving. I had decided that I had a special call to carry the Master's word to a humbler sphere, and so I left Montreal for Saskatchewan."

Miss Green suddenly broke in.

"Are you High Church?" she asked.

Her voice had a curious effect. Mrs. Duval jumped. Everyone thrilled and started. Costello looked at the minister.

"Why, yes. Certainly. Of course," the minister returned.

"You subscribe to the thirty-eight articles in the Book of Common Prayer?" she continued.

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Nothing," she said cryptically.

ANDREWS seemed puzzled and Hornsby nervous. There was a pause. The captain shifted his attack:

"Please describe, Doctor, in your own words, just where you were and what you were doing when Hardy was assaulted. Also anything unusual you may have noted.

"Well, Captain, it was very late, as you know. I was on the point of retiring, having just finished some verses in Deuteronomy." He reverently indicated the Bible in his lap, which he held in his left hand. "I always ask help from our Saviour before sleep—and peace is always vouchsafed me. There wasn't a murmur in the room. I heard a sudden thud and then someone running on the deck. I think I heard a cry. I'm not sure. I do know that there was something about the sounds which alarmed me. I came out of my stateroom immediately and was confused in the darkness. I did not know how to locate definitely the sounds I had heard. I wandered about the corridors for possibly two minutes before I came on deck. This was on the other side of the ship from Hardy's room. I then followed the deck all the way around until I came to this cabin. You and Miss Green were working on Hardy."

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"Did you see anything suspicious? Did you meet anyone?"

The minister hesitated. "Must I answer?"

"You must," Andrews was tight-lipped.

The minister's reply was reluctant: "Well, just as I came out I saw Miss Green. She was rather lightly clad. She had a large cage in her hand. It looked like a special sort of bird cage. It was empty."

Jennifer sat back. Her fellow passengers beside her did not turn to look at her, constrained at what they had just heard. The emotional tension in the room tightened again. Costello kept his eyes on Duval. There was no change in Andrews' attitude.

HE CONTINUED: "Do you think there was anything out of the way in that?"

"Oh, no. Not at all. But as you asked I had to answer."

"How do you account for the fact that Miss Green was in Hardy's room when you got there?"

"Well. I have studied the corridors since. She was going directly toward it when I saw her, while I, in my confusion, made a half circuit of the vessel before I got there."

"Anything else?"

"Not another thing that I recall. I'm sorry that I have so little to offer, Captain."

"Thank you for what you have given us, Doctor. You may step down."

The Rev. Dr. Hornsby arose, clasping his Bible, and was about to proceed to his chair. As he stood up Costello broke in for the first time:

"Just a moment, Doctor. About how much did your crucifix weigh?"

"I don't exactly know. It was very light. The stones were set in platinum, and the platinum was a very delicate filigree. It was surprisingly light for its size."

"Thank you."

The Rev. Dr. Hornsby stepped down and took a seat among the other passengers. The atmosphere was badly strained. Everyone understood that a more or less vague implication had been made that Miss Green—to put it mildly—knew more about this matter than she had said.

She sat stiffly straight in her chair, her face paler than usual, looking at Andrews. He could not but admire her calm courage in a nasty situation. A swift sympathy for her suddenly flooded him. For through her apparent serenity he saw a badly frightened, unhappy young lady—and an utterly lovely lady too. He had intended to call her next, but he decided to give her a breathing spell.

"Mrs. Duval, will you come up, please?" he said.

Mrs. Duval came forward, painfully ill at ease. She was a trifle overdressed—in colors a little too bright. Her skirts were a trifle shorter than even the prevailing mode called for. As she sat down, they hitched up a bit farther, revealing that ugly hall mark of the professional danseuse—a masculine calf. Under pleasanter circumstances she might have been somewhat offensive through the boldness of her manners and demeanor, but at this moment she commanded only sympathy. Her nerves had tightened to the breaking point, and underneath her generous make-up was an unmistakable pallor. She stumbled as she arose, but recovered herself.

"What is your full name, Mrs. Duval?" Captain Andrews began.

"Lolita Duval." Her voice was a rather coarse throaty contralto.

"Captain," she pleaded, "please make this as short as you can. I—I can't stand very much. I feel sick."

"Just a few questions, Mrs. Duval. I think your husband can give us most of the information about you that we will require. To make it as short as possible I will ask you to put in your own words whatever you know about the night that Hardy was—was hurt. Anything you can tell us. Anything unusual or out of the way."

Her hands, gripping the chair arms, were white and pink blotches through the intensity of her grip.

"Nothing, Captain, nothing at all. I was almost asleep when I heard the racket, and my husband went out to see what was going on. I was a little frightened, but not much. After a long while he came back and told me of the robbery. I don't know nothing else."

"How did he know there was a robbery, Mrs. Duval?" It was Dr. Hornsby speaking unexpectedly. "I was there when your husband came out, and I didn't know anything about it."

Mrs. Duval hesitated.

"Why—why, I don't know. I guess he didn't know. I guess he said he thought there was a robbery." She started to weep silently.

"Anything else, Mrs. Duval?" asked Andrews gently.

"No, sir."

Duval came forward to assist his wife back to her chair. She needed assistance.

Dr. Hornsby spoke up again:

"Captain, there are several points left uncovered by Mrs. Duval. If she is a timid woman, why did she consent to have her husband leave her alone after the extraordinary noises she must have heard? The Duvals' stateroom is next to Hardy's, even though the doors of each open on different corridors. The partitions are well built, but there was enough noise that night to go through a brick wall. If Mrs. Duval was lying down, her head must have been almost against the partition. Here"—and he fumbled in his pocket for a moment and withdrew a small sheet of paper—"here is a diagram I drew of this part of the ship. Of course you know the staterooms perfectly, Captain, but I doubt if anyone else does. I think if everyone sees this, they will have a clearer idea of just what happened that night."

Andrews took the proffered diagram and examined it.

THE passengers, with the exception of Mrs. Duval, all crowded around Andrews in order to see the diagram. Dr. Hornsby, having obtained the center of the floor, had no intention of relinquishing it immediately.

"You see Hardy's cabin. Whoever attacked him must have gone in that door. He probably hit Hardy before a word was spoken. Johnson has told me that the room was dark when he came in. Therefore Hardy's assailant must have turned off the switch. The bulbs weren't broken. The switch is not next to the door, as it ordinarily is. It's across the room on the wall adjoining the Duval stateroom. Now, I have since tried that switch, and it makes a sharp, distinctly audible click when it is snapped. It can certainly be heard in the Duval stateroom." He turned to Andrews. "I think, Captain, Mrs. Duval should be asked if she heard this sound. The culprit probably hit Hardy before he turned the lights off or Hardy would have had some warning."

He became very solemn.

"Captain, whoever attacked Hardy went out through this window"—and he indicated the window on the diagram. "You could hear him plainly, running on the deck. He only ran a little way. Then the noise stopped. If I were asked, I should say he took about ten steps. Captain, it is just ten long steps from Hardy's window to Mr. Duval's door!"

(To be continued next week)

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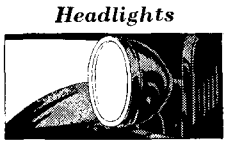
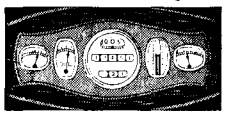


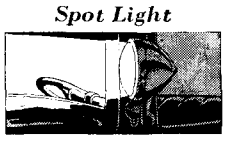
Rear Light

Instrument Light

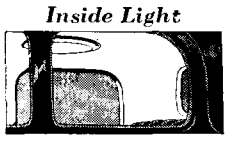


Parking Lights

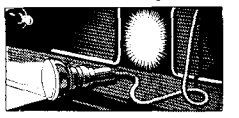
Spot Light



Inside Light



Trouble Light



Compartment Light

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The Kid's Clever

Continued from page 21

fame, got her first job with me.

A beautiful little girl came to me while I was in Denver, asked for a try-out—and that's how Ruby de Remer got her chance to go on the stage, from where she shifted some years later to moving pictures. Yvette Rugel's first appearance on a stage was with one of my shows.

The Original "Simp"

Johnny Hines and Johnny Parks made their first appearance on a stage as the "Mischievous Twins" in "School Days." Dan Healey, now one of the greatest of entertainers, was a mere kid when he got his chance in my show in 1914. Bobby Watson started with me. I picked up Willie Solar in Hartford, put him in the "Country Kids" act—and quickly he was lifted to stardom.

Joe Keno was the original "Simp" in "School Days"—his first theatrical job. Wilfred Berrick got his childhood chance in that show. Julius Marx, now one of the "Four Marx Brothers," started in my "Messenger Boys" act. Harry Rose, Al Wohlman and Mel Klee also were "Messengers."

Sammy Lee, now one of the big factors in the Ziegfeld organization, and rated among the greatest dancing masters and chorus trainers in the world, was one of my original "Messenger Boys." Wonderfully graceful, a hard worker, with a keen creative mind, it was apparent very early in my contact with that little kid that the day was not far distant when he would climb to some pinnacle in the profession. Sammy, in his leisure hours, helped me to drill my choruses. And got his dance teaching start in that way.

Jack Weiner, now a "big time" theatrical agent, Jack Sidney and Chester Fredericks started in the "Song Revue." Vincent O'Donnell's début as a kid entertainer was in my "Bandbox Revue." Tyler Brooke appeared first in my "Sheepshead Bay Boys."

Eddie Buzzell was one of my kids. The Purcelle Brothers got their start in the "Bingville Cabaret." Gregory Kelly, Dave Seid, George McCoy, Johnny Cantwell and Billy Mason were with my act "Kid Shows of Yester Year." Those and others, who have eddied temporarily out of memory with the swirl of the years, came in their youthful days, proved they had talent—and each got his chance.

Of course, even in the later years, when child talent was fairly thrust upon me, I continued on the alert for youngsters who might never have heard of my name and address. Experience had taught me that, on the same principle that many roses bloom unseen on hillsides, many stars might be shining in obscure places.

I dropped in one night to see the show "Chauve Souris" which Balieff had brought from Paris. The work of one young man, playing an obscure part, impressed me a lot. I hunted him up, told him to see me when his contract with that show was done and that I probably could place him in vaudeville. He was earning $50 or $60 a week then. In time he came to me. I tutored him a little—he didn't need much. Then I arranged a vaudeville tour for him and this youngster—Emil Boreo—has since averaged close to $1,500 a week.

And then there's the story of Orville Harrold.

Somebody invited me to a burlesque show—"Wine, Women and Song." I went, heard Harrold sing and the beautiful quality of his tenor voice made me confident that here was grand-opera material.

I told Harrold my conclusions. At first he laughed—regarded my remarks as flattery. But he took the ideas of mine seriously enough later to quit his $60 job in burlesque and let me handle his affairs.

But he made one condition—that I had to give a job, too, to a pal of his who sang bass in the same troupe. So I hired both boys, schooled them a bit and sent them on a vaudeville tour in a skit called "When Tenor Meets Bass." Naturally, Harrold's voice was commented upon favorably everywhere. Finally, when I booked him for a week or so at Oscar Hammerstein's old Victoria Theater, I went in search of Hammerstein, who then was dabbling in grand opera, both in New York and London, and who rarely went "slumming" to the Victoria.

"I found a tenor for you," I said to Hammerstein, and I told him about

"I'm to be initiated into a secret order tonight and I'm scared stiff."

"Why so?"

"Only a month ago I sold the Supreme Exalted Potentate of the order my second-hand flivver."

Harrold. Hammerstein finally agreed to go up to the Victoria and hear Harrold. Afterward he came to me and said:

"You're right; that man has a marvelous voice. A little training, a bit of schooling in languages and he can star in the opera."

So I arranged a contract between Harrold and Hammerstein, whereby the impresario was to pay for Harrold's voice culture, for his course in languages and also was to pay him a salary while studying, after which Hammerstein was to give him a part in an opera and pay Harrold a salary that Harrold hadn't dreamed of in his burlesque warbling days.

Harrold sailed away to Europe—and that's about the end of the story so far as my connection with it is concerned. The world knows that he leaped into fame as a grand-opera tenor but he was so busy leaping then—and since then—that he hardly found time to send me even a postcard.

There often were times when friends of mine "tipped" me as regards talent, as was the case with Harry Barriss, who now is starring with Paul Whiteman's band. The "tipper" in that case was none other than Judge Ben Lindsey, of Denver, who has gained international fame in his handling of domestic and juvenile cases and who always has been a supreme advocate of "Give the Kid a Chance."

In 1910, a young man, newly arrived in New York and down on his luck, came around asking for "any kind of work." I needed a few parodies at the time. Did he want to do that? Certainly! But the pay was only $20 a week? Well, even if it was only $10, he'd take it—he needed money. And that's how Earl Carroll, later a world-famous producer, got his first job in New York.

Walking through my studio one day, I heard music that was truly exquisite. I walked over to the piano where a youngster was playing.

"That's wonderful," I said.

"Thank you," he answered.

That began our acquaintanceship. In the weeks and months which followed the boy came to me often for bits of advice, suggestions and encouragement—a kid appealing for guidance to an older man. But the kid didn't need much. He was Felix Arndt, who died at 22. What a tragedy that was! For death ended, almost at its start, the career of a youngster who seemed destined to take rank not only with the greatest composers of his generation but with the immortals of history.

The Price of Success

My reminiscences have dealt with those who succeeded. But there were many who failed. Again and again, through the years, there came to me youngsters as gifted as the kids who afterward became famous. But even as their stars were in the ascendant they obliterated themselves by their own excesses.

Success on the stage—as in everything else in life—is not a matter of luck. That element is inconsequential when once the opportunity has come. After that, stardom or eclipse depends upon whether a youngster shuns bad companions, works hard, studies, observes, never lets a bit of praise create conceit—and upon whether he remains amenable to discipline.

No kid that I ever developed was a star at the start. He was only a diamond in the rough. It took infinite care and patience to bring them along; it took long hours of coaching and an exhaustive study of their temperaments to find the parts best suited for them. All that I ever asked of my kids was attention, obedience and good behavior. But there were many that couldn't give that and although they had talent I had to cast them adrift with all my time and energy wasted.

It has been said that I am the greatest glutton for punishment within Broadway's recollection. If I tried to deny it, a thousand keen wits within the "Roaring Forties" would rise up and hiss me—and maybe prove me wrong. So I'll let the allegation go unchallenged.

Oddly enough, the punishment I have taken has been in trying out a thing I started, which has made millionaires out of others, yet has wrecked me in my every attempt.

I was practically the father of the type of musical shows that have been put on with almost unvarying success by Ziegfeld, Carroll, White and the others. They used the same tactics and methods that I used, and yet, while they have gone along with a long parade of triumphs, I've "flopped" each time I made the try.

Am I jinxed? Is a hoodoo always hovering over me with an ever-ready hook—or what is the answer?

A Cure That Didn't Take

In the years that have been mine I have put over an unending succession of kid actors and plays. Every act that I've booked over the vaudeville circuits has made good in rather boisterous fashion. But every try at a mammoth revue has ended in disaster that put me in the financial mire for years afterward.

The story has been told of my first flop—the "Merry-Go-Round" show of a generation ago. When I went into it, I had a bankful of money, earned in the song business, with kid revues and in other ways. But when "Merry-Go-Round" was buried in the potter's field of my hopes, my cash was gone and I was in "hock" for the next three years.

That experience should have cured me—but it didn't. For a long time I always resolved "never again," whenever someone suggested I try a new revue to rival the "Follies," the "Scandals," the "Vanities" and other successes that were adaptations of my "Merry-Go-Round" idea.

But in 1920 I weakened. As a result, my bank roll went blooie, my credit was stretched to its limit—and beyond—and I was $65,000 to the bad.

Some years before then, I had picked up Peggy Hope, a 13-year-old youngster, with more energy, pep and enthusiasm than any I've ever known. I gave to her the name of "Little Red Pepper Stepper" in an act and Peggy went over with an echoing and reëchoing bang!

As time flitted, Peggy grew older and eventually married a man who was reputed to be very wealthy. His great ambition was to have Peggy starred, or co-starred, in a big production. Finally he proposed that I get together a revue to rival Ziegfeld's, with the understanding that he and some of his friends were to furnish the capital.

A New Kind of Anguish

So I got busy and recruited a cast which included Carmela Ponselle, Jay Gould, who later married the daughter of Johns-Manville, the $60,000,000 "Asbestos King," Irene Delroy, George McKay, a half dozen other satellites and a small army to make up the chorus.

After five strenuous weeks of rehearsal, I was about ready to open the show; at which critical moment, when the big money had to be put up, the backers backstepped. They left me flat. All the available cash I had was put into advance payments on costumes, etc. I was broke. Bills, bills, bills came whistling in from everywhere like a blizzard of

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paper. The dear old creditors, having learned that the backers had backed out, wanted their money in a hurry.

I tried to borrow enough money then to go on with the opening and try out the show for a few weeks. But I needed plenty of money for that and no one that I could reach had any loose money in quantities.

So there I was with a new kind of anguish—a show that was a flop without ever opening to prove its merit—or the lack of it. It might have made a million, but it broke me instead.

Somebody had to pay those actors and actresses for their time, as required by the Equity rules. Inasmuch as the original backers were no longer visible to the naked eye—nor visible with a Lick telescope—I, of course, was elected as that "somebody." I accomplished the job by borrowing from about every friend I had in the world—and a few enemies as well. After that I sprinkled "I O U's" among the costume and scenery people, which I redeemed one by one in the after months and years, turning over to them about all I earned from vaudeville work, song writing and other sources.

Old Kid Jinx Still on the Job

"Never no more for me," I determined when that show had gone into the vaults of sad memories. But it struck me a while later that I hadn't taken enough punishment—that I ought to absorb more. So I canceled my vow and a while later I harkened to the tempting voice of "Try it again."

It struck me one day that if I had a revue for adults that was patterned slightly along the lines of my successful kid shows of the other years, I might put it over. So I chose "Sunbonnet Sue" as the name for that show, recruited a splendid cast, had some of the best writers in New York tune up the lines, after which I saturated it with music that was sweet and really wonderful.

"This can't miss," I confided to myself. "I've got a winner, at last."

But it did miss—by about $75,000 worth of my cash and my "I O U's." It went on the rocks like the others, not because it was basically a "flop," but because old kid Jinx nabbed me in a newer but just as effective clutch.

Olga Cook was the prima donna of that show; the same Olga Cook I had launched on her career some years before when she came to me, a wispy, dainty little girl, looking for her first theatrical chance; Olga, who starred in many shows including "Blossom Time" and "The Student Prince." Supporting Olga was a group of players whose brilliance almost approached Olga's. And there was a chorus that yielded to none in America in costuming, in dancing, in singing, or in beauty.

It WAS a show!

"Sunbonnet Sue" opened in Wilmington—and was a riot. It moved to Allentown, received ovations there, was a smash hit in Harrisburg. In Buffalo, notoriously a bad show town, it was received splendidly.

And then the company—70 of them, you count 'em, it still makes me dizzy because each represented a salary appropriation and railroad fare—moved on to Chicago, where we were to linger for a rather lengthy period before going to New York.

Of course, in those four "opening" tours we played to a big loss because the theaters were small and the receipts hardly paid railroad bills, to say nothing of salaries. But so much always is expected in "try-out" towns. I figured we would recoup in Chicago, where we were booked for the Illinois Theater, with its big seating capacity.

But the first morning, when I went to the theater for rehearsal, I began to reach around for the sponge. For even before I entered the building I knew I was whipped.

The show couldn't succeed in Chicago.

A building alongside the theater was in the process of demolition. Scaffolds jutted out here, there and everywhere. It was impossible for autos to drive up in front of the theater; the walking space had been put almost to the "two abreast" size.

You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. And by the same token you can put together the greatest show in the world, but people won't submit to being dragged through the knotholes of scaffolding and through tons of building material or débris to take a look at it.

The receipts for the first two weeks hardly were enough to pay one full day's salary to my company of 70 high-priced stars. And when I learned that demolition of that building was to be succeeded by construction of a new one, and that the job would require many months, I let "Sunbonnet Sue" roll over and play dead—for keeps—rather than carry on at a loss of $10,000 to $15,000 a week for 16 to 30 weeks.

When time came to pay off the troupe and supply them with railroad fare from Chicago to New York, I was short—painfully short. In the emergency, when I had borrowed from every source in Chicago and still needed money, I thought of E. F. Albee, of the Keith-Albee circuit—and I wired him of my plight.

Albee owed me no special courtesies nor kindnesses, and at the moment he knew I was in a bad way financially—that my credit was stretched to its limit; that I might be a bad risk. Yet within an hour after I wired him there came back a message:

"Of course I'll help you. Wire me how much money you need."

My answering wire stated the needed sum. Did Albee send me a check that wouldn't arrive for 24 or 36 hours? Albee did not. He telegraphed the money to me so that I could have it immediately and he went beyond that, for he sent more than I had requested.

When I got back to New York I went to see him and told him my only chance to get out of "hock" was to get a Keith-Albee booking for a new "song revue." But such an act needed capital—$8,000 worth.

"Don't worry about it," said Albee. "I'll see that everything is arranged."

It was arranged—and, with the cooperation of E. G. Lander, I got together a new "revue" and was given immediate booking on the Keith-Albee Circuit. Albee guaranteed me for the $8,000, and then supplied me with cash for early operating expenses.

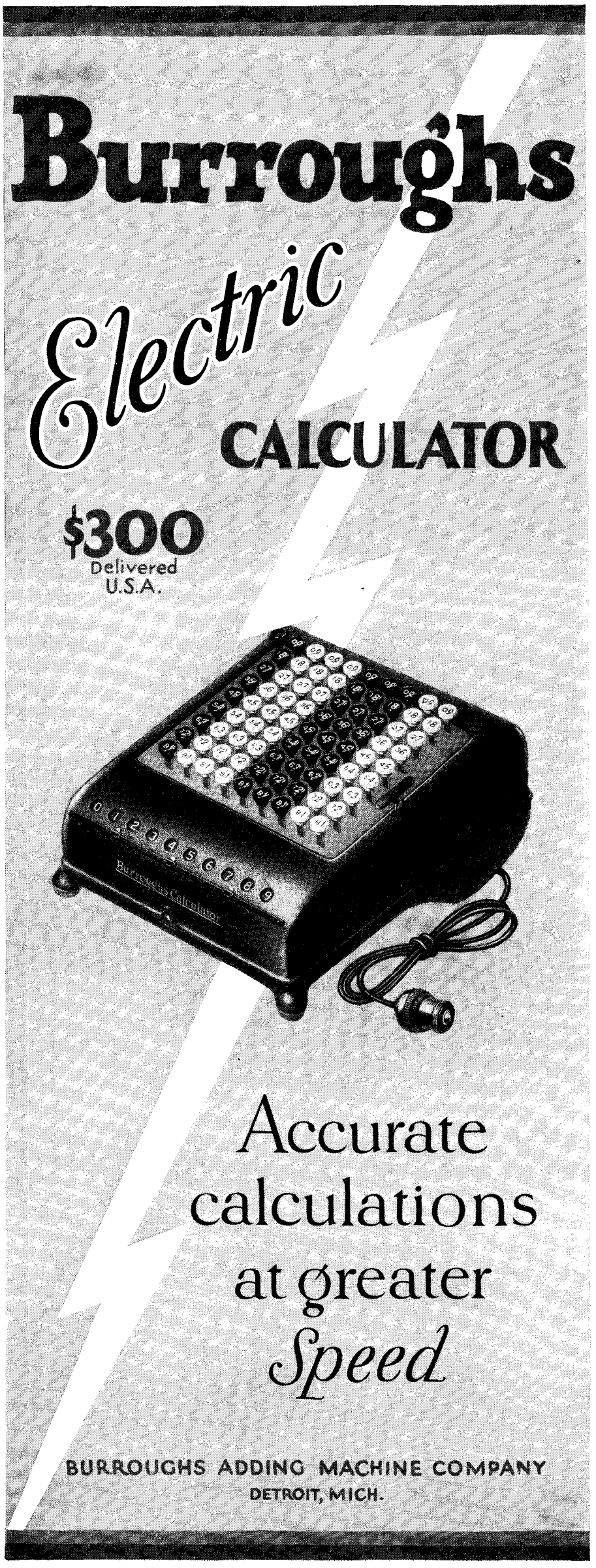
When a Feller Needs a Friend

E. F. Albee showed himself to be a friend when "a feller needs a friend;" a genius in his sphere, a marvelous executive and one of the very finest influences for the stage and its people in all theatrical history.

It was George M. Cohan who called me a champion sap and an awful dub; the brethren in our profession are the ones who have surveyed the wreckage of my three disastrous musical comedies and insisted that I'm the man who hasn't sense enough to know when he's whipped. Perhaps they are all right in their advice: "Try anything else, Gus—but don't try a big revue."

But in face of all that I'm going to try it again—some day. But my methods will be a bit different—and the results may be more fortunate. If they aren't—well, I've taken some awful pastings in the past and I think I could, if necessary, survive another.

THE END



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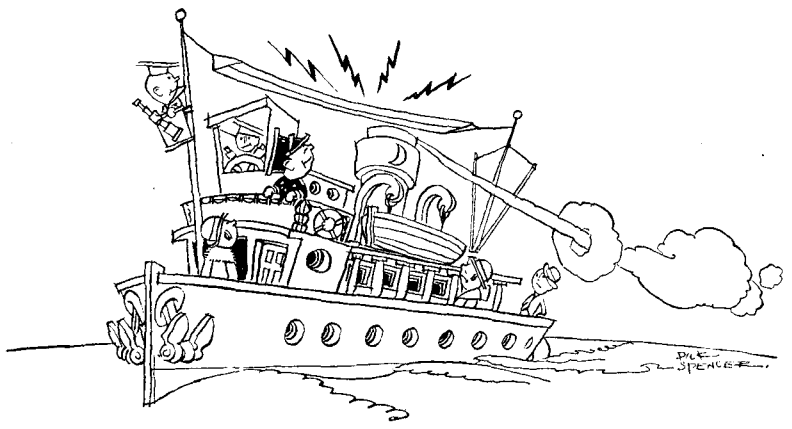
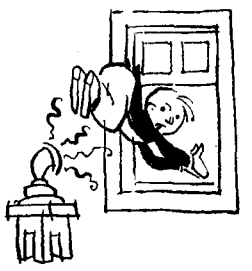


Dousing the Sparks

By Jack Binns

WHAT an unusual thing it is to praise the Federal Radio Commission! Practically everything it has done or failed to do since it was organized has been wrong. One order it has issued, however, is not only correct but in the public interest and necessity. That is the order which prohibits the use of sparks for radio telegraph transmission after January 1st.

These sparks are still used at certain coast stations for communicating with ships by means of radio telegraphy. No matter how efficiently the apparatus may be built, spark signals cause widespread interference over a large range of wave lengths other than those they are supposed to work on. They have been the most consistent destroyers of musical programs since broadcasting began.



There is no longer any excuse for them except in cases of S O S calls, and since broadcasting must stop in the event of disaster at sea their use under such circumstances is beneficial. The present spark equipment can be carried on ships for use in such emergencies, but the modern apparatus which does not cause interference with broadcasting is so much more efficient for ordinary communication that I feel sure the commercial companies will willingly obey the order.

Power Behind the Throne

Many a monarch owes his fame in history to the efforts of quiet workers who prefer to let the figurehead have the public acclaim provided they can wield the actual power. Like governments, broadcasting has its popular idols and its quiet workers behind the scenes.

One of the latter is Don Bernard, one of the originators of the continuity style of radio program, who was recently made production and program manager of the Chicago NBC studios.

It is less than 30 years since Don first blinked his eyes in the sunlight at Delaware, Ohio, yet he has already gone through an average lifetime of achievement. At 19 he was singing as tenor soloist in a Chicago theater, after an extensive musical education in voice, violin and piano under famous teachers.

Came the dawn of broadcasting, and Don, with the pioneering spirit of youth, became the featured performer the second night KYW was on the air. It was there he wrote his first radio continuity entitled "Mother s Day."

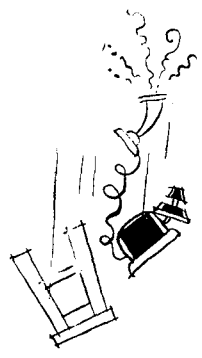
After managing a station in his native state at Columbus, Don joined the NBC organization in New York, and proceeded to make his personality felt in the programs that came to you over the chains.

Although he is still a bachelor, Don declares: "My secret ambition is to get married and raise a football team."

Well, that is quite a laudable ambition, Don, but you know no football team is complete without substitutes. Now just what do you propose to do about that?

Will They Never Learn?

Commissioner Pickard is quoted as saying that broadcast stations had plenty of time to adjust their transmitters to the new allocations.



After announcing what would be done to those stations failing to keep on their allotted frequencies the commission believes the success of the new allocation depends largely upon the accurate adjustment of the different stations to their frequencies.

I'm sorry, but I disagree with him entirely.

There can be no success under any of the conditions now prevailing on the wave lengths reserved for regional and local services.

This flat-footed statement goes even though all of those stations achieve the impossible task of faithfully keeping on their frequencies at all times.

There is only one way to achieve success and that is to remove at least half the existing broadcast stations from the air.

What about 1929?

Continued from page 9

when call loans were marked up to 8 per cent.

Now let us look at what happened in connection with gold imports and exports during the past few years. From 1920 to 1927 this country imported about $1,500,000,000 in gold which could form the basis of increased credit to the amount of over $7,500,000,000. This explains why money rates continually declined from 1920 to early in 1928.

During 1927 the tide of gold began to turn against us and soon we found that $500,000,000 in gold had been shipped out of the country. This theoretically would call for a contraction in credit of over $2,500,000,000.

Is it not entirely logical that money rates should go up under these conditions? Moreover, bankers, by taking the trouble to study statistics, could have clearly foretold such a change.

What do statistics indicate now as to the trend of money rates for 1929? At present the tide of gold movements is again in our favor. The high money rates in this country are attracting funds from abroad. These funds, sent here either to be loaned or used for the purchase of securities, have the effect of increasing our gold imports. Moreover—the dull bond market today prevents our bankers from buying so many foreign bonds and hence checks the export of gold.

If this situation continues, 1929 should see, on the average, lower money rates than were witnessed during the latter half of 1928.

There should be no dearth of money during 1929 for legitimate business. Any man who wished to borrow to build a home or store or factory for his own use should have no difficulty in doing this during 1929. There may be some restrictions against borrowing for speculation in land or buildings as there will be some restrictions against borrowing for stock market speculations. However there should be plenty of funds available during 1929 for all legitimate business needs—unless the stock market crash above referred to should come unexpectedly. But it won't if we all are watching for it! Therefore, let us go about our business as usual and trust the Federal Reserve Board and our bankers to do what is right and fair.

Hoover Must Make His Own Place

I am convinced that Herbert Hoover will make a strenuous effort to help the farmers during 1929. Hoover is not a politician but an engineer. He has a brilliant mind and is a very hard worker. He will take his job very seriously, especially so knowing that he is coming into office during the flood time of prosperity and cannot depend upon the business cycle to make him a great President. He must make a place for himself in history even against the trend of the business cycle. But he knows all this and forewarned should be forearmed.

Another thing, he knows that the farmers of the country will not forever trust the promises of Republican politicians. The farmers were pretty well discouraged when Hoover was nominated. Mr. Lowden and his followers might have elected a Democrat President if the Republicans had nominated anyone but Herbert Hoover. The farmers instinctively trust Hoover; especially do the women of the household respect him. Hoover knows this and will try very hard to make good. In fact, if Hoover fails to make good, the Democratic party will have a good chance for victory in 1932.

Hoover will also make an intelligent effort to aid the textile industry, and certain other industries which are now depressed. There has never been a time when I have been so hopeful of sane and constructive legislation as I am today. It has always been said that a party platform is much like a street-car platform, "of use only to get in on." Whether or not this has been true in the past, Herbert Hoover will not so consider it. He will make a serious effort to make 1929 a year of real prosperity.

Moreover, with the good Republican majorities which he will have in both the House and the Senate he will have support for his plans and appropriations. I am especially optimistic for the West and the South during 1929.

When a man buys a stock or a commodity and merely sells it at a profit in the same market form and quantity he is doing the country no good. But when men raise fruit on the Pacific Coast or Florida, when men plant wheat or corn in the great Central West, or when men grow cotton in the Southland, they are creating real wealth in which everyone ultimately shares.

The South Has It Coming

Herbert Hoover knows this and will strive very hard to help the real producers of the country. Other Republican administrations have not worried much about the South because of its 100 per cent Democratic leanings—but, owing to what the South has done for Mr. Hoover, he would be both ungrateful and very unwise not to make a very great effort to give the Southland some real prosperity.

The year 1929 may not be a good year either for the idle rich who depend upon speculation, or for the other end of the social order who depend upon bootlegging; but for the honest and industrious American, whether a captain of industry, a farmer or a wage worker, 1929 should be a good year.

Prosperous sales territories in 1929 should be more evenly distributed than heretofore. Optimism in certain sections of the West and South should show in increased purchases as actual conditions improve upon the fulfillment of Mr. Hoover's preelection promises.

Employment should continue near present levels, at least through the first part of 1929 and total pay rolls should average higher. The cost of living should remain at about current levels with a possible tendency to lessen. Industrial disputes may be larger in number than in the first part of 1929 due to the displacement of workers by labor-saving machinery, but need not be at all serious.

During 1929 I expect a trend toward easier money, but not a return to rates as low as early in 1927. The tendency will be in the direction of discouraging stock market loans in favor of business loans at lower rates. In view of the probability of a more comfortable money situation during 1929, I look for a better feeling toward bonds during the next few months.

It, however, should be realized that extremely careful discrimination in the selection of bonds is today absolutely essential. In effect many current bond issues are only preferred stocks.

During 1929 we may see readjustment in the prices of many of the issues which today are so overinflated. Personally I am advising my clients to invest now only in the good public utilities and in the good oil stocks which some day will become public utilities.

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Short

Continued from page 17

mean this, Colton. You're ill—you must be ill. The heat, perhaps—"

"I'm not ill," retorted Colton. "I'm all right. We're short forty thousand dollars, I tell you. And before I go I want—"

"But," protested the president, "I know you better than that. It can't be so. You couldn't be short cash without the knowledge of your paying teller and as I recall him—Murray, isn't it?—as I recall him—"

"Murray got it," said Colton, "I didn't. Oh, I'm in wrong, of course, but only through covering him up, giving him a chance. It's cash that's short, you understand, and you know that he has direct charge of the cash."

"Yes," said the president, still soothing, "yes, I understand. But running away is foolish, Colton; very foolish. You can see that. By running away you're simply making things look worse for yourself. And—why, upon my soul, I can't believe it!"

"It's true enough," said Colton, bragging now. "And I'm going because I got myself in wrong by covering him up."

"But that perhaps was in the best interests of the bank. We might be able to look at it that way, Colton. You mean you gave him time to replace the money?"

"That's it; that's what I did. He was playing the market—said he was in right and could make good. He kept stalling—"

He continued reiteratively, plugging at Murray.

"But—" the president read the note his secretary put before him giving the address of the drug store from which Colton was phoning—"the examiner is with you today. What—"

"He knows," said Colton, becoming shrill. "He's known since he checked the cash this morning and he's been grinning at me like a devil all day. That's why I'm telling you. He knows. He's out now phoning—phoning the police and you."

THE president passed another message to his secretary: "Get the guard at the Hillside Branch and send him to this drug store to get Colton. Make him rush."

"You're all wrong, Colton," he said patiently. "You certainly must be ill. I haven't heard from the examiner—not a word, not a hint of anything wrong. Are you calling from the bank?"

"Never mind where I'm calling from. What I want you to understand is that Murray—"

He said it all over again.

"Yes, yes, I understand," said the president sympathetically. "Now if you'll tell me where you are I'll come and take you to a doctor. You're ill, Colton, because—well, because I'm certain that you can't possibly be short."

"Don't say that again," said Colton irritably; "don't tell me I'm ill. I'm not ill. We're short forty thousand dollars and Murray—" He went on.

"All right, all right." The president laughed softly: "I'll humor you, Colton. Tell me the rest. How long has this shortage existed?"

"Eight months. I found there was a shortage eight months ago."

"But that isn't reasonable, you know. You've been examined twice since then, not counting today. You had the state examiner six months ago and our own man three months ago. It isn't reasonable, you see; impossible. You couldn't have carried a big cash shortage through two examinations."

Protesting, friendly, seemingly incredulous in spite of all Colton could say, the president kept him on the wire.

Colton's ego topped his fear.

"I did," he declared angrily, demanding belief. "I did. I fooled the examiners. But this little devil who came grinning today—"

"You fooled the examiners—how?"

Colton laughed—he had made fools of them, hadn't he?

"I gave them the same money to count twice," he boasted. "When the examiner passed the cash to the teller and the teller put it aside, I listed the bundles I needed and passed them to the examiner again. I fooled them, see, made them count the same money twice."

THE president laughed as at a good joke; and swore mentally over the length of time it seemed to be taking the guard at the Hillside branch to travel two blocks.

"You can't convince me it's so," he persisted good-naturedly. "I can't believe it. You're imagining things. The heat, Colton—you've been working too hard. You couldn't have lifted currency like that right under the examiner's eyes; of course you couldn't. Why, man, it's absurd. Come now, Colton, tell me where you are—"

It occurred to Colton at last that his phone call could be traced. He left the receiver dangling.

The bank guard was entering the drug store as he came out of the booth.

Colton made to pass him.

The guard barred his way respectfully; he had been instructed simply to bring the manager back.

"You're wanted at the bank, Mr. Colton."

Colton snarled, gathered himself to resist. His nerves relaxed, became numb. He was wanted at the bank—yes.

"All right," he said, and walked silently beside the guard.

The paying teller, wide-eyed, frightened, stared through his grille when Colton was brought in.

Colton gave him a twisted grin, ugly but hopeless. He knew that he couldn't saddle the theft upon Murray.

The head bookkeeper, also wide-eyed and scared of face, was at the phone on Colton's desk. The president was storming on the wire, demanding whether the guard had returned with the defaulting manager.

The bookkeeper held up the receiver, waving Colton forward.

The bank examiner interposed himself as Colton reached the desk. The close-set ironic eyes flanking the long nose accented his sardonic smile.

His brittle voice crackled through the quiet room as he proffered a paper to Colton for the manager's certification that the bank had been duly examined.

"A nice tidy little bank you've got," Mr. Colton," he commended. "If they were all as shipshape we examiners would enjoy life more. I'm thankful I got you today because getting through early lets me catch a train five hours ahead of what I figured. Today's my wife's birthday, you see, and I'll be able to get home that much before midnight."

Colton sat down, limp, speechless.

Sputterings from the telephone caused the bookkeeper to return the receiver to his ear. He held it out to the examiner—

"The president wants you."

The little man glanced at the clock, annoyed. "Hell," he said, "now I'll probably miss that train. Okay this paper for me, Colton, will you?"

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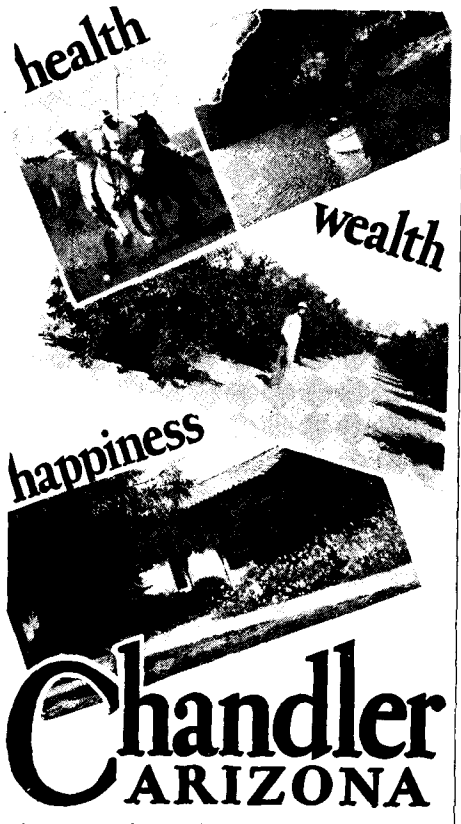

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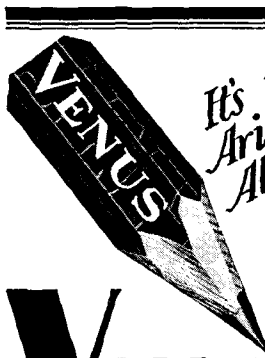

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Listen Lester!

Continued from page 11

pushed them away. "No," she said, "I can't have you ordering my life around. Mr. Des Prez is head of the company. I can't be rude to him."

"Oh, you can't?"

"Certainly not." With which she left him and went in. He had to wait to pay the cabman, but followed as quickly as he could. Rushed past the old doorman.

She'd stopped in the corridor to speak to somebody now. She was moving on, by Des Prez's door. He leaped after her; then stopped short. The Frenchman must have been listening for her step. He appeared in his dressing gown. Smiled down (he was tall for a Frog) at that adorable girl. Suddenly bent over and kissed her.

LESTER froze. Then had to grope for the wall and steady himself. Through a red haze he saw her move lightly on to her own dressing-room. He walked stiffly, in an agony of spirit, to his. An inner voice warned him not to act now. He must be cool in the moment of crisis. Dominant. It was to be a man-to-man business. Somehow he made up and got into his costume.

The assistant stage manager went by, calling "Fifteen minutes! Fifteen minutes!" Lester opened the door and marched stiffly out into the corridor. Knocked at Des Prez' door.

"Entrez!" called the Frog.

Lester, swallowing, opened the door and stepped within.

"What it is on your mind?" asked Des Prez. He stood at his mirror, touching an eyelid with blue. Still in his dressing gown. He didn't go on for twenty minutes after the opening curtain.

Fury clouded Lester's brain. He caught an arm and swung the fellow around.

"I've come here to tell you to leave that girl alone."

"You come to tell me. . . ."

"If you don't I'll knock your face in!"

"You speak so to me? Leave zis room."

He must have given the boy a shove toward the door. There was an odd scuffle. Then Lester leaped at him. Thrust him back against a steam pipe. Hit him. His head, apparently, struck the pipe. Without a word he slid to the floor and lay huddled there, inert. Lester, his fists still clenched, stared down. Why didn't the man move? He couldn't be dead. It was absurd. But there was a curious little trickle of blood on the pipe. And more on the floor.

He rushed back to his own room, slammed the door, sank into a chair. Sobbed.

The stage manager, John Wilberling, knocked; then impatiently opened. An old actor, John, and testy. He said: "Get on the scene! We're two minutes late now! . . . Here! What the hell's the matter with you?"

"I've k-killed Des Prez?"

"You're killed . . ." John rushed out, leaving the door open. Lester covered his face. Distantly he heard people rushing about. Minutes passed then. Or were they hours?

A hand fell on his shoulder. It was Patricia. "Lester, what on earth have you done?"

"I k-killed that Frog."

"That's nonsense. He came to. They've taken him over to a doctor. John Wilberling is making up for the part. Come out here! They're holding the curtain. Are you quite mad?"

He looked into the dusky eyes. "Yes," he said. "Mad with love of you."

That shook her a little. Her "Don't be silly!" didn't fool him. She had his arm now, and was trying to drag him out.

Mr. Heppleton appeared in the doorway, slightly out of breath.

"No, Pat," said Lester gravely, gently. "The police will want me. I will wait here."

"Police nothing!" remarked Mr. Heppleton crisply. "He'll be all right tomorrow. The doctor only took a couple of stitches. You'd better get to work, boy."

Lester found himself being dragged out on the stage. The curtain went up. He was playing. In a daze.

That intermission after the act was a blur of swift and confused little scenes backstage. The first didn't shape itself definitely in Lester's mind until later, when he was playing the second act. Mike MacAndrews, the wizened property man, sidled up to him. A privileged character, Mike. And he knew much.

"I hope you're not in trouble, Mr. Forrest."

This would be sheer friendliness. Des Prez wasn't popular backstage.

"Oh, that? That is nothing."

But then Mike dropped an odd, guarded remark. Almost in a whisper, "I see that Mr. Heppleton go into your room. Do you know what he is?"

"What he is? Oh, yes!"

He moved away. They were in the corridor. Confusedly he was aware that Patricia stood in her dressing-room door, watching him with those great dark eyes. Confusedly, because just then he caught sight of Sam Karber. The "Mister Sam" of Broadway legend, no less. He shouldn't have sent that letter. Better to sleep over things. A squat, repulsive figure, jewelry, his derby hat tipped back, chewing a fat cigar. He had somebody with him.

THAT other man . . . he'd seen him somewhere . . . oh, yes! It was Sim Shuter, the producer. Shuter and Falk. The man who'd mentioned the new Milne play. While he looked, Mr. Karber advanced. Lester felt menace in every step of the flat, wide-pointing feet.

Mr. Karber stood there, looking him up and down. "So!" he remarked. "You think with my company you will raise all the hell you like! Yeah!"

"Mr. Karber" . . . began Lester, weakly.

"You're fired!"

Lester turned away. After all, he had a change of costume to make. Patricia was still in her doorway. He had to pass her.

"Lester!" Her voice was nervously low. "Are you all right?"

"Oh, yes! Quite all right!"

He turned into his own room. Mr. Heppleton sat there, gravely smoking.

"My boy" . . . Mr. Heppleton appeared to find difficulty in picking words. . . . "I'm here on a queer errand. But I couldn't refuse very well."

LESTER was getting out of his first-act costume. Nothing mattered now. He was just an actor out of a job. He'd lost Patricia. She'd be here, eight performances a week, letting that French scoundrel pet and kiss her. He couldn't look at this man.

But Mr. Heppleton was speaking: "He insists on fighting you, my boy. He sent me to ask if you'd . . ."

"Oh, sure, I'll fight him. Any time."

"But I'm afraid you don't quite get it, Lester. Understand, we're dealing with a foreigner. He mentioned swords. They're right here, you see. Use 'em in the play. And he figures that you can slip up into the fly gallery after the performance. There won't be anybody around."

Lester was drawing on his second-act trousers. "All right," he said, listlessly. "I'll be there." And he went on dressing. Mr. Heppleton slipped out.

Out front, during the second and third acts, a large audience waxed enthusiastic. The French adventurer, played by the somewhat frantic John Wilberling, carried little more than routine conviction, but Lester Forrest, as the young employee of the sugar company, rang true. There was a quivering intensity in manner and voice that went straight to the heart.

After the second act the applause kept up, through call after call, until the boy had to take a long bow. And after the final curtain those 1,200 customers refused to leave until they'd had one more glimpse of him.

Sim Shuter sat thoughtfully turning his hat round and round between his fingers. "Why haven't we heard more about this boy, Sam? He's wonderful."

"Yeah. Sure, he's wonderful." Thus the wily Sam. "You think maybe we don't know this."

They walked out into the lobby. "Hmm!" mused Shuter. "I want that

RING LARDNER

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boy. Fact is, I've got to have him."

"You think I give him up maybe." Sam's little round eyes glittered. "You think maybe I am that kind of a fool."

"Oh, let's talk sense, Sam! You're a business man. You know what you're paying him. I don't. Now . . ."

"But a lot we pay him! You think for a song we keep a wonderful boy like this?"

"Now listen! Quote me a price on him for a year. I'll pay it. You can't keep him in here with the Frenchman. Not if they're actually fighting. Quote me a price on him."

"Well, if it is business you talk . . . maybe for five hundred a week. . . ."

"It's a deal. I pay you five hundred a week for a year. You pay the boy whatever you pay him. I'll sign up in the morning."

THAT transaction disposed of, Sam went up to his office. But a memory arose of what had happened earlier in the evening, backstage. What if Sim Shuter should drop in there. The boy would talk. He was crazy in the head. And he was free to make his own bargains. That notice had gone to him! Sam reached for his hat, and waddled off to the elevator. He made his way into the dressing-room corridor.

Most of the company appeared to have left. He went, restraining his anxious haste, to the boy's dressing-room. The door stood open. His hat lay on the make-up table. And . . . yes! . . his street clothes hung on the wall. Funny! Sam stepped out into the corridor. From another door, a head drew back. Queer. He went there and looked in. It was the new leading woman. McKean. She appeared to be hanging around. Something a little hard to understand here.

"You seen young Forrest?" he asked gruffly.

"Mr. Forrest? Why, no, Mr. Karber."

She could feel his beady eyes on her. He suspected. But she wasn't an actress for nothing. And he couldn't hear her heart beat. You didn't tell Sam Karber things. Not if you saw him first. There wasn't a decent actress on Broadway but what instinctively dodged all contacts with that little beast. Besides, she didn't know.

All she had caught was the pale specter of Des Prez, in the Parisian cape he wore, with something muffled up in it, the edge of a bandage in sight under his hat, Mr. Heppleton following gravely. And shortly afterward Lester, ghastly pale, with his coat collar turned up, carrying a long parcel wrapped in newspapers. She thought he'd gone up the iron stairs, running. It sounded like that. She'd thought of swords. But that would be grotesque. In the twentieth century! . . . Really, she ought to go. Just go home. If that boy weren't such an unbelievable idiot. . . .

The sudden thought came that those imaginary perils might be real. And Mr. Karber could help. Whatever his queer motives he couldn't let an expert Parisian swordsman murder an impulsive child like Lester. Mr. Karber owned the theater. His word was law here. Somebody, really, ought to take care of that boy. He'd been amazing tonight. He'd brought that big audience up standing, without appearing to sense what it meant—or to care.

Mr. Karber had gone. Uncertainly she moved to the door. Mike MacAndrews had appeared from nowhere. She heard him say, "Mr. Karber, sir. I beg your pardon, but do you hear anything queer?" Then they both listened. Breathless.

She caught it. A faint clanging and scraping of steel on steel. Somewhere up overhead. Far off. For a moment her breath seemed to stop. Then she gasped out: "They're fighting!" and started running up the iron stairs. Mike MacAndrews followed on the run. Sam Karber waddled breathlessly after.

It was a long way up. Halfway Patricia caught an odd, breathless remark from the property man, close at her heels. "That Mr. Heppleton"—thus Mike's voice—"he's a private detective." . . . Lester's wan face filled her mind like a shot. Somebody'd simply have to take care of him. Marry him or something. . . . They were fighting over herself. Terrible! She was crying.

The fly gallery was set off from the end of the vast dark gridiron. Only a single light was on. Mistily she saw the two figures, stripped to shirts and trousers, padding about in stocking feet, lunging and fending. Another tall figure stood by. She called: "Lester! For God's sake! . . ." He turned his head. Des Prez' sword glinted in the faint light. Mike MacAndrews darted in.

Patricia covered her face and sank to the floor. When she lowered her hands . . . there was a strange hush in the place. She saw the bandaged Des Prez coolly slipping his cape on. Lester, still with his absurd sword, was staring down at a slowly spreading red stain on his right sleeve.

Mr. Karber appeared under the light, saying something or other in a sputtery voice, around his cigar.

She found herself up and somehow clinging to him. Sobbing out words; she didn't know what. But suddenly she became aware of that other tall figure. He looked sinister. She turned on him, passionately. . . . "What do you mean, encouraging this outrageous business! You" (infinite scorn)—"a detective. . . ."

"Yes, Miss McKean, I am a detective, as you seem to have found out."

"You've abetted a crime!" She was ablaze.

"Sorry. I don't know as I'd put it as strong as that. My firm is employed by this gentleman's wife." He indicated Des Prez. "I've got him now. Fighting a duel over another woman. That'll do in court, I rather think. Plenty of witnesses."

THEY got Lester down to his dressing-room. She and Sam Karber. She bandaged the wound. It didn't look serious.

Then the great producer closed the door.

"Now, Lester," he said, "listen here. You give a good performance tonight. And I ain't the kind to be mean to a boy 'at's got the goods."

Lester was curled up, limp, in a chair. Patricia stood behind, stroking his rumpled head.

Sam went on. "Now listen, Lester! Just to show there ain't any hard feelings. You be up at my office in the morning. Eleven o'clock. Yeah. We tear up our contract. We make a new one. I give you a raise. Two hundred a week. Sign you up for two years. Whadda you know about that?"

"It's very kind, Mr. Karber. . . ." Patricia . . . "But Lester isn't going to sign up for two years at any such figure. We're going to be married. If it was to be three hundred, we might. . . ."

Sam looked mournful. "I help the boy," he said. "It is my one thought. But if he sticks me three hundred it is only one year. I can't. . . ."

"He'll take that," said she. "Three hundred for a year. Fifty-two weeks."

Sam's feet clump-clumped off along the corridor. He'd done pretty well. Patricia closed the door.

Lester rose, and postured gloomily. "Patricia," he said, "I can't let myself encumber your life. . . ."

"Try and get away," said she, decisively.

His pose broke down. He reached gropingly toward her. And it seemed natural enough that he didn't so much take her in his arms as find himself gathered into hers.

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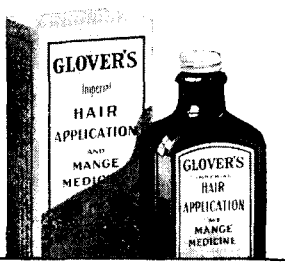

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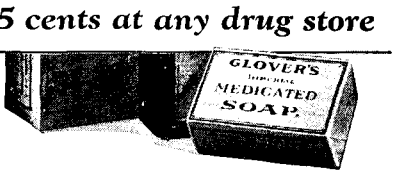

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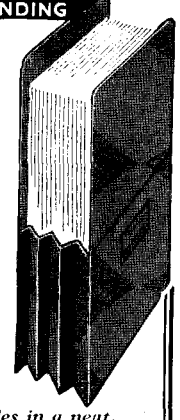

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The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

Continued from page 19

to wait. But since we're so soft—since we have to love a man—since we must be mothers, it's self-preservation or destruction."

"Ethel, I sent for you to help me—not drive me mad," replied Virginia.

"Now, dearest Virginia, I am in dead earnest," returned Ethel, suddenly starting up. "I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world. I'm just taking an extreme view of your trouble. I don't really believe it's bad at all. I honestly think Cliff is as much in love with you as you are with him. And you bet I'll know after I see him."

"See him? Are you going to?"

"I am. Or I should say *we* are."

VIRGINIA covered her face with her hands. "Let us wait a little. He might come—to me. That would help so. . . . Ethel, you don't know all about it."

"Ahuh! I thought so. How can I help you when I don't know anything?"

"I am disgustingly rich," confessed Virginia. "Father's holdings in the south brought a great deal of money. And there's more to come. No one here except Mr. Forrest knows it. I made him swear not to give me away. I took this place in exchange for Cottonwoods. I kept a few horses, a car, and some help just so I wouldn't look too awfully poor. But that Payne ranch at Watrous is mine. All the rest of my horses are there. And there's other property in the estate. I simply can't conceal it for long. That's another thing that scares me."

"Mrs. Clifton Forrest, may I inquire why in the name of heaven that should scare you?"

"Clifton once said he could never take anything from me. And when he finds out I'm not poor—that I've barrels of money, he'll not want me."

"Then he'll be a darned queer *genus homo*."

"But, Ethel, you don't know Cliff."

"He belongs to the male species of our generation. You're his wife. You're a lovely thing—perfectly dippy about him. Considering these facts, I hardly think he'll cast you off when he finds you've got barrels of coin. Men are not that way."

A step on the dry cottonwood leaves startled Virginia, and even before she moved a familiar voice thrilled her:

"Howdy, daughter."

Leaping up, blushing scarlet, she saw Clifton's father right upon them.

"Oh, Mr. Forrest, you—you gave me a scare."

"Waal, I'm sorry. The cowboys steered me down here. I sort of hated bustin' up your pretty little party, but it's kind of important."

"Ethel, this is Clifton's father . . . my friend, Miss Wayne, from Denver."

"Think I once met you before, Miss, but I'm shore glad to meet you again," replied the rancher. "Suppose we all set down. It's nice here."

Forrest sat down with his broad back to the tree and laid his hat aside. Virginia had never seen him look so well. He was ten years younger. The somber shade had gone from the dark hazel eyes that were so poignantly like Clifton's. He was clean-shaven and neatly garbed.

"Waal, it shore ain't easy to begin this confab," he said, with a smile that made him winning. "But I reckon I've got to."

"I am all curiosity, Mr. Forrest," returned Virginia, who was thrilling all over. "Not to say sympathetic."

"Lass, I've been out to see Cliff," he announced tragically.

Virginia's hand flashed to her breast, and her eyes and lips must have added to that gesture.

"Aw, don't look scared. Cliff's all right," he added hastily. "Fact is I had the jar of my life. I never was so surprised. He's well! He's a strappin' big fellow, dark as an Indian. I just couldn't get over it. . . . Now, Virginia, for that good news you shore ought to call me dad, shouldn't you?"

"I—surely should—Dad," replied Virginia, huskily. She could have kissed him, and probably would have but for the tight hold Ethel had on her.

"Good! That will tickle Mother. Do you know, Virginia, I'm like to grow jealous of you. . . . Waal, Cliff wasn't surprised at all to see me. He was as nice an' kind as if I'd—as if nothin' had never happened between us. Asked all about Mother, an' shore wanted to see her bad. But he can't leave the sheep just now. An' I reckon Mother will have to go over to Sycamore."

"Oh, I hope she goes soon," burst out Virginia.

"Huh! Trust that little lady. Waal, I was pretty gingerly about tacklin' Cliff. You see, he had me buffaloed. There's sure been a vast change in that boy. So I beat around the bush, talkin' a lot, to get my wind."

"*Did you speak—of me?*" queried Virginia, breathlessly.

"I should smile. You were my best bet. First I told him you owned the sheep he'd been drivin'. He said Lopez had told him. An' then Cliff said it wasn't so good for him, as he needed his wages an' shore couldn't take money from you."

"Oh!" cried Virginia, poignantly, clinging to Ethel's comforting hand.

"An' I told him that was just as well, 'cause you was now a poor girl. He looked blank. Then he laughed. But I knocked him open-mouthed by tellin' him you had deeded Cottonwoods back to me. He cussed me, an' wanted to know how that could be. He'd never heard of your father killin' Malpass, an' then dyin' from gun-shots. That made him sober. He whispered: 'Poor Virginia!' An' then he wanted to know what had become of you.

"I told him how you'd gone to live where we used to. That you had a few horses, an old car, an' not much money. You'd have to sell the sheep presently. I could see he was sick about it, an' shore mad at me, but he didn't cuss me again. He sat there on the stump an' thought. Finally he looked up with the saddest eyes I ever seen an' said . . . What do you think he said?"

"I CAN'T imagine. Hurry," whispered Virginia.

"'When did she divorce me?' he asked. I told him you hadn't divorced him at all. . . . 'My Gawd!' he said, an' showed me a letter some months old that he hadn't got till his shepherd lad fetched it out from San Luis. It was not signed, but I recognized Malpass' handwritin'. The letter told of you divorcin' him an' marryin' Malpass. . . . What a skunk an' greaser he was!"

"Oh, despicable! That's—the worst!" panted Virginia.

"Waal, it was good Cliff didn't get that letter way out on the desert, months ago. 'Cause it shore would have killed him."

"You—you think—Cliff cared?" asked Virginia, as if strangling to force utterance.

"Cared? My heaven, lass, the boy worshipped you. I saw that long ago, right after he first came back. Mother put me on to it. . . . I hated you because of that very thing. I accused him of it. All the time I could see his heart in his eyes. . . . Waal, it shore hurts me to think of that now—for Cliff's love for you saved his life."

"Oh, it couldn't be!" cried Virginia.

"Don't take on so, lass. Shore, you must let me tell you. Most of all let me ask help of you."

"But you mustn't make such rash statements. I can't believe them. But I—I might. And then how could I bear—"

"Child, I'm tellin' you the truth," expostulated Forrest.

"Oh, how can you say that?"

"Cliff told me. Told me right out, *just as cool an' calm as could be*. He said, 'You needn't tell her, Dad. No use to distress her further. Her heart is big, an' I don't want her sorry for me.' . . . Waal, then I—"

"You—you—" gasped Virginia, who divined what was coming.

"Shore. I told him plumb straight that it wasn't all to get free of Malpass you married him."

Virginia, in default of vocal powers, squeezed Ethel into asking: "And then what did Cliff say?"

"'Waal, Dad,' he said, cool an' easy, 'you never was very strong in the head. An' I'll thank you not to talk that way. Especially to anyone else.' It shore flabbergasted me, so I shut up. But I was deep-stirred an' I asked him to forgive me for disgracin' him an' turnin' him out when he was ill an' crippled. . . . My Gawd, it hurt me to ask. That was damnin' me black. But once I got it out I felt better."

"Did he forgive you?" asked Virginia.

FORREST showed emotion. "Never a harsh word, lass. He told me, yes, an' that it made him happy to have everything straightened out. But he added that he expected me to forgive you too. An' I said I had done that long ago. Waal, that nerved me for the last, an' I begged him to come home to Cottonwoods!"

"He refused," divined Virginia.

"'No, Dad,' he said, simply, 'I can't do that. I'll see Mother often when I'm here, an' you too, if you want, but my home is the desert henceforth.' I wanted to rave an' swear. A sheep herder! My son, Clifton! A sheep herder like those peons! . . . But somethin' about him nailed my lips. You'll feel it when you see him."

"See Clifton! I'll never have the courage now," moaned Virginia.

Forrest's face fell. "Lass, you love him, don't you?"

She made a hopeless, helpless gesture more eloquent than any affirmation.

"You're my last card, Virginia," he went on. "If you can't persuade Cliff to come back to us—Mother an' you an' me—I'm ruined, an' it'll finish Mother."

"I would persuade with the last drop of my heart's blood," flashed Virginia, passionately, "if it would be of use. But I know Clifton Forrest. He is beyond us."

"Lass, I felt that too. But you ain't takin' into account the one big factor. If he learns you love him—from your own lips—he will come back to us. But at that, I think he'll stick to the sheep an' the desert. I'll never forget him when he said, 'I'm a sheep herder.' You'd think he thought he was President. . . . Waal, lass, I've laid my cards on the table, an' you've got the ace. Will you play it for us?"

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"I'll do anything," answered Virginia, feeling herself abandoned to the fates, now aloft on the pinnacle of hope and again lost in the depths of despair.

Forrest kissed her hand with quaint old courtesy.

"A man ought to be grateful an' humble. *Quien sabe?* Who knows, as the Mexicans have it? I once showed you my door—insulted you. To my endless shame an' regret. Today nothin' could do me more honor—make me happier than to have you cross my threshold again as the wife of my son."

NEXT morning she felt herself to have some semblance to a rational being, and reinstated herself in Ethel's intellectual regard. Both of them, however, were disrupted out of a possible even tenor by a message from Helen Andrews, which was brought in by Jake. Helen, on the way to Phoenix to visit her brother, had stopped off at Las Vegas to see Virginia.

"Isn't that perfectly dear of her?" exclaimed Ethel.

"Indeed it is. . . . I forgot to write her."

"Virginia, you were a jealous cat. But that girl was true blue."

"I really loved her. Only, Ethel, in my trouble I forgot everybody save you— Hurry and dress. We'll drive in to town."

And this was how it came about that Virginia, late in the day of friendship, though not too late, found another loving and steadfast heart.

The following morning Helen motored out in her riding clothes, as planned, and the three had a glorious run on the horses. After luncheon Virginia's guests mysteriously disappeared.

It set Virginia to pondering. When they did not come back soon she went out to look for them. Nowhere in the grove! She fled to the barn, to confront Jake and Con at work on the horses that had been ridden.

"Jake, have the girls been here?" she queried.

Now to Virginia's knowledge no cowboy was a good liar. She saw through Jake in a second, and as for honest Con, he could not lie.

"What horses did you saddle?"

"I shore let them have Dumpy an' Calamity Jane without your orders. Honest to Gawd, though, I thought you was goin' too. Not till they rode off like mad did I take a tumble."

"Which—way did they—go?" asked Virginia, very weakly.

He pointed. "First they asked how to find Sycamore, an' I told them. They rode out the lane an' up the hill."

After the first shock had passed, Virginia realized that it was due only to her supercharged emotional capacity these trying days. Before she got back to the welcome shade trees she was divided between elation and gloom. Trust that sharp-eyed little Wayne lady! That was the terror of the thing, because after Ethel had seen Clifton there would never again be any doubts as to his status as a lover and husband.

If she had been on a rack of the Spaniards she could have held herself quieter than on this interminable fiendish afternoon. She had been warped out of her orbit. She fluttered like a leaf of an aspen tree. But at last they came.

Virginia had not been able to breathe inside the house. She had carried blanket and pillow out under the cottonwood where Clifton's father had told his story. But never until she espied the girls coming through the grove from the barn had she sat down, and then her legs gave way under her.

How slowly they came! Guilty wretches! But Ethel was radiant and Helen resembled the glorious Helen of ancient romance. The panic of dread, at least, stilled in Virginia's breast. They could not be so callous as to look so marvelously mysterious and angelic if they had bad news.

Helen threw sombrero, gloves and whip to the turf, and she dropped on her knees before Virginia. Never had she looked so beautiful. Her face had the tint of a golden pearl and her eyes the sweetness of violets. Virginia had not before seen this Eastern woman under the influence of powerful emotion. Her classic beauty had never lacked soul, but now it bore the glow of grave wonder and joy, of a woman's divine understanding of what life or death meant to her friend.

"He loves you, Virginia. You have been blessed by the gods," she said softly.

"We found Clifton a wondrously changed man," said Helen, speaking with the solemn gladness of one who had been exalted by deeper insight into human life, or confounded by a spiritual transformation. "I pray that your desert can do as much for my brother Jack. I have faith that it can. But far more than recovery of health and strength has come to Clifton.

"He has seen through death, Virginia. I felt so slight before him. No one could ever tell what he has gone through. But you know he has conquered self, cast out evil, seen the pitiful frailty of men and women, of our fleeting time here, of the unknown future. He is like the Shepherd we read of in our childhood. . . . I felt ashamed to be deceitful before him—to probe at his heart, as this merciless Ethel wanted me to do and did herself. . . . Just the mention of your name—Virginia—betrayed him to me. How you have wronged him not to know! All women are loved some time or other, or often, or once anyway. But this soldier—this sheep herder—has surrounded you with his soul. . . . I think I understand men.

"My sweetheart went to war, the same as Clifton. He went a rollicking, happy-go-lucky chap. But the war changed him. His letters over a period of months told of a tremendous cataclysm of mind and heart, of spirit and faith. These letters have sustained me to bear his loss. . . . I felt in Clifton something of what Richard wrote me. These men stand apart. We can never understand them wholly. But the war built or it destroyed. Mostly the latter, alas! . . . I don't understand the desert. But so long as I live I shall never forget Clifton Forrest."

VIRGINIA, almost blinded, clasped Helen in an unutterably grateful embrace, passionate and eloquent.

"You too, Ethel," she said, presently, when she could speak. And it was reproachful acceptance of more just crucifixion.

But Ethel, despite the gravity of the occasion, in her excitement reverted to type:

"Just listen to me a minute, will you? Clifton could cut out my fellow in two winks of a cat's eye. Do you get that, Virginia, old dear?"

"Yes, I get it, Ethel. I know how you'd exaggerate and lie, and swear false witness to heaven itself to spare me. But don't spare me. I am dizzy with the ecstasy Helen inspired in me. But tell me of him."

"I didn't know him when he came up out of the gorge," returned Ethel, swiftly. "I didn't, yet I did. He appeared tall, but maybe that was because he walked erect. His color was a shiny dark gold. Face, arms, neck all bare. He might as well not have had a shirt at all, it was so ragged. And his trousers had a thousand patches, all kinds and shapes, some of them sheepskin. He wore a belt with a knife, and he carried a long stick, a shepherd's

(*Continued on page 48*)

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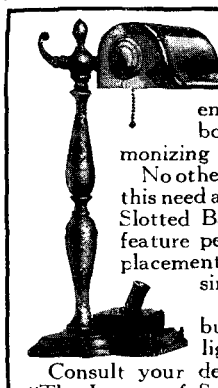

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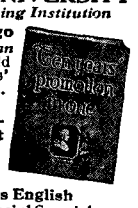

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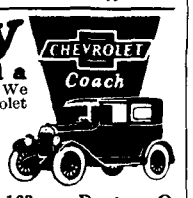

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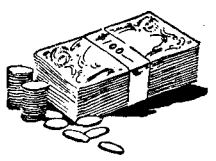

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(*Continued from page 47*)

crook. . . . Well, he knew us both. Wasn't surprised even a little. 'Howdy, girls!' As glad and kind as you'd want to see. . . . He asked why you didn't come, just as cool and natural-like."

"So he asked for me!" murmured Virginia and closed her eyes for a moment.

"Don't faint, honey. You know I can't stand indifference or aloofness from *any* man. And for you I was not standing it either. Cliff was exactly that. He was just indifferent. And I went after him. . . . Virginia, he has the purest, clearest eyes, the most eagle-like look, the finest face I ever saw on a man. Almost he is beautiful. But the cold flint is there—the desert. . . . I told him about your sufferings since that tragedy which freed you from tyranny. Of your sacrifice to his father. I lied like a trooper about your poverty. But, however he may have satisfied our Helen here, he sure didn't me till I told him—well, never mind what I told him, but he came across with what I wanted."

"And that?" whispered Virginia.

"I had to see where we stood in this deal. . . . Virginia, if you look at that fellow once *now*—and touch him with your little finger—he'll grab you in his arms and eat you up and—"

"Oh, hush!" cried Virginia, faintly. "Dear friends, don't tell me any more. I believe I will do what you tell me. . . . And if you're wrong you can drape me like Elaine and lay me to rest here under this old cottonwood."

"Then it is settled," returned Helen, rising flushed and happy. "I shall leave for Phoenix in the morning. Let us all plan to foregather next June in Denver, when this precocious madcap gives her promise for better or worse—to learn men have always been the masters and ever will be."

So in the golden sunset light under the cottonwoods they passed on arm in arm to the house.

LIKE one in a dream Virginia rode out on the range, captive of Ethel, blind and tumultuous in her faith.

How the range shone under the western sun! Far away sloped the gray desert, dim and obscure, retreating toward the west. Northward heaved the bronze mountain barrier. But both range and mountain lost to their rival —this strange empty colorful desolate void called desert. It had saved her lover. She must learn how and why, and forever reverence it as a manifestation of God. Some day she might ride far across it, down and down toward that purple haze, to Guadaloupe.

"We will ride up under cover of the cedars there," said Ethel, bringing Virginia back to reality. "Then we can peek down into Sycamore and see the sheep grazing. Some class of a picture, old dear."

Presently, then, Virginia was gazing down into a wide beautiful valley, mostly green, but ribbed with amber bars, and rendered pastoral by a long straggling white flock of sheep. Her flock! But where was her shepherd?

"Come. I've called you twice," said Ethel. "We must go back of the hill and round to the head of that draw. There we can hide our horses. The sheep are working up to the camp. We've no time to lose, if we're to beat Cliff to it. Come, you old white-faced coward."

It seemed an age, though it was scarcely a quarter of an hour, when Virginia followed on Ethel's swift heels, through fragrant sage and among gray boulders, into a narrow defile, and through that to an open high bench graced by old sycamores, under one of which a white tepee tent gleamed red-gold in the sunset glow.

"Good!" whispered Ethel, in high exultation. How her eyes shone! "The coast is clear. I'll hide here and watch. Go now. Hurry to get in his tent. . . . Virginia, you're his wife. . . . Beat it now."

She gave Virginia a hasty hug and warm kiss and then a shove.

Virginia looked around to find she was alone. She ran, her heart in her throat. The action lent wings to a thousand thrills. From somewhere deep in her came courage, too. She must hide from Clifton, and for the moment it was not the thought of surprising him that dominated. Still Ethel's suggestion landed her at the door of the little tent. She slipped in panting.

She had a picture in her mind of this interior, precisely as she found it. Only the reality had the fragrance of fresh sage and cedar and the potency of intimacy. There was his bed, neatly made, though it consisted only of sheep skins on boughs, with a blanket folded back. She touched them, and it was as if she had been caressed.

Dogs barked outside. She heard the bleating of sheep, the pattering of many tiny feet. But she could not see either dogs or sheep.

Suddenly a tall form hove in sight coming up over the bench. The sunset light shone brightly on the man—a shepherd, stalking bareheaded, with a staff in his hand. He had a ragged, wild look. Virginia's eyes devoured him. How lithe and dark! How queer the patched trousers of many hues. He strode nearer up to the camp, to lean his crooked staff against a tree. Then he turned so the light fell upon his face. Clifton! But transformed, as he had seemed in her dreams. She fell upon his bed, but not from pretense.

SUDDENLY the quivering of her body ceased. Too late! His step sounded close. Blood and nerve and muscle became inert. The canvas whipped.

"Santa Maria!" he exclaimed, aghast.

A silence ensued. Virginia lay on her side, face to the tent wall, and she did not breathe.

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"Are you ill, lady, that you . . . Who are you?"

The voice was Clifton's and it unlocked her petrified functions. His hand fell upon her shoulder. With the contact every nerve and vein in her leaped to stinging, pulsing life. As he rolled her over her hands flew instinctively to hide her face.

"*Who are you?*"

"It's your—wife!" She had been coached and driven to that infantile speech. How idiotic! She longed for a hole to open in the ground to swallow her.

Strong hands exposed her face, lifted her to her knees—and she saw Clifton perilously close, the radiant sunset light upon him. For a moment the mother in her dominated, and her hand tenderly touched his cheek, that appeared dusky yet strangely pale, and then slipped to his clustering hair.

"It is you! Changed beyond belief. But I know you. . . . Clifton, well and strong! Oh, thank God!"

HIS arm slipped round her waist and clasped tight to draw her close, while his free hand, under her chin, tilted up her head.

How stern his eyes! Clear, hazel, eagle-keen, with a blaze in their depths.

"Virginia?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Yes. Don't you know me?"

"What does this mean? My father comes to prate of you. . . . Then these friends of yours. And now you!"

"Aren't you glad to see me?"

"My God, woman! Would you play with fire?"

"Oh, Clifton, indeed I would, if—"

"You never freed yourself?"

"Never—and never will."

"Virginia Lundeen!"

"No. My last name is Forrest."

"Still my wife!"

"Yes, Cliff."

"I am in a maze. . . . Virginia, you married me to escape that half-breed Malpass."

"Yes, but that was not my main reason."

"What was?" he asked, incredulously.

"I just wanted to—to belong to you."

"You—you—oh, I cannot say it!" he cried, huskily.

"Yes, Cliff, all my life, mostly. Since I was a girl. . . . At least since you kissed me that time."

He uttered a cry of commingled rapture and incredulity and fear.

"On the ship? On the train? That day in the store? And that night on the trail when you found me crawling, almost dead?"

"Yes, yes. Then, and the night I led you to propose to me—and the night you married me. Yes, and every day and every night since then I've loved you with all my mind and soul and heart and body."

"You glorious girl! . . . Oh, God. I have fought and lived for this!" It was then Ethel's prediction was verified. He seemed fire and ice, savage and man all at once. The breath was crushed out of her body, and every mad longing she had ever had for his kisses was satisfied. They left her limp and numb. But she felt that he had spent himself, though he held her still. Gradually she sank with him to a seat on the bed, and when she recovered sufficiently to see and understand it seemed that Clifton was staring at the setting sun as a man to whom heaven had opened.

"But you've not told me," she whispered.

"Virginia, I love you," he replied, divining her hunger.

"Oh, Cliff—Oh, Cliff! . . . You don't have to propose to me—do you?"

"No? Why don't I?"

"Because I'm your wife."

"So you are," he replied, marveling, while his arm tightened. "I can't realize."

"Dearest, it is true. And at last I am happy. . . . Clifton, do not look so dazed. I will be guided by you. I am a woman who will obey. I do not ask you to give up your desert and your sheep. They are yours because they are mine, and all I have is yours. I shall love what you love. Your life and religion shall be mine."

"You will let me divide my time between the desert and home?"

"Let you? I implore you to. Your father and mother need you. They are growing old. So little will make them happy now."

"Virginia, don't shame me. I will do it."

She kissed his cheek. "You must teach me to love the desert. I understand a little the terror life has been to you. And how the naked earth, the elements, solitude and privation have worked this miracle. Perhaps these things are God. Anyway, I reverence them."

She got to her knees again and slipped her arms round his neck and kissed him again and again.

"Ethel's way, darling," she whispered, with a shaky laugh. "She is wise. She sent me here. God bless her! . . . Cliff, I've a confession."

"Don't make it. Let me dream on. I am at Guadaloupe and you are with me."

"Will you take me there some day?"

"Child, you could never walk that long, long trail."

"But I could ride. Promise me." And she bent to his lips again, and would not desist until he promised.

"Cliff, I'm an impostor."

"Are you? Explain."

"You believe me poor white trash now?"

"Virginia, such a question!"

"Well, at least they told you I was poor, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"It's a lie. I am rich. I returned Cottonwoods and more to your father. Then I went to live in your—our old home. I love it there. I m ant to pretend to be poor. But I can't lie to you. Father's estate was cleared and came to me. It was in Father's will. I paid every claim I could find, and some that were surely questionable. Yet still there was a fortune left. . . . What do you think about it?"

"I hardly know," he returned in perplexity.

"DO YOU love me any the less because I'm not the poor ragged barelegged Virginia Lundeen who used to waylay you?"

"I couldn't love you less because of anything."

"You'll let me keep it, then?" she queried gravely.

"Let you, child? I'm very glad you have it. Could I support you in luxury on a few cents a day? Buy your exquisite clothes? Take care of your horses?"

"No, indeed, you couldn't. Then that is settled. Oh, how it worried me!"

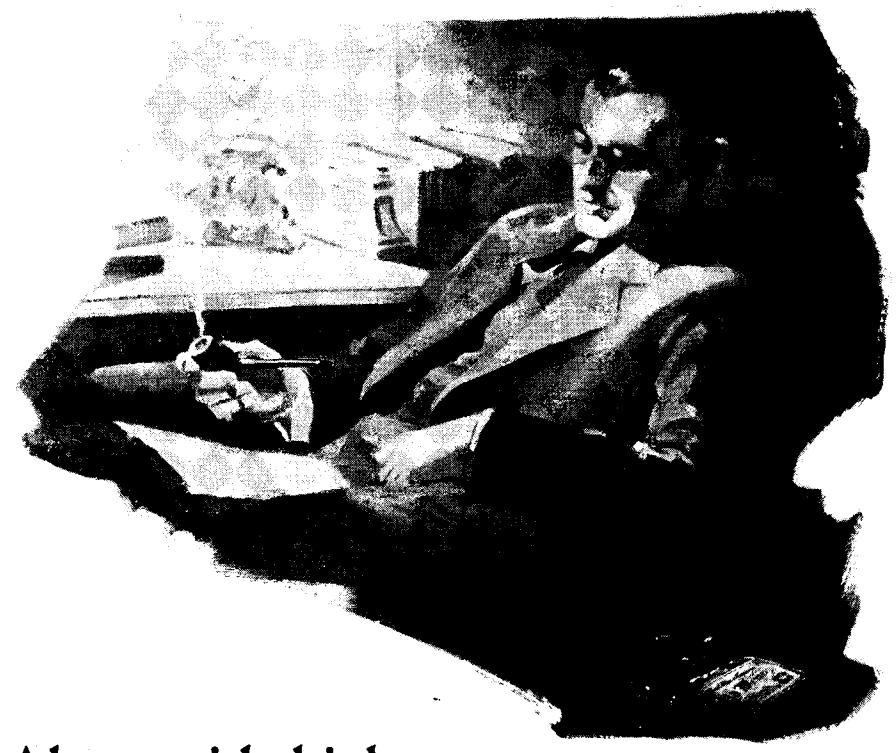
From outside the tent rose a high sweet trilling laughter, wild and gay and exultant on the night air.

"Ethel—the little devil!" ejaculated Virginia, aghast. "She was with me. She's slipped up and listened."

"Let her," he replied, happily, and he spoke louder: "She was at considerable pains to let me know how poor you were. . . . That laugh now! . . . Well, Virginia Lundeen Forrest, you can buy me all the flocks on the range and I'll glory in driving them for you."

Virginia's modesty went into eclipse and she leaned to him murmuring: "My sheep herder!"

THE END



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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

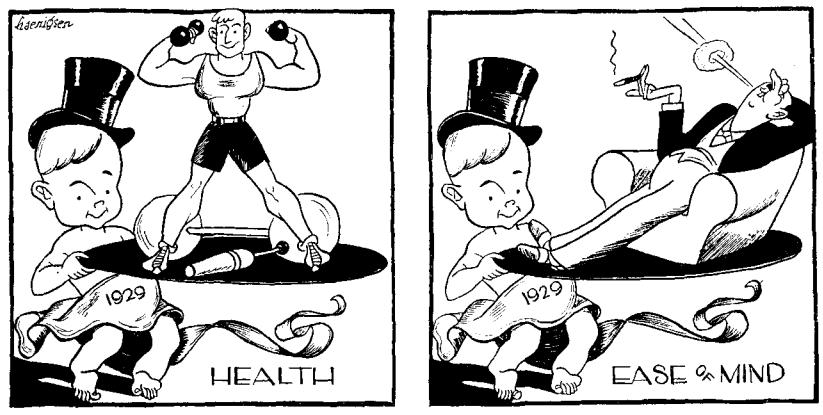
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Make This a Good One

WHY not let your thoughts focus on the satisfactions you long for this New Year rather than on the money and other objects which seem to promise satisfaction?

Suppose we look first for fundamentals. Health is chief among them. Once threatened we will give all we have and pledge all we hope to possess to safeguard it.



Try making the maintenance of good health the primary purpose during 1929 and you may be surprised to discover how far that adventure will carry.

Health for most of us can be won. For some, effort is required. Theodore Roosevelt, you remember, so effectually built himself up that the weak boy became internationally famous for his strenuous life.

Examine your habits for their effects upon your physical well-being. If overeating, or lack of exercise, or excesses of any sort are denying you the happy exuberance of a healthy, vigorous body, you may feel impelled to rearrange your living so that another twelve months will find you physically better off.

Health is basic, but many a vigorous body houses an uneasy spirit.

Put ease of mind as the second objective to be sought during 1929.

Ease of mind is like health of body and comes after it. Seeking such a goal, moreover, affects our choices and our decisions fundamentally.

Beyond a certain point, more money has no necessary effect upon either health or happiness. Many men and women who enjoyed life on little are wretched after they have much more.

Of course you want freedom from financial anxiety. Most healthy people who exercise a reasonable amount of prudence and who plan their expenses to fit their earnings can and do escape the worry which comes from debt and extravagance. But whether your income is large or small, the problem of making ends meet is much more a matter of character and common sense than of money. Many who were happy and prosperous at $3,000 a year are harassed and uncomfortable at ten times that income.

Money is power and power is good or bad according to how it is used.

It is hard to recall a man who is remembered pleasantly merely for his wealth. Crœsus symbolizes no more than gold coinage. George Washington was very rich but his possessions were overshadowed by his intelligence and his character and so he was beloved. John D. Rockefeller was hated while he was known merely for his accumulations. The tide turned when he became famous for his sagacity in giving.

No conceivable amount of money can buy a contented life.

If you are able to do more than support your own, give some of yourself to others who need help. Men and women reach distinction when their horizons extend beyond their own affairs. That is one route toward ease of mind.

Another is by developing within ourselves resources of entertainment. Are you able to enjoy an evening at home? If you cannot, the next twelve months will give you something to think about.

Health of body and ease of mind go to make the great essentials of the comfort which is worth pursuing.

The most comfortable man in the civilized world lived and died long before any of the so-called comforts of civilization were invented. He was poor and his wife was called a shrew. Yet no man went more comfortably through life or came to his appointed end with greater courage than Socrates.

The comfort he enjoyed and the courage with which he faced the world arose from a well-ordered mind. During seventy years he was happy because he never had occasion to regret his actions or his opinions.

During 2,500 years men of all races have held his name in reverence because his character withstood every test which could be imposed upon it.

Keep in mind such resolutions as lead you definitely to seek good health, ease of mind and a comfortable relationship with other people.

If any of our present habits are unsatisfactory or wasteful we will be given positive motives for change and improvement. A positive pursuit of something worth winning is infinitely more powerful than a mere negative desire to escape unhappiness.

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WHO and WHERE

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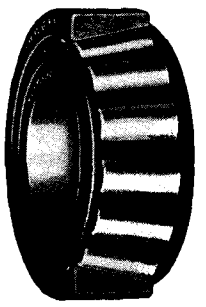

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chandler	65 & Royal 75	x	x	x		x
	New Big 6 & Royal 85	x		x		x
Chrysler	De Soto	x	x	x		x
	Plymouth	x	x	x		x
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	M4 & D60	x	x	x		
	D70 & D80	x	x	x		x
Elcar	6-70	x				x
	8-78, 8-82	x	x			x
	8-91, 8-92	x	x			x
Falcon	All	x	x	x	x	x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	610	x	x	x		x
	614	x	x			x
	619, 629, 835	x	x		x	x
Hudson & Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	Century 6	x	x	x	x	x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	All	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x		x
———	All	x				x
Peerless	8-69	x	x			x
	6-91, 6-60 and 6-80	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	81	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x			
Reo	Flying Cloud	x	x		x	x
	Wolverine	x	x			x
Roamer		x				
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Velie	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	x	x	x	x	x
	Whippet 6	x	x	x	x	x
	56	x	x	x	x	x
	66-A	x			x	x
	70-A	x		x	x	x

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

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For a slender figure—
"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet"

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

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